

# THE REAL BOOK OF BLUES

Instant no-frills arrangements of 225 great blues numbers

★ melody line ★ chords ★ lyrics ★

That's all there is to it! Just open the book and start playing!

Xx80(s)  
1999





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# A Mess Of Blues

Words & Music by Doc Pomus & Mort Shuman

Medium tempo

( $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ )

mf

C<sup>7</sup>



I just— got your let - ter, ba - by; a - too— bad you can't come home.—  
slept a wink since Sun - day; I can't eat a thing all day.—

F<sup>7</sup>



— I— swear I'm go - in' cra - zy, sit - tin' here all a - lone.—  
— Ev - 'ry day is just blue Mon - day since— you've been a - way.—

G<sup>7</sup>

F<sup>7</sup>

C

G<sup>7</sup>



— } Since you're gone— I got a mess of blues.— I ain't—

2.

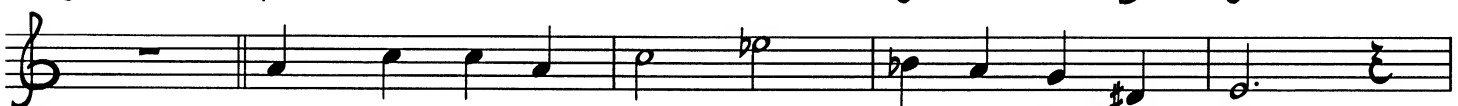
C<sup>7</sup>

F<sup>7</sup>

C<sup>7</sup>

B<sup>7</sup>

C<sup>7</sup>



Whoops, there goes a tear - drop, roll - in' down my face.

F<sup>7</sup>

G<sup>7</sup> N.C.



If you cry when you're in love,— it sure ain't no dis - grace. I got - ta

C<sup>7</sup>



get my - self to - geth - er, be - fore I lose my mind. I'm gon - na

F<sup>7</sup>



catch the next train go - in', and— leave my blues be - hind.— Since you're

G<sup>7</sup>

F<sup>7</sup>

C<sup>7</sup>

F<sup>7</sup>

C



gone— I got a mess of blues.—

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# Afro Blue

By Ramon 'Mongo' Santamaria

Medium fast

Chord symbols:  $Gm^7$ ,  $Am^7$ ,  $B^b$ ,  $Am^7$ ,  $Gm^7$ ,  $Am^7$ ,  $B^b$ ,  $Am^7$ ,  $Gm^7$ ,  $F$ ,  $E^b$ ,  $F$ ,  $Gm^7$ ,  $F$ ,  $E^b$ ,  $F$ ,  $Gm^7$ ,  $Am^7$ ,  $B^b\text{maj}^7$ ,  $Am^7$ ,  $G^7$ ,  $Gm^7$ ,  $Am^7$ ,  $B^b\text{maj}^7$ ,  $Gm^7$ ,  $F$ ,  $E^b$ ,  $F$ ,  $Gm^7$ ,  $F$ ,  $E^b$ ,  $F$ ,  $Gm^7$ .



# All Or Nothing At All

Words & Music by Arthur Altman & Jack Lawrence

Medium slow

Am<sup>mp</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>6</sup> Am Am<sup>6</sup>

All, \_\_\_\_\_ or noth - ing at all; \_\_\_\_\_ Half a

Am<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>6</sup> B<sup>b9</sup> B<sup>b6</sup> B<sup>b</sup>aug B<sup>b7</sup> Gm Em<sup>7(b5)</sup> A<sup>7(b9)</sup>

love nev - er ap - pealed to me. \_\_\_\_\_ If your heart nev - er could

Dm G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>aug Cmaj<sup>7</sup>

yield to me, \_\_\_\_\_ Then I'd ra - ther have no - thing at all!

Bm<sup>7(b5)</sup> E<sup>7(b9)</sup> Am Am<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>6</sup>

All \_\_\_\_\_ or no - thing at all! \_\_\_\_\_

Am Am<sup>6</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>6</sup> B<sup>b9</sup> B<sup>b6</sup> B<sup>b</sup>aug B<sup>b7</sup> Gm

If it's love, there is no in - be - tween. \_\_\_\_\_ Why be - gin, then

Em<sup>7(b5)</sup> A<sup>7(b9)</sup> Dm G<sup>7</sup>

cry for some - thing that might have been. \_\_\_\_\_ No, I'd ra - ther have

G<sup>7</sup>aug Cmaj<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m Eb<sup>7</sup> A<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup>aug

no - thing at all. \_\_\_\_\_ But, please, don't bring your

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$A^b6$   $A^b\text{aug}$   $A^b$   $A^b\text{aug}$   $A^b6$   $A^b\text{aug}$   $E^b7$   $A^b$   $A^b\text{aug}$   
 lips so close to my cheek. \_\_\_\_\_ Don't smile, or I'll be

$D^b$   $A^b$   $E^b9$   $E^b\text{aug}$   $E^b7$   $B^bm7$   $E^b7$   
 lost be - yond re - call. \_\_\_\_\_ The kiss in your eyes, the

$B^bm7$   $E^b7$   $B^bm7$   $E^b7$   $Gm7(b5)$   $C7$   $Fm$   
 touch of your hand makes me weak; \_\_\_\_\_ And my heart may grow

$D^b7$   $C7$   $E7$   $Am$   
 diz - zy and fall. And if I fell un - der the spell of your

$Am7$   $Am6$   $Am$   $Am6$   $Am7$   $Am6$   $B^b9$   $B^b6$   
 call, \_\_\_\_\_ I would be caught in the un - der - tow. \_\_\_\_\_

$B^b\text{aug}$   $B^b7$   $Gm$   $Em7(b5)$   $A7(b9)$   $Dm$   
 — So, you see, I've got to say: No!

$Bm7(b5)$   $E7$   $Am$   $Dm7(b5)$   $G7\text{sus}^4$   $C$   
 No! All \_\_\_\_\_ or no - thing at all! \_\_\_\_\_



# After You've Gone

Words & Music by Henry Creamer & Turner Layton

Medium slow

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

The musical score is written in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It consists of eight staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 4/4 time signature. Above the staff are the chords E<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup>, E<sup>b</sup> m<sup>6</sup>, and B<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup>. The lyrics are "Af-ter you've gone\_ and left me cry-ing, Af-ter you've gone\_". The second staff has chords G<sup>9</sup>, C<sup>9</sup>, and F<sup>9</sup> above it, with lyrics "there's no de-ny-ing, You'll feel blue,\_ you'll feel sad,\_". The third staff has chords B<sup>b</sup>, B<sup>b</sup>7, and E<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup> above it, with lyrics "You'll miss the best-est gal you've ev-er had.\_ There'll come a time,\_". The fourth staff has chords E<sup>b</sup> m<sup>6</sup>, B<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup>, and G<sup>7</sup> above it, with lyrics "now don't for-get it, There'll come a time\_ when you'll re-gret it.". The fifth staff has chords C<sup>m</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, C<sup>m</sup>, E<sup>b</sup> m<sup>6</sup>, B<sup>b</sup>, and D<sup>7</sup> above it, with lyrics "Oh! Babe, think what you're do-ing, You know my love for you will". The sixth staff has chords G<sup>m</sup>7, A<sup>7</sup>, B<sup>b</sup>, and F<sup>7</sup> above it, with lyrics "drive me to ru-in; Af-ter you've gone,\_ af-ter you've gone a-". The seventh staff has chords B<sup>b</sup> and E<sup>b</sup> above it, with the lyric "- way.\_". The eighth staff shows two endings: "1." with chords B<sup>b</sup>, F<sup>7</sup>, and B<sup>b</sup>7, and "2." with chord B<sup>b</sup>.



# As Long As I Have You

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

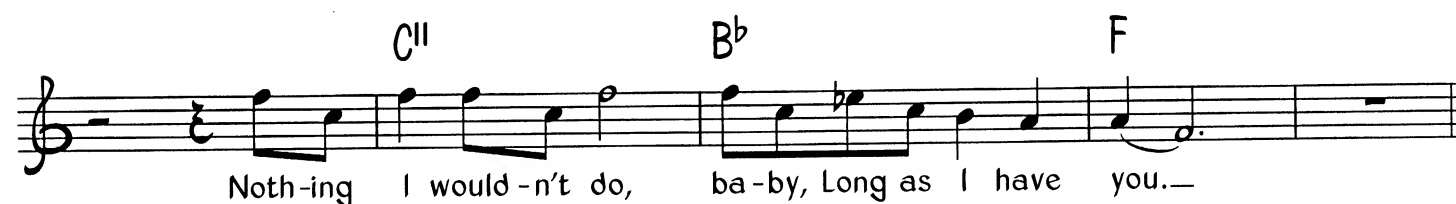
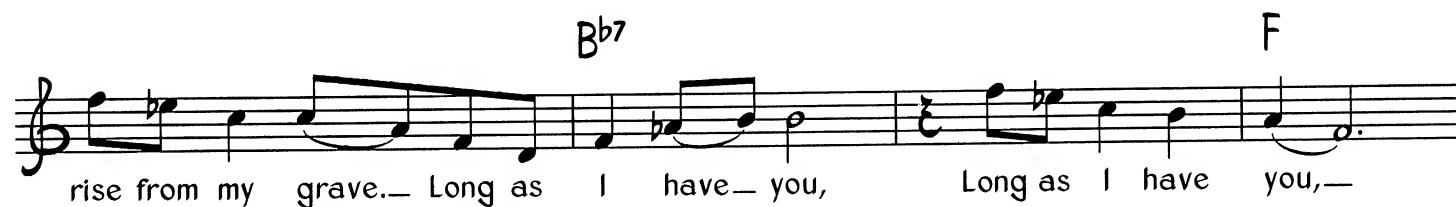
Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{\text{3}}{\text{♩}}$ )

N.C.

F

*mf*



## Verse 2

I'll do like a lizard,  
I'll drag in the sand;  
Just call me sweet names,  
And I'll be your man.  
Long as I have you,  
Long as I have you,  
Nothing I wouldn't do, baby,  
Long as I have you.



# As Time Goes By

Words & Music by Herman Hupfeld

*mp*  $Fm^7$   $Bb^7$   $Fm^7$   $Bb^7$   $E^b$   $E^b6$

You must re-mem-ber this, a kiss is still a kiss, A sigh is just a sigh;  
when two lov-ers woo, they still say, "I love you," On that you can re-ly;

$E^b$   $E^b6$   $F^7$   $Bb^7$   $Bb^{II}$   $E^b_{maj}7$   $B^b_{m6}$   $C^7$

The fun-da-men-tal things ap-ply, as time goes by. And  
No mat-ter what the fu-ture brings, as time goes

1.  
 $E^b$   $E^b7$   $A^b$   $C^7$

by. Moon-light and love songs nev-er out of date,

$Fm$   $F^{\#}dim$   $Cm/G$   $A^b7$

Hearts full of pas-sion, jeal-ous-y and hate; Wo-man needs man and

$F^7/A$   $Bb^7$   $B^b_{dim}$   $Bb^7$   $Fm^7$   $Bb^7$

man must have his mate, That no one can de-ny. It's still the same old sto-ry, a

$Fm^7$   $Bb^7$   $E^b$   $E^b6$   $E^b$   $E^b6$

fight for love and glo-ry, A case of do or die! The

$F^7$   $F^{\#}dim$   $E^b/G$   $E^{dim}$   $Fm^7$   $B^b7_{aug}$   $E^b$

world will al-ways wel-come lov-ers, as time goes by.



# Autumn Leaves (Les Feuilles Mortes)

Music by Joseph Kosma ★ Words by Jacques Prevert

Medium slow

N.C. *mp* Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Gmaj<sup>7</sup>

The fall - ing leaves \_\_\_\_\_ drift by my win - dow, \_\_\_\_\_

Cmaj<sup>7</sup> F<sup>♯</sup>m<sup>7</sup>(b5) B<sup>7</sup> Em

— The Au - tumn leaves \_\_\_\_\_ of red and gold.

Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Gmaj<sup>7</sup>

I see your lips, \_\_\_\_\_ the Sum - mer kiss - es, \_\_\_\_\_

Cmaj<sup>7</sup> F<sup>♯</sup>m<sup>7</sup>(b5) B<sup>7</sup> Em

— The sun - burned hands \_\_\_\_\_ I used to hold. \_\_\_\_\_

B<sup>7</sup> Em

— Since you went a - way, \_\_\_\_\_ the days grow long; \_\_\_\_\_

Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G

— And soon I'll hear \_\_\_\_\_ old Win - ter's song. \_\_\_\_\_

Am<sup>6</sup> B<sup>7</sup>(b9) Em

— But I miss you most of all, my dar - ling, \_\_\_\_\_

A/c<sup>♯</sup> Am/c B<sup>7</sup> Em

— When Au - tumn leaves start to fall. \_\_\_\_\_



# Baby Doll

Words & Music by Bessie Smith

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

F *mf* D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F

Hon - ey there's a fun - ny feel - ing 'round my heart, and it's

D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F

bound to drive your ma - ma wild. It must be some-thing they

C G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

call the Cu - ban Doll, — it weren't your ma - ma's an - gel child. I

F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> G<sup>9</sup> C<sup>13</sup>

went to see the doc - tor the oth - er day, he said I's well as well could

F G<sup>7</sup>

be: But I said, "Doc - tor, you don't know —

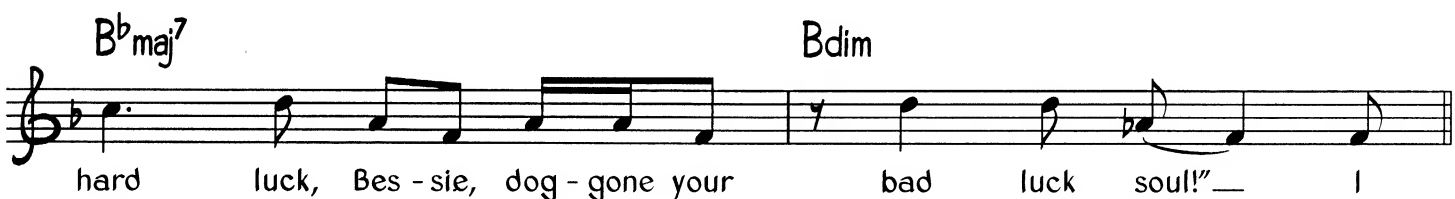
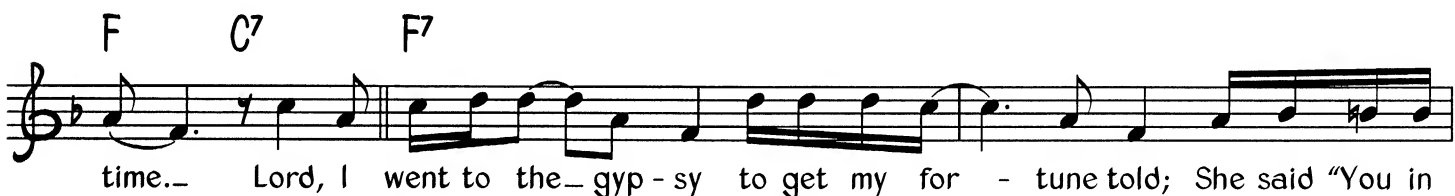
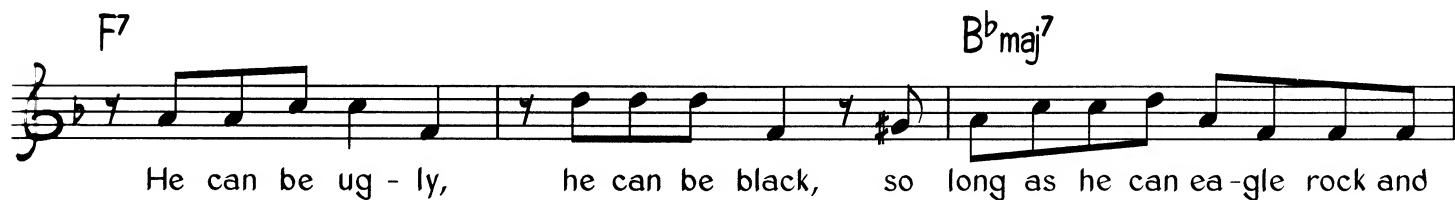
C<sup>7</sup> F F/E<sup>b</sup>

real - ly what's — wor - ry - ing me. — I want to be some - bo - dy's

D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>9</sup> C<sup>13</sup> F

ba - by doll, so I can get — my lov - ing — all the time. I







# Back Door Man

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium slow

**Staff 1:**  $E^7$  *mf*  
I am a back door man.

**Staff 2:**  
I am a back door man. Well, the

**Staff 3:**  
men don't know but the lit-tle girls un-der-stand...

**Staff 4:**  
When ev - 'ry-bo - dy's try'n to sleep,

**Staff 5:**  
I'm some - where mak-in' my mid - night creep...





*Verse 3*

They take me to the doctor, shot full of holes;  
Nurse cried "Can't save his soul."  
Accused him for murder, first degree,  
Judge wife cried "Let the man go free."

*Verse 4*

When everybody's tryin' to sleep,  
I'm somewhere makin' my midnight creep;  
Every morning the rooster crow,  
Something tell me I got to go.

*Verse 5*

Cop's wife cried, "Don't kick him down,  
Rather be dead, six feet in the ground."  
When you come home you can eat pork and beans;  
I eat more chicken any man seen.

*Verse 6*

When everybody's try'n to sleep,  
I'm somewhere makin' my midnight creep.  
Just the mornin' the rooster crow,  
Somethin' tell me I got to go.



# Baby What You Want Me To Do?

Words & Music by Jimmy Reed

Medium tempo

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, key of E major (indicated by four sharps: F#, C#, G#, D#), and 12/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Medium tempo'. The score consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a dynamic marking of 'mf' and a key signature change to E major. It contains the lyrics 'Got me run - nin',— you got me hid - in',— You got me'. The second staff continues with 'run, hide, hide, run, an - y way you want to. Let it roll,'. The third staff includes 'yeah, — yeah, yeah. — You got me'. The fourth staff concludes with 'doin' what you want me; — ba - by, why you want to let go? —'. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: E7 appears at the beginning of the first staff, above the first measure of the second staff, and above the first measure of the third staff. A7 appears above the first measure of the fourth staff. B7 appears above the first measure of the fourth staff. E7 appears above the last measure of the fourth staff.

Got me run - nin',— you got me hid - in',— You got me

run, hide, hide, run, an - y way you want to. Let it roll,

yeah, — yeah, yeah. — You got me

doin' what you want me; — ba - by, why you want to let go? —

## Verse 2

Goin' up, goin' down,  
Goin' up, down, down, up, any way you want it.  
Let it roll, yeah, yeah, yeah.  
You got me doin' what you want me;  
Baby, why you want to let it go?

## Verse 3

Got me beeping, got me hiding,  
Got me beep, hide, hide, beep, any way you want to.  
Let it roll, yeah, yeah, yeah.  
You got me doin' what you want;  
Baby, why you want to let it go?



# Backwater Blues

Medium tempo

Words & Music by Bessie Smith

N.C. *mf* E

When it rained five days and the

A<sup>7</sup> E

skies turned dark as night,

A<sup>7</sup> E

rained five days and the skies turned dark as night,

B<sup>7</sup>

There was trou - ble tak - ing place\_ in the

E

low - - lands\_ at night.

## Verse 2

I woke up this morning, wouldn't even get out of my door. (*Twice*)  
Enough trouble to make a poor girl wonder where she gonna go.

## Verse 3

They rowed a little boat, about five miles 'cross the farm. (*Twice*)  
I packed up all my clothing, throwed it in and they rowed me along.

## Verse 4

It thundered and it lightened and the winds began to blow. (*Twice*)  
There was a thousand women didn't have no place to go.

## Verse 5

I went out to the lonesome, high old lonesome hill. (*Twice*)  
I looked down on the old house where I used to live.

## Verse 6

Backwater blues have caused me to pack up my things and go. (*Twice*)  
'Cos my house fell down and I can't live there no more.

## Verse 7

Mmm, I can't live there no more. (*Twice*)  
And there ain't no place for a poor old girl to go.



**Words by Dorothy Fields ★ Music by Cy Coleman**

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\text{♩}}^3$ )

N.C.

 $m_f$ 
$$D_m$$

**B<sup>b</sup>**

E7

**A7**

Dm

Bb9

A<sup>7</sup> aug

**Dm**

**Bb**

E7

*To  $\oplus$  Coda*

 $D_m$ 

Bb9

**A7**

$$D_m$$

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2 N.C. D F#m Bm D

Would-n't you like to have fun, fun, fun? How's a-bout a few

Em Baug Em<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>9

laughs, laughs? I can show you a good time,——

A<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>9 A<sup>7</sup> N.C. *D. al Coda*

— Let me show you a good time.—— The min-ute you

**CODA**

E<sup>b</sup>m Dm

Hey, big spen - der!— Hey, big spen - der!—

B<sup>b</sup>9 A<sup>7</sup> Dm B<sup>b</sup>9 A<sup>7</sup>

Spend—— a lit - tle time— with me. Spend a lit - tle time— with

Dm B<sup>b</sup>9 A<sup>7</sup> Dm G<sup>9</sup> Dm<sup>6/9</sup>

me, Spend a lit - tle time— with me.——



# Black Coffee

Medium slow

Words & Music by Paul Francis Webster & Sonny Burke

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\text{3}}$  ♩)

*mp* *G*<sup>7</sup>

1. I'm feel - in' migh - ty lone - some, have - n't slept a wink;— I  
talk - in' to the sha - dows, one o' clock to four;— And

*C*<sup>7</sup>

walk the floor and watch the door,— and in be - tween I drink black cof - fee,—  
Lord how slow the mo - ments go,— when all I do is pour black cof - fee.—

*G*<sup>7</sup> *Am*<sup>7</sup>

Since my gal went a - way.—  
Love's a sor - ry af - fair.—

My nerves have gone to pie - ces,  
I know where all the blues are,

1. *D*<sup>7</sup> *G* *D*<sup>7</sup> 2. *D*<sup>7</sup>

and my hair's— turn - in' grey.— 2. I'm 'cos ba-by I've— been there..

*G* *G*<sup>7</sup> *Cm* *Gm*

Now a man is born to love a wo - man,— To

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Cm Am<sup>7(b5)</sup> D<sup>7(#9)</sup> G B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b</sup>7

work and slave to pay her debts;\_\_\_\_\_ And, just be-cause he's on - ly

A<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b</sup>7 Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

hu-man,\_\_\_ To drown his past re-grets in cof-fee and ci-gar-ettes!\_\_\_ I'm

G<sup>7</sup>

moon - in' all the morn - in' and mourn - in' all the night;\_\_\_ And

C<sup>7</sup>

in be - tween it's ni-co-tine\_ and not much heart to fight black cof-fee.\_

G<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup>

Feel - in' low as can be. It's driv-in' me cra - zy, this

Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G

wait-in' for my ba-by to may-be come\_ a - round.\_\_\_\_\_



# Behind Closed Doors

Traditional

Medium tempo

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of four staves of music. Above the first staff are the chords N.C. (No Chord), G<sup>7</sup>, and C<sup>7</sup>. Above the second staff are G, G<sup>7</sup>, and C<sup>7</sup>. Above the third staff is G. Above the fourth staff are D<sup>7</sup>, C<sup>7</sup>, and G. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words spanning across bar lines. The lyrics are: "Now, I don't want my ba - by\_\_\_ stand - in' be - hind a closed\_\_\_ door.\_\_\_\_ No, I don't want my ba - by\_\_\_ stand - in' be - hind\_\_\_ a closed door.\_\_\_\_ Now when the door is closed,\_\_\_ no one but the Lord a - bove to know.\_\_\_\_".

N.C. *mf* G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

Now, I don't want my ba - by\_\_\_ stand - in' be - hind a closed\_\_\_

G G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

door.\_\_\_\_ No, I don't want my ba - by\_\_\_

G

stand - in' be - hind\_\_\_ a closed door.\_\_\_\_ Now

D<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> G

when the door is closed,\_\_\_ no one but the Lord a - bove to know.\_\_\_\_

## Verse 2

When I first met you, baby, you was behind a closed door. (*Twice*)

You know I was beggin' and beggin' you, make me a pallet on your floor.

## Verse 3

Darling, you know I love you, I love you for myself.

Don't want you to fool around and find somebody else.

I don't want you, baby, standing behind a closed door.



# Blue Haze

By Miles Davis

Medium swing

The musical score for "Blue Haze" is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). The tempo is marked "Medium swing". The score consists of six staves of music, each with a specific chord progression and dynamic marking.

**Staff 1:** Chords: Bb, Cm7, Bb, Bb7. Dynamic: mp.

**Staff 2:** Chords: Ebmaj7, Dm6, Ddim.

**Staff 3:** Chords: Eb6/9, Ebm, F7. Includes a triplet of eighth notes.

**Staff 4:** Chords: Bb, Cm7, Bb, Bb7. Dynamic: mf.

**Staff 5:** Chords: Ebmaj7, Dm7, Ddim.

**Staff 6:** Chords: Eb6/9, Ebm, Bb. Includes a triplet of eighth notes.





Thelonius Monk



# Blue Monk

Medium tempo

By Thelonious Monk

( $\text{♩} = \text{♩} \text{ } \text{♩} \text{ } \text{♩}$ )

The musical score for 'Blue Monk' is written in 4/4 time and consists of six staves. The tempo is marked 'Medium tempo'. The key signature has one flat (Bb). The score includes various chords and musical notations:

- Staff 1:** Chords: C<sup>7</sup>, F<sup>7</sup>, C<sup>7</sup>, C<sup>9</sup>. Includes a triplet of eighth notes and a measure marked 'mp'.
- Staff 2:** Chords: F<sup>7</sup>, C<sup>7</sup>. Includes a triplet of eighth notes.
- Staff 3:** Chords: G<sup>7</sup>, C<sup>7</sup>, F<sup>9</sup>, C, G<sup>7</sup>. Includes a triplet of eighth notes.
- Staff 4:** Chords: C<sup>7</sup>, F<sup>7</sup>, C<sup>7</sup>, C<sup>9</sup>. Includes two triplet markings over eighth notes.
- Staff 5:** Chords: F<sup>7</sup>, C<sup>7</sup>. Includes two triplet markings over eighth notes.
- Staff 6:** Chords: G<sup>7</sup>, C<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, C. Includes a triplet of eighth notes.



# Blue Train Blues (Ticket Agent Take Your Window Down)

Words & Music by Spencer Williams

Medium slow

Tick - et a - gent, tick - et a - gent, ease your win - dow down;— 'Cos my  
 ba - by, hon - ey ba - by's 'bout to leave this town.— He's tak - in' a run - out pow - der.  
 I mean he's beat - in' it;— He's try'n to make his get a - way.— The old rap -  
 - scal - lion — is go - in' to Gal - lion.— That is why — I say:  
 Blue train's at the sta - tion, fire - man's shove - lin' coal; En - gin -  
 - eer he's at the throt - tle, 'bout to make that blue train roll. Tick - et a - gent,  
 ease your win - dow down. — If you don't I'll  
 get the blue — train blues. — Blue train whis - tle's blow - in',



*Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> Cm E<sup>b9</sup>*

I can hear its shrill; You'd bet-ter stop my ba-by, or my Smith and Wes-son will.

*A<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b</sup> Adim*

Tick-et a-gent, ease your win-dow down.

*B<sup>b7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b11</sup> E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> aug*

Please don't make me get those blue train blues.

*E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> aug E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b7</sup>*

(Instrumental)

*E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b</sup>*

Gon-na

*A<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b</sup>*

lay my head up-on the rail-road track; Gon-na

*A<sup>b7</sup> A<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b</sup>*

lay my head up-on the rail-road track. When the

*B<sup>b</sup> Cm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>#</sup>dim B<sup>b7</sup> A<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b</sup>*

blue train comes a-long, I won't snatch it back. I want my

*B<sup>b7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b11</sup> E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b</sup>*

man, don't want no blue train blues.



# Blues (From 'An American In Paris')

By George Gershwin

Medium slow

B<sup>b</sup> G<sup>7</sup>aug Cm B<sup>b</sup>/D E<sup>b</sup>7 F<sup>II</sup> B<sup>b</sup> G<sup>7</sup>aug Cm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>/D E<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup> F<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>)



B<sup>b</sup> G<sup>7</sup>aug Cm B<sup>b</sup>/D E<sup>b</sup>7 F<sup>II</sup> B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>/D E<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup> F<sup>II</sup> B<sup>b</sup> Cm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>#</sup>dim B<sup>b</sup>7/D



E<sup>b</sup> Cm<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>5</sup>) B<sup>b</sup>/F G<sup>b</sup>9 F<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>) B<sup>b</sup> / E<sup>b</sup> F<sup>II</sup>



B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>/A<sup>b</sup> G<sup>b</sup>9 F<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>) B<sup>b</sup>m C<sup>7</sup>/G E<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup>/G<sup>b</sup>



B<sup>b</sup>7/F B<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>5</sup>) A<sup>b</sup>7(b<sup>5</sup>) F<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>5</sup>) F<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>)aug B<sup>b</sup> G<sup>7</sup>aug



Cm B<sup>b</sup>/D E<sup>b</sup>7 F<sup>II</sup> B<sup>b</sup> G<sup>7</sup>aug Cm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>/D E<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup> F<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>)



B<sup>b</sup> G<sup>7</sup>aug Cm B<sup>b</sup>/D E<sup>b</sup>7 F<sup>II</sup> B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>/D E<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup> F<sup>II</sup> B<sup>b</sup> Cm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>#</sup>dim B<sup>b</sup>7/D



E<sup>b</sup> Cm<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>5</sup>) B<sup>b</sup>/F G<sup>b</sup>9 F<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>) B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>/D E<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup> F<sup>II</sup> B<sup>b</sup>





# Blues Ain't Nothing

Words & Music by Georgia White

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

*mf* **D**

Well, the blues ain't noth - in', no, the blues ain't noth - in' but a

**D<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>**

good man feel - in' bad. No, the blues ain't noth - in' but a

**D**

good man feel - in' bad. It

**A<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>** **D**

must have been those wea - ry blues I had.

## Verse 2

Honey, when I die, honey, when I die, don't you go wear no black.  
Honey, when I die, don't go wear no black;  
For if you do, my bones'll come a-creeping back.

## Verse 3

I'm a-going downtown, I'm a-going downtown, gonna buy myself some glue.  
I'm a-going downtown, gonna buy myself some glue;  
'Cos the woman I've been loving, she broke my heart in two.



# Blues And Booze

Traditional

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\underset{\frown}{\text{J}}}\overset{\frown}{\underset{\frown}{\text{J}}}\overset{\frown}{\underset{\frown}{\text{J}}})$ )

Went to bed last night, - and boy - I was in my sleep, sleep. - I went -

to bed last night, - and - I was in my sleep. - Woke -

up this morn - in', the po - lice was shak - in' me. -

## Verse 2

I went to the jailhouse, drunk and blue as I could be. (Twice)  
But that cruel old judge sent my man away from me.

## Verse 3

They carried me to the courthouse; Lordy, how I was cryin'. (Twice)  
They jailed me sixty days in jail, and money couldn't pay the fine.

## Verse 4

Sixty days ain't long if you can spend them as you choose. (Twice)  
But this seems like jail, in a cell where there ain't no booze.

## Verse 5

My life is all a misery when I cannot get my booze. (Twice)  
I spend every dime on liquor, got to have the booze to go with these blues.



# Blues Around My Bed

Words & Music by Spencer Williams

Medium slow

**E<sup>b</sup> mp** **E<sup>b</sup>7** **A<sup>b</sup>** **A<sup>b</sup>m**

I woke up this morn - in', \_\_\_\_\_ foun' my lov-in' man had fled. Did-n't

**E<sup>b</sup>** **Gm<sup>7</sup>** **B<sup>9</sup>** **B<sup>b</sup>7**

say good - bye, \_\_\_\_\_ that is why I sit and sigh. \_\_\_\_\_

**E<sup>b</sup>** **E<sup>b</sup>7** **A<sup>b</sup>** **A<sup>b</sup>m**

Left with-out a warn-in', \_\_\_\_\_ now my hap - pi - ness is dead; And I

**Cm<sup>7</sup>** **F<sup>7</sup>** **B<sup>b</sup>7sus<sup>4</sup>** **B<sup>b</sup>7**

shake with fright \_\_\_\_\_ with the com-in' of the night. \_\_\_\_\_

**E<sup>b</sup>** **Edim** **B<sup>b</sup>7/F** **F<sup>#</sup>dim** **E<sup>b</sup>/G**

On my lone-ly pil-low, heav-y lies my head; 'Cos my man's gone and left me with the

**E<sup>b</sup>7** **A<sup>b</sup>** **A<sup>b</sup>7** **E<sup>b</sup>**

blues a-roun' my bed. Cry-in' Law - dy, Law - dy, I wish that I was dead. \_\_\_\_\_



B<sup>b</sup>7 F<sup>m</sup>7 B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup>

Deep shad - ows taunt me, got the blues a - roun' my bed.

B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup> E<sup>dim</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7/F F<sup>#dim</sup>

I'm a weep - in' wil - low, ma - ny tears I've shed Since

E<sup>b</sup>/G E<sup>b</sup>7 A<sup>b</sup>

my man went and left me with the blues a - roun' my bed. Sigh - in' mer - cy, mer - cy,

A<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7

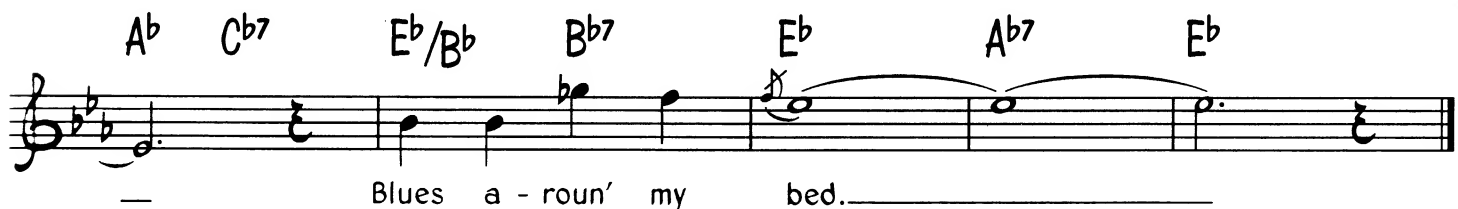
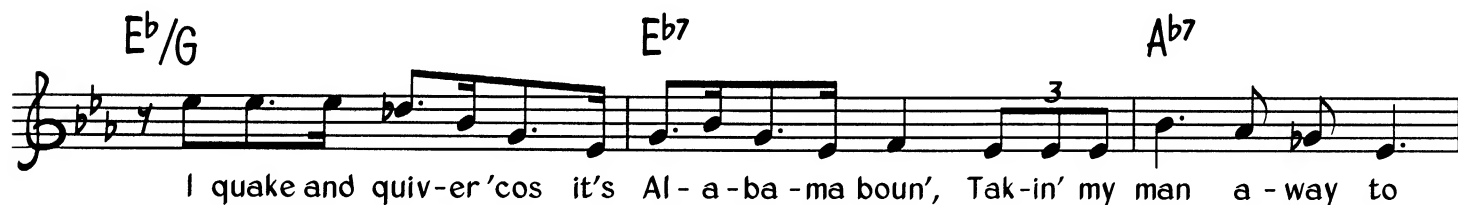
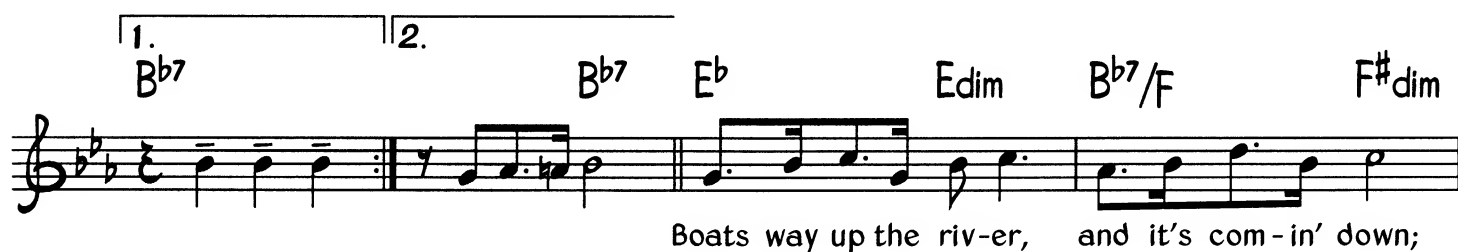
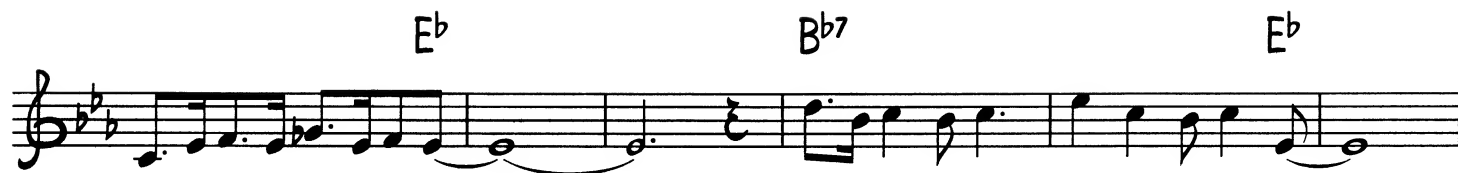
be - cause I'm so a - fraid. When mem - 'ries haunt me,

F<sup>m</sup>7 C<sup>b</sup>7 B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>

with those blues a - roun' my bed. (Instrumental)

A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>7 A<sup>b</sup>







# Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives To Me

Words & Music by Arthur N. Swanstrom, Charles R. McGarron & Carey Morgan

Medium swing

*mf*

$E^b$   $A^b m^7$   $B^b 7$   $E^b$   $B^b 7$  aug  $E^b$   $A^b m^7$   $B^b 7$

What is that song— a-bout kiss-es?— What is that song— a-bout

$E^b$   $B^b 7$   $E^b$   $D^b$   $C^7$

smiles? If I could have— my way, I'd sing a song— to-day

$F^7$   $B^b$   $E^b$   $E^b$  dim  $B^b 7/F$   $E^b$   $A^b m^7$   $B^b 7$

That would beat them all by miles. I would-n't sing— a-bout

$E^b$   $B^b 7$  aug  $E^b 7$   $A^b$

smil-ing,— That's not the ti - tle I'd choose. I would sing— a-bout

$Gm$   $A^7$   $A^7(b5)$   $D$  N.C.  $D^7$

what I've got,— And what I've got's the wear-y blues. There are

$Gm$   $C$  dim  $Gm$   $G^7$   $Cm$

blues— that you get from wor - ry,— There are blues—



Fdim Cm Cm<sup>6</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

— that you get from pain; And there are blues when you're lone -

Gm A<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>(b5)

- ly for your one and on - - ly, The blues you can nev - er ex -

D<sup>7</sup> N.C. D<sup>7</sup> Gm Cdim Gm

- plain. There are blues that you get from long - ing;

G<sup>7</sup> Cm D Ddim D<sup>7</sup>

— But the blu - - - est blues that be Are the

G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

sort of blues that's on my mind, — They're the ve - ry mean - est kind: — The

F Cm<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> / B<sup>b</sup>dim F<sup>11</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> N.C.

blues my naugh - ty sweet - ie gives — to me.

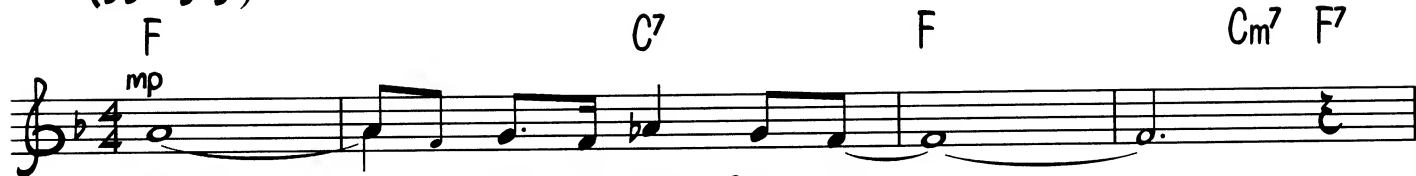


# Blues Stay Away From Me

Words & Music by Wayne Raney, Henry Glover, Alton Delmore & Rabon Delmore

Slow

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )



1. Blues, \_\_\_\_\_ stay a - way from me. \_\_\_\_\_  
2. Life \_\_\_\_\_ is full of mi - se - ry. \_\_\_\_\_



Blues, \_\_\_\_\_ why don't you let me be? \_\_\_\_\_ Don't know  
Dreams \_\_\_\_\_ are like a me - mo - ry, \_\_\_\_\_ Bring - ing



why \_\_\_\_\_ you keep on haunt - ing me. \_\_\_\_\_  
back \_\_\_\_\_ your love that used to be. \_\_\_\_\_



Love \_\_\_\_\_ was nev - er meant for \_\_\_\_\_ me. \_\_\_\_\_  
Tears, \_\_\_\_\_ so ma - ny I can't \_\_\_\_\_ see. \_\_\_\_\_



True love \_\_\_\_\_ was nev - er meant for \_\_\_\_\_ me. \_\_\_\_\_ Seems \_\_\_\_\_ some - how  
Years \_\_\_\_\_ don't mean a thing to \_\_\_\_\_ me. \_\_\_\_\_ Time \_\_\_\_\_ goes by, -



\_\_\_\_\_ we nev - er can a - gree. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ and still I can't be \_\_\_\_\_ free. \_\_\_\_\_



# Bluesette

Words by Norman Gimbel ★ Music by Jean Thielemans

## Medium jazz waltz

**G** **F#m7(b5)** **B7(b9)** **Em7** **A7(b9)**

*mp*

Poor lit - tle, sad lit - tle, blue Blues - ette, don't you cry,  
Long as there's love in your heart to share, dear Blues - ette,

**Dm7** **G7(b9)** **Cmaj7** **C6** **Cm7** **F7(b9)**

don't you fret. You can bet one luck - y day you'll wak - en  
don't des - pair. Some blue boy is long - ing, just like you, to

**Bbmaj7** **Bbm7** **Ebm7(b9)** **Abmaj7**

and your blues will be to for - sak - en. One luck - y  
find a some - one to be true to; Two lov - ing

**Ab6** **Am7(b5)** **D7(b9)** **Bm7** **Bb7** **Am7** **D7**

day, love - ly love will come your way.  
arms he can nest - le in and stay.

**G** **F#m7(b5)** **B7** **Em7** **A9**

Get set, Blues - ette, true love is com - ing. Your trou - bled heart



Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>(b9) Cmaj<sup>7</sup> C<sup>6</sup> Cm<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>(b9)

soon will be hum - ming. (Hum)

B<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>6 B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b</sup>7(b9) A<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>

Doo-ya, doo-ya, doo-ya,

A<sup>b</sup>6 Am<sup>7</sup>(b5) D<sup>7</sup>(b9) Bm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7 Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

doo-ya, doo-ya, doo-ya, Doo - oo - oo Blues - ette.

G F<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7</sup>(b5) B<sup>7</sup>(b9) Em<sup>7</sup>

Pret-ty lit-tle Blues - ette, must-n't be a mourn - er. Have you heard the

A<sup>7</sup>(b9) Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>(b9) Cmaj<sup>7</sup> C<sup>6</sup>

news yet? Love is 'round the cor - ner; Love wrapped in rain - bows and

Cm<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>(b9) B<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>6 B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>7</sup>

tied with pink rib - bon, To make your next spring-time your gold wed - ding



$E^b7(b9)$   $A^bmaj7$   $A^b6$   $Am^7(b5)$   $D^9$

ring time. So dry your eyes, don't - cha pout, don't - cha fret; good - y

$Bm^7$   $B^b7$   $Am^7$   $D^7$   $G$

good times are com - ing, Blues - ette. Long as there's love in your

$F\sharp m^7(b5)$   $B^7(b9)$   $Em^7$   $A^7(b9)$   $Dm^7$   $G^7(b9)$

heart to share, dear blues - ette, don't des - pair.

$Cmaj7$   $C^6$   $Cm^7$   $F^7(b9)$   $B^bmaj7$

Some blue boy is long - ing, just like you, to find a some - one

$B^bm^7$   $E^b7(b9)$   $A^bmaj7$   $A^b6$   $Am^7(b5)$   $D^7(b9)$

to be true to. One luck - y day love - ly love will come your

$Bm^7$   $E^7$   $Am^7$

way. That mag - ic day

$D^7$   $D^{\parallel}$   $G$   $B^b6$   $Am^7$   $A^bmaj7$   $G$

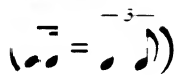
may just be to - day.



# Body And Soul

Music by John Green ★ Lyrics by Frank Eyton, Edward Heyman & Robert Sour

Slow



Am<sup>7</sup>

Am<sup>6/9</sup>

Am<sup>7</sup>

D<sup>9</sup>(b5)

Gmaj<sup>9</sup>

C<sup>9</sup>

Bm<sup>7</sup>

B<sup>b</sup>dim



Am<sup>7</sup>

Am/G

F<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7</sup>(b5)

B<sup>7</sup>(b5/b9)

1.

Em<sup>7</sup>

Am<sup>7</sup>

D<sup>7</sup>

Gmaj<sup>7</sup>

Cmaj<sup>7</sup>

F<sup>9</sup>(#11)

E<sup>7</sup>(b9)



2.

Em<sup>7</sup>

Am<sup>7</sup>

D<sup>7</sup>

G

Am<sup>7</sup>

B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup>

E<sup>b</sup>7

A<sup>b</sup>

B<sup>b</sup>m

Cm(add A<sup>b</sup>)D<sup>b</sup>m<sup>9</sup>



B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>9</sup>

E<sup>b</sup>7(b9)

A<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>9</sup>

A<sup>b</sup>6

B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>7</sup>

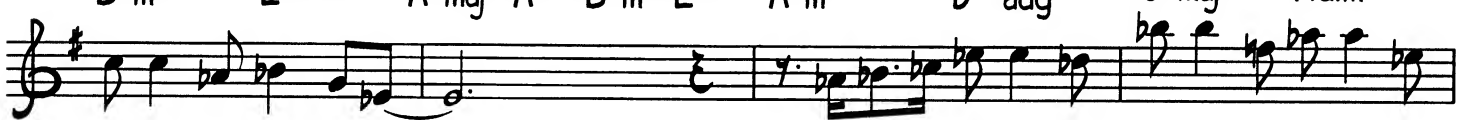
E<sup>b</sup>7

A<sup>b</sup>m<sup>7</sup>

D<sup>b</sup>9aug

G<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>

A<sup>b</sup>dim



A<sup>b</sup>m<sup>7</sup>

G<sup>7</sup>(b5)

G<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>

Cdim

Bm<sup>7</sup>(b5)

E<sup>7</sup>(b5)

Am<sup>7</sup>

Am<sup>6/9</sup>



Am<sup>7</sup>

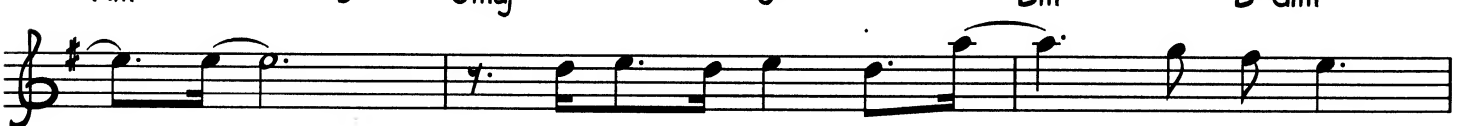
D<sup>9</sup>(b5)

Gmaj<sup>9</sup>

C<sup>9</sup>

Bm<sup>7</sup>

B<sup>b</sup>dim



Am<sup>7</sup>

Am/G

F<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7</sup>(b5)

B<sup>7</sup>(b5/b9)

Em<sup>7</sup>

Am<sup>7</sup>

D<sup>7</sup>

G<sup>6/9</sup>



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# Born To Lose

Words & Music by Ted Daffan

Medium tempo

*mf*

**C** **F** **G<sup>7</sup>** **C**

Born to lose, I've lived my life in vain;  
lose, my ev - 'ry hope is gone;

**C<sup>7</sup>** **F** **C** **G<sup>7</sup>**

Ev - 'ry dream has on - ly brought me pain.  
It's so hard to face that emp - ty dawn.

**C** **G<sup>7</sup>** **C** **C<sup>7</sup>** **F**

All my life, I've al - ways been so blue;  
You were all the hap - pi - ness I knew;

**G<sup>7</sup>** **C** **E<sup>b</sup>dim**

Born to lose, and now I'm los - ing you.

**Dm<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>11</sup>** **C** **F** **G<sup>7</sup>** **C** **C<sup>7</sup>**

Born to lose, it seems so hard to bear;  
There's no use to dream of hap - pi - ness; How I

**F** **C** **G<sup>7</sup>** **C** **G<sup>7</sup>** **C**

long see to al - ways have you near.  
is on - ly lone - li - ness. You've grown tired and  
All my life, I've

**C<sup>7</sup>** **F** **G<sup>7</sup>**

now you say we're through;  
al - ways been so blue;

**1.** **C** **E<sup>b</sup>dim** **Dm<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>11</sup>** **2.** **C** **F<sup>7</sup>** **C**

new I'm los - ing you. Born to you.



# Bring It With You When You Come

Words & Music by Gus Cannon

Medium fast

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\text{♩}} \overset{\frown}{\text{♩}} \overset{\frown}{\text{♩}}$ )

N.C.

C

mf



F

C



D<sup>7</sup>

G<sup>7</sup>



C

C<sup>7</sup>

F



C

F

C





*Chorus*

catch\_ the\_ next freight train.\_ Now, if you wan - na be\_ a lit - tle

girl of mine.\_ bring it with you when you come.\_

Played a - round\_ the lit - tle town, your head chock full of rum.\_

\_ I can't send you down - town for too lit - tle sap, now;

She's sit - ting on an - oth - er man's lap. Now, you want to be\_ a

girl of mine,\_ bring it with you when you come.\_



# Bright Lights, Big City

Words & Music by Jimmy Reed

Medium fast

*mf*  $A^7$

Bright lights, big ci - ty, — gone to my ba - by's head..

$D^7$

— Bright lights. — big ci - ty, —

$A^7$   $E^7$

gone to my ba - by's head.. I tried to tell the wo-man, but she

$D^7$   $A^7$

don't be - lieve a word I said. —

## Verse 2

All right, pretty baby, gonna need my help some day. (*Twice*)  
You gonna wish you had listened to some of the the things I say.

## Verse 3

Bright lights, big city, gone to my baby's head. (*Twice*)  
I got to tell your mama that you don't believe a thing I said.



# Broken Hearted Blues

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Slow

Chills— on my pil - low,— ice - wa-ter in my ba - by's bed.—

Yeah,— chills— on my pil - low,—

ice— wa - ter in my ba - by's bed.—

All the good things I have done for you wo - man,

and you left me for an - oth - er man.—

## Verse 2

If you happen to see my baby, I want you to tell her I been cryin' on my knees. *(Twice)*  
Tell me pray to my master, please hope her back to me.

## Verse 3

If I had ten million dollars, woman, you know I would give you every dime. *(Twice)*  
Just to hear you call me daddy one more time.



# Buddy Bolden's Blues

By Ferdinand 'Jelly Roll' Morton

Medium slow

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\text{J}}^3 \text{J}$ )

$E^b$   $F^\sharp \dim$   $B^b7/F$   $E^b$   $E^b9$   $A^b6$   $A \dim$   
 $mf$   
 Thought I heard bud - dy Bol - den say — "You're nas - ty, you're dir - ty,  
 $E^b/B^b$   $E^b7$   $A^b6$   $A \dim$   $E^b/B^b$   $C^7$   
 take it a - way — You're ter - ri - ble, — you're aw - ful; take it a - way, — I  
 $B^b$   $G^b7$   $C^7$   $F^7$   $B^b7$   $E^b$   $F^\sharp \dim$   $B^b7/F$   $E^b$   $E^b9$   
 thought I heard him say. — I thought I heard — Bud - dy Bol - den shout —  
 $A^b6$   $A \dim$   $E^b/B^b$   $E^b7$   $A^b6$   $A \dim$   
 "O - pen up that win - dow and let that bad air out. — O - pen up that win - dow and let that  
 $E^b/B^b$   $C^7$   $F^7$   $B^b7 \text{aug}$   $A^b7$   $E^b$   $B^b7$   
 bad air out, — I thought I heard Bud - dy Bol - den shout. I



$E^b$   $F^\sharp \dim B^b7/F$   $E^b$   $E^b9$   $A^b6$   $A \dim$

thought I heard Judge Fog-ar-ty say— "Thir-ty days— in the mar-ket;

$E^b/B^b$   $E^b7$   $A^b6$   $A \dim$

take him a - way.— Give him a good broom to sweep with,

$E^b/B^b$   $C^7$   $B^b$   $G^b7$   $C^7$   $F^7$   $B^b7$

Take him a - way,"— I thought I heard him say.— I

$E^b$   $F^\sharp \dim B^b7/F$   $E^b$   $E^b9$   $A^b6$   $A \dim$

thought I heard— Fran-kie Du-sen shout "Gal, gim-me that mo-ney, I'm gon-na

$E^b/B^b$   $E^b7$   $A^b$   $A \dim$

beat it out.— I mean gim - me that mo - ney; I'm gon - na

$E^b$   $C^7$   $F^7$   $B^b7$   $E^b$

beat it out."— 'Cos I thought I heard Fran-kie Du-sen shout.



# Brother, Can You Spare A Dime

Music by Jay Gorney ★ Words by E. Y. Harburg

Medium slow

**Cm mp** **G<sup>7</sup>/D** **C<sup>7</sup>/E** **F** **B<sup>b</sup>/D** **E<sup>b</sup> G<sup>7</sup>**

1. Once I built a rail-road, made it run;— Made it race a-against time.  
2. Once I built a tow-er to the sun;— Brick and riv-et and lime.

**Dm<sup>7(b5)</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>** **Cm** **A<sup>b7</sup>** **Fm<sup>6</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>** **Cm** **G<sup>7</sup>**

Once I built a rail-road, now it's done.— Bro-ther can you spare a dime?—  
Once I built a tow-er, now it's done.— Bro-ther can you spare a dime?

**Cm** **C<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>(b9)** **C<sup>7</sup>sus<sup>4</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>**

Once, in kha - ki suits, gee we looked swell;

**C<sup>7</sup>(b9)** **Gm<sup>7(b5)</sup>/C** **C<sup>7</sup>** **F<sup>7</sup>**

Full of that Yan - kee Doo - dle - de - dum. Half a mil-lion boots went

**Cm<sup>7</sup>** **F<sup>9</sup>** **Cm<sup>7</sup>** **Am<sup>7(b5)</sup>/E<sup>b</sup>** **D<sup>7(b5)</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>**

slog - gin' thro' hell, And I was the kid — with the drum.—

**Cm** **G<sup>7</sup>/D** **C<sup>7</sup>/E**

Say, don't you re-mem - ber, they called me Al;—

**F<sup>7</sup>** **B<sup>b</sup>/D** **E<sup>b</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>** **Dm<sup>7(b5)</sup>/A<sup>b</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>**

It was Al — all the time. Say, don't you re-mem - ber,

**Cm** **A<sup>b7</sup>** **Fm<sup>6</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>** **Cm**

I'm your pal! — Bud - dy can you spare a dime? —



# Built For Comfort

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium tempo

N.C. *mf* A<sup>7</sup>

Some folks built like this, — some folks built like that, — But the

way I'm built, well don't you call me fat. — Be - cause I'm

D<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

built — for com - fort, — I — ain't — built for speed; —

E<sup>7</sup>

But I got ev - er - y - thing,

D<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

All — that a good girl needs. —

## Verse 2

I ain't got no diamonds, I ain't got no boat,  
But I do have love that's gonna fire your soul.  
'Cos I'm built for comfort, I aint built for speed;  
But I got everything all you good women need.



# Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man

Music by Jerome Kern ★ Words by Oscar Hammerstein II

Medium slow

(♩ =  $\frac{3}{4}$  ♩)

*mp* Cmaj<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> Cmaj<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>9</sup> C13(b9)

Fish got to swim\_\_\_ and birds got to fly\_\_\_ I got to love\_\_\_ one

F<sup>6</sup> B<sup>b9</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> A<sup>b7</sup> D7(b9) G7(b9) C E<sup>b</sup>dim Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>aug

man till I die,\_\_\_ Can't help lov-in' dat man\_\_\_ of mine\_\_\_\_\_

Cmaj<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> Cmaj<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>9</sup> C13(b9)

Tell me he's la - - zy tell me he's slow,\_\_\_ tell me I'm cra - zy

F<sup>6</sup> B<sup>b9</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> A<sup>b7</sup> D7(b9) G7(b9) C Dm<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> C7(b9)

may-be I know,\_\_\_ Can't help lov-in' dat man\_\_\_ of mine.\_\_\_\_\_

F<sup>6</sup> F<sup>#</sup>dim Cmaj<sup>7</sup> D<sup>9</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>

When he goes a - way\_\_\_ dat's a rain - y day,\_\_\_ and when he comes

Dm<sup>7</sup> D<sup>9</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup>/G G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>aug Cmaj<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup>

back dat day is fine,\_\_\_ the sun will shine. He can come home\_\_\_ as

Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> Cmaj<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>9</sup> C13(b9) F<sup>6</sup> B<sup>b9</sup>

late as can be,\_\_\_ home with - out him\_\_\_ ain't no home to me,\_\_\_

Em<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> A<sup>b7</sup> D7(b9) G7(b9) C E<sup>b</sup>6 D<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup> C

Can't help lov-in' dat man\_\_\_ of mine.\_\_\_\_\_



# Can't Stop Lovin'

Words & Music by Elmore James

Medium tempo

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. Above the first measure is 'N.C.' and 'mf'. Above the second measure is 'D7'. The lyrics 'I can't stop lov-in',\_\_\_' are written below the first two measures. The third staff continues the melody with lyrics 'my ba-by to-night.\_\_\_'. Above the first measure of the third staff is 'G7', and above the second measure is 'D7'. The fourth staff continues the melody with lyrics 'No mat-ter what I do,\_\_\_' and 'she won't treat me right.'. Above the first measure of the fourth staff is 'A7', above the second is 'G7', and above the third is 'D7'. The score ends with a double bar line.

N.C. *mf* D7

I can't stop lov-in',\_\_\_ my ba-by to-night.\_\_\_

G7 D7

I can't stop lov-in',\_\_\_ my ba-by to-night.\_\_\_

A7 G7 D7

No mat-ter what I do,\_\_\_ she won't treat me right.

## Verse 2

I loved my baby, this mornin' soon. *(Twice)*  
I didn't come back home till this afternoon.

## Verse 3

When I leave my baby, she's all alone. *(Twice)*  
I can't have no lovin', cos my baby's gone.

## Verse 4

Oh, baby, come and walk with me. *(Twice)*  
I'll make you happy, baby, as any girl can be.



# Canal Street Blues

By Joe 'King' Oliver

## Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overbrace{\text{♩} \text{♩}}^3$ )

C<sup>7</sup> F F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m F F<sup>#dim</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

1. F F<sup>7</sup> Fdim B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup>/F F C<sup>7</sup> 2. F F<sup>7</sup> Fdim B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup>/F F C<sup>7</sup> F N.C.

The first system of musical notation is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Above the staff, there are two first endings. The first ending is marked with a '1.' and contains the chords F, F<sup>7</sup>, Fdim, B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup>/F, F, and C<sup>7</sup>. The second ending is marked with a '2.' and contains the chords F, F<sup>7</sup>, Fdim, B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup>/F, F, C<sup>7</sup>, and F N.C. (No Chord). The notation includes repeat signs and a double bar line at the end.



# Careless Love

Traditional

Medium slow

Chords: F, C<sup>7</sup>, F, B<sup>b</sup>, F, C<sup>7</sup>

mp

1. Love, oh love, oh care-less love;  
heed, for what I say is true; Don't

Chords: F, D<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, C<sup>7</sup>

You go to my head like wine.  
spend your lives in mi-se-ry. You've Don't

Chords: F, F<sup>7</sup>, F<sup>7</sup> aug, B<sup>b</sup>, Bdim

ruin'd the life of ma-ny a poor girl, And  
let love do to ev-'ry one of you What

Chords: F/C, C<sup>7</sup>, F, B<sup>b</sup>, F, Gm<sup>7</sup>, C<sup>7</sup>, F

1. now you've ruin'd this life of mine.  
care-less love has done to me. 2. Pay



# Chelsea Bridge

By Billy Strayhorn

Slowly

N.C. Dm(maj<sup>7</sup>) F<sup>9</sup>(#11) Dm(maj<sup>7</sup>) F<sup>9</sup>(#11)  
 mp 3

D<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>) D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>9</sup> C<sup>13</sup> F<sup>6</sup> 1. N.C.  
3

2. E<sup>9</sup> E<sup>b</sup><sup>9</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7 sus<sup>4</sup> E<sup>b</sup><sup>7</sup> A<sup>b</sup><sup>6</sup> F<sup>m</sup><sup>9</sup>  
 mf 3

B<sup>b</sup>7 sus<sup>4</sup> E<sup>b</sup><sup>7</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>) aug A<sup>b</sup><sup>9</sup> D<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup>/D C<sup>b</sup>/E<sup>b</sup>

B<sup>m</sup> F<sup>9</sup>(#11) E<sup>9</sup> E<sup>b</sup><sup>9</sup> Dm(maj<sup>7</sup>) F<sup>9</sup>(#11)  
 mp 3

Dm(maj<sup>7</sup>) F<sup>9</sup>(#11) D<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>) D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>9</sup> C<sup>13</sup> F<sup>6</sup>



# Come Back Baby

Words & Music by Norman Petty & Fred Neil

Medium slow

The musical score is written on three staves in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 12/8 time signature. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a 12/8 time signature. The first measure is marked with a dynamic of 'mf' and a chord of 'A'. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics 'Please come back, ba-by, please don't go. For the way I' are written below the staff. The second staff continues the melody with a 'D7' chord at the start and an 'A' chord later. The lyrics 'love you, you'll nev-er know. So come back, ba-by, let's talk it' are written below. The third staff concludes the piece with an 'E7' chord, followed by 'A', 'D7', and 'A' chords. The lyrics 'o-ver, just one more time.' are written below. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Please come back, ba-by, please don't go. For the way I  
love you, you'll nev-er know. So come back, ba-by, let's talk it  
o-ver, just one more time.

## Verse 2

For the way I love you, you know I do;  
For the way you love me, baby,  
You never know.  
Come back, baby, let's talk it over  
One more time.

## Verse 3

You know I love you, tell the world I do;  
For the way I love you, baby,  
You'll never know.  
So come back, baby, let's talk it over  
One more time.



# Come Sunday

By Duke Ellington

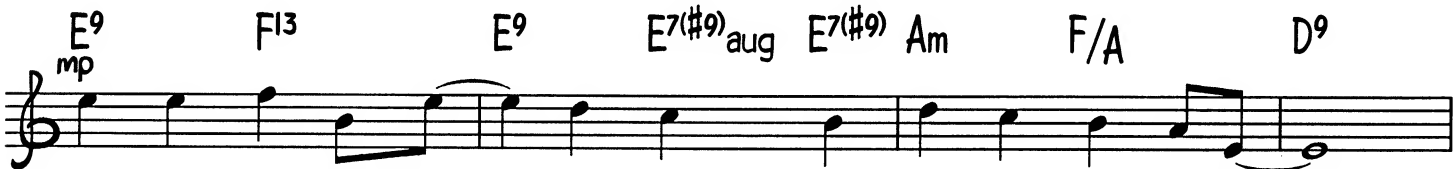
Slow



1. Oo—  
2. Lord, dear Lord a - bove,— Oo— God Al - might - y, God of love;—



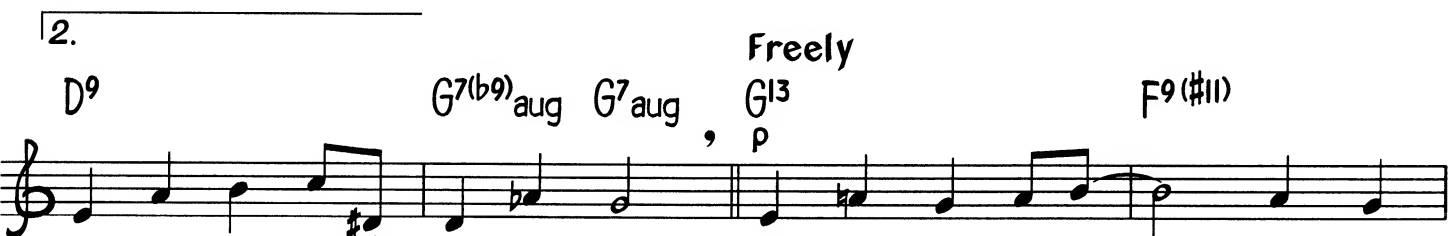
Sun - day, oh come Sun - day, that's the day.  
Please look down and see my peo - ple through.



I be - lieve that God— put sun and moon up in the sky.—  
Hea - ven is a good - ness time, a bright - er light on high.—



I don't mind the grey— skies, 'cos they're just clouds pas - sing by.—  
Do unto others as you would have them do to you. And  
(Spoken) (Sing)



have a bright - er by— and by. Lord, dear Lord a - bove,— God Al -



G<sup>13</sup> A<sup>13</sup> F F<sup>maj7</sup> D<sup>m11</sup> G<sup>11</sup>

- might - y, God of love;— Please look down and see my peo - ple through.—

C D<sup>m7</sup> D<sup>#dim</sup> C/E **Animated** E<sup>9</sup> F<sup>13</sup> E<sup>9</sup> E<sup>7(#9)</sup>aug E<sup>7(#9)</sup>

*mf*

I be - lieve God is now, was then

Am F/A D<sup>9</sup> **a tempo** G<sup>13</sup> D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>13(b5)</sup> E<sup>7(#9)</sup> E<sup>b13</sup>

and al - ways will be. With God's bles - sing we can make it

D<sup>9</sup> G<sup>7(b9)</sup>aug **slower** G<sup>13</sup> F<sup>9(#11)</sup> G<sup>13</sup>

*p*

through e - ter - ni - ty.— Lord, dear Lord a - bove, - God Al - might - y, God of love;—

A<sup>13</sup> **very slow** F F<sup>maj7</sup> D<sup>m11</sup> G<sup>11</sup> C C/E E<sup>b6</sup> D<sup>m7</sup> C

*pp*

— Please look down and see my peo - ple through.—



# Corrine Corrina

Words & Music by J. M. Williams & Bo Chatman

'Gospel' swing

**Staff 1:** Chords: C, G<sup>7</sup>, Cdim, C, Adim, A<sup>b7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, C. Lyrics: Cor - rine Cor - ri - - na, where you been so long?

**Staff 2:** Chords: C<sup>7</sup>, F, C, G<sup>7</sup>. Lyrics: Cor - rine Cor - ri - - na, where you been so long?

**Staff 3:** Chords: C, Am<sup>6</sup>, A<sup>b7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, Dm<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, Adim, A<sup>b7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, C, F<sup>7</sup>. Lyrics: Ain't been no lov - in' since you been gone.

**Staff 4:** Chords: C, G<sup>7</sup>, Cdim, C, Adim, A<sup>b7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, C. Lyrics: I love Cor - ri - - na, tell the world I do.

**Staff 5:** Chords: C<sup>7</sup>, F, C, G<sup>7</sup>. Lyrics: I love Cor - ri - - na, tell the world I do.

**Staff 6:** Chords: C, Am<sup>6</sup>, A<sup>b7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, Dm<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, Adim, A<sup>b7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, C, F<sup>7</sup>, C. Lyrics: I pray ev - 'ry night she seems to love me too.



# Cottonfields

Words & Music by Huddie Ledbetter

Medium fast

*mf* **F** **F<sup>7</sup>** **B<sup>b</sup>**

When I was a lit-tle bit-ty ba-by, my mo-ther rocked me in the

**F** **F<sup>#dim</sup>** **Gm<sup>7</sup>**

cra-dle, In them old cot-ton - fields back home.

**C<sup>7</sup>** **F** **F<sup>7</sup>**

— When I was a lit - tle bit - ty ba - by, my mo - ther

**B<sup>b</sup>** **F** **C<sup>7</sup>**

rocked me in the cra-dle, In them old cot-ton - fields back

**F** **F<sup>7</sup>** **B<sup>b</sup>**

home. Oh, when them cot-ton balls got rot-ten, you could-n't

**F** **F<sup>#dim</sup>**

pick ve - ry much cot-ton, In them old cot-ton - fields back

**Gm<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>** **F** **F<sup>7</sup>**

home. It was down in Lou - 'si - an - a, just a-bout a

**B<sup>b</sup>** **F** **C<sup>7</sup>** **F** **B<sup>b</sup>** **F**

mile from Tex-ar - ka-na, In them old cot-ton-fields back home.



# Cotton Tail

By Duke Ellington

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\text{J}} \overset{\frown}{\text{J}} \overset{\frown}{\text{J}}$ )





E<sup>7</sup> Bm<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

D<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> D<sup>b9</sup>

D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>9</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

C<sup>9</sup>(#11) F G<sup>13</sup> G<sup>#dim</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> B<sup>7</sup>/D<sup>#</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7(b9)</sup> C<sup>6</sup>

1.

2.

Am<sup>7</sup> B<sup>7</sup>/D<sup>#</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7(b9)</sup> C<sup>6</sup> N.C.



# Crazy Man Blues

Words & Music by Sonny Terry

Medium tempo

(♩ = ♩<sup>3</sup>)

N.C. *mf* B<sup>11</sup> E

Yes, a man is got to be cra-zy— fol-low the wo-men ev - - 'ry -

E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

- where.— Yes, a man is got to be cra-zy— fol-low the wo-men ev - - 'ry -

E<sup>7</sup> B<sup>7</sup>

- where.— Well, I ain't sing-in' this song 'cos I ain't got no one;—

A<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup>

— Yes, you know I can get some-bo-dy, pal.

## Verse 2

Yes, a man's got to be crazy to think he got a woman all by himself. (Twice)  
I say as I'm back in town; yes, you know she's cutting out with somebody else.

## Verse 3

Yes, a man is crazy to give one woman all his pay. (Twice)  
I said, before I'd be like them, I'd walk out of the front door to stay.



# Crossroads Blues

**Words & Music by Robert Johnson**

## Medium tempo

mf G<sup>7</sup>

I went to the cross-roads, fell down on my knees.—

C<sup>7</sup>

I went to the cross-roads,— fell down on my knees.

G<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

I asked the Lord— a - bove, have mer - cy,—

C<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

save poor Bob if you please.—

### Verse 2

Standin' at the crossroad, tried to flag a ride. (Twice)  
Didn't nobody seem to know me, everybody pass me by.

### Verse 3

Standin' at the crossroad, risin' sun goin' down. (Twice)  
I believe to my souls, po' Bob is sinkin' down.

### Verse 4

You can run, you can run, tell my friend Willie Brown, *(Twice)*  
That I got crossroad blues this mornin'; Lord, I'm sinkin' down.

### Verse 5

And I went to the crossroad, mama, I looked east and west. (*Twice*)  
Lord, I didn't have no sweet woman, oh well, babe, in my distress.



# Cry Your Blues Away

Words & Music by Arthur Crudup

Medium slow

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\underset{\frown}{\text{3}}}$ )

**Staff 1:** G7 mf Dar-ling, un-veil your face, go on and cry your blues a way.

**Staff 2:** G7 C7 Dar-ling, un-veil your face, go on and cry your blues a

**Staff 3:** G D7 - way. You know I'm so glad

**Staff 4:** C7 G trou-ble don't last al-ways.

## Verse 2

Remember you told me I would never hear you say. (Twice)  
That is the reason, darling, why I can't say goodbye.

## Verse 3

I'm gonna find someone to love me, someone I can call my own. (Twice)  
You know, I'm so tired of staying in this world alone.

## Verse 4

Darling, you don't want me, you really treat me like a slave. (Twice)  
You know, some of these mornings I'll be dead and in my grave.



# Dark And Dreary

Words & Music by Elmore James

Medium slow

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

*mf* C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

I have lost my ba-by, al-most\_\_ lost my\_\_ mind.\_\_

C<sup>9</sup> F<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

I've lost my ba-by, al-most\_\_ lost\_\_ my mind.

G<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

Way she treat me,\_\_ gon-na drive\_\_ a man\_\_ stone blind

## Verse 2

Well, the road seemed dark and dreary, while I travelled down that way. (*Twice*)  
Well, my baby left me, she just come back home today.

## Verse 3

Oh, I love my baby, tell the world I do. (*Twice*)  
Well, I need a little lovin', darlin'; gonna make my dream come true.

## Verse 4

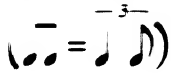
Oh, I love you darlin', like a schoolboy loves his pie. (*Twice*)  
Now ain't that the way to treat me, darlin'; my hurt's so long that I will die



# De Kalb Blues

Medium tempo

Words & Music by Huddie Ledbetter  
Arranged & Adapted by Alan Lomax & John A. Lomax



De Kalb blues,— babe, make me feel— so bad.—

De Kalb blues,— babe, make me feel— so bad.—

just to think— a-bout— the times— I once have had.—

## Verse 2

Wasn't for the powder and the straightnin' comb, (Twice)  
Lord, these De Kalb women would not have no home.

## Verse 3

Buy me a pistol, get me a Gatlin' gun. (Twice)  
Ever catch you, baby, we gonna have some fun.

## Verse 4

Some folks told me De kalb blues ain't bad. (Twice)  
It's the worry'st blues that I ever had.

## Verse 5

If the blues was whiskey, I'd stay drunk all the time; (Twice)  
Stay drunk, baby, to get you off of my mind.

## Verse 6

Look here, baby, what more can I do? (Twice)  
Well, I had five dollars and I gave you two.



# Deep River

Traditional

Slowly

Chords: F, F<sup>7</sup>, B<sup>b</sup>, F/A, B<sup>b</sup>, Bdim

Deep ——— riv - er, ——— my home is ov - er

Chords: F/C, A/C<sup>#</sup>, Dm, F, F<sup>aug</sup>, B<sup>b</sup>

Jor - dan. ——— Deep ——— riv - er, ——— I

Chords: G<sup>9</sup>, Gm<sup>7</sup>/C, C<sup>7</sup>, F, B<sup>b7</sup>, F, Fdim, F, Dm

want to cross ov - er in - to camp ground. Lord, I am a -

Chords: Am, B<sup>b</sup>, A<sup>7</sup>, Dm, D<sup>b7</sup>, G<sup>9</sup>, Gm<sup>7</sup>/C, C<sup>7</sup>

- com - in'; Lord, I am a - com - in'. I want to cross ov - er in - to

very slow

Chords: F, B<sup>b7</sup>, F, Dm<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>9</sup>, Gm<sup>7</sup>/C, C<sup>7</sup>, B<sup>b7</sup>, F

camp ground. I want to cross ov - er in - to camp ground.



# Don't Fish In My Sea

Words & Music by Bessie Smith & Ma Rainey

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Medium tempo' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the verse, with lyrics 'My dad - dy come home this mor - nin', drunk as he\_\_\_ could'. The second staff continues the melody with lyrics 'be. My dad - dy come home this mor - nin','. The third staff continues the melody with lyrics 'drunk as he\_\_\_ could be. I'. The fourth staff concludes the melody with lyrics 'know by that\_ he's done got bad\_ on me.\_\_\_'. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: F7, Bb, F7, Bb, F7, Bb, F7, Bb7, Bdim, F7, Bb, Eb7, Bb.

My dad - dy come home this mor - nin', drunk as he\_\_\_ could  
be. My dad - dy come home this mor - nin',  
drunk as he\_\_\_ could be. I  
know by that\_ he's done got bad\_ on me.\_\_\_

## Verse 2

He used to stay out late, now he don't come home at all. (Twice)  
I know there's another mule been kicking in my stall.

## Verse 3

If you don't like my ocean, don't fish in my sea. (Twice)  
Stay out of my valley, let my mountain be.

## Verse 4

I ain't had no loving since God knows when. (Twice)  
That's the reason I'm through with these no-good, trifling men.

## Verse 5

You'll never miss the sunshine till the rain begin to fall. (Twice)  
You'll never miss you ham till another mule be in your stall.



# Don't Go To Strangers

Words by Redd Evans ★ Music by Arthur Kent & Dave Mann

Medium slow

*mp*  $B^b$   $B^b \text{maj}^7$   $E^b 9(b5)$   $E^b 7$   $B^b 6$   $B^b \text{maj}^7$

Build your dreams\_ to the stars a - bove;— But when you need\_ some-one  
Play with fire\_ till your fin - gers burn;— And when there's no\_ place for

$Dm^7(b5)$   $G^7$   $Cm^7$   $Cm^7(b5)$   $F^7$   $Cm^7$   $F^7$   $B^b$   $Gm^7$

1.  
true to love,— Don't go to stran - gers, dar-ling, come to me.  
you to turn,— Don't go to stran - gers,

2.  
 $C^9$   $F13(b9)$   $F^7$   $Cm^7$   $F^7$   $B^b$   $E^b$   $B^b \text{dim}$   $B^b$

— dar-ling, come to me. For, when

$Fm^7$   $B^b 13$   $Fm^7$   $B^b 13$   $E^b$   $B^b 7$   $E^b \text{maj}^7$

you hear a call to fol-low your heart, You'll fol-low your heart I know— I've

$Gm^7$   $C13$   $Gm^7$   $C13$   $Gm^7$   $C^9$   $Cm^7$   $F13(b9)$

been through it all; for I'm an old hand, And I'll un-der-stand\_ if you go. So,

$B^b$   $B^b \text{maj}^7$   $E^b 9(b5)$   $E^b 7$   $B^b 6$   $B^b \text{maj}^7$

make your mark\_ for your friends to see;— But when you need\_ more than

$Dm^7(b5)$   $G^7$   $Cm^7$   $Cm^7(b5)$   $F^7$   $Cm^7$   $F^7$   $B^b$   $E^b 7$   $B^b$

com - pa - ny,— Don't go to stran-gers, dar-ling, come to me.



# Down By The Riverside

Traditional

'Gospel' swing

*mf* **F**

1. I met my lit - tle bright eyed doll\_ }  
asked her for a lit - tle kiss, - } Down by the

**C<sup>7</sup>** **F**

riv - er - side, - Down by the riv - er - side, - Down by the

**F**

riv - er - side, - { I met my lit - tle bright eyed doll\_ }  
asked her for a lit - tle kiss, - } Down by the

**C<sup>7</sup>** **F** 1.

riv - er - side, - Down by the riv - er - side. 2. I

2. **F<sup>7</sup>** **B<sup>b</sup>** **B<sup>b</sup>7** **F**

— She said, "Have pa - tience, lit - tle man; — I'm sure you'll un - der - stand, -

**C<sup>7</sup>** **F** **F<sup>7</sup>**

— I hard - ly know your name." — I said "If



B<sup>b</sup> F A<sup>7</sup> Dm

I can have my way, — may - be some sweet day —

G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup>

your name and mine will be the same," — I'd

F

wed my lit - tle bright eyed doll — Down by the riv - er - side, —

C<sup>7</sup> F

Down by the riv - er - side, — Down by the riv - er - side, — I'd

F

wed my lit - tle bright eyed doll — Down by the riv - er - side, —

C<sup>7</sup> F Fdim F B<sup>b</sup> F N.C.

Down by the riv - er - - side. —



# Down The Road A Piece

Words & Music by Don Raye

Medium fast

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\overset{3}{\text{♩}}}$ )

Daug

G



G<sup>7</sup> A<sup>b9</sup> G<sup>9</sup>

C<sup>7</sup>

G



A<sup>m7</sup>

D<sup>9</sup>

D<sup>7</sup>aug G D<sup>7</sup>aug G D<sup>7</sup>aug



G A<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>6</sup>

G<sup>9</sup>



G<sup>7</sup>

C<sup>7</sup>

G



D<sup>7</sup>

G D<sup>7</sup>aug

G D<sup>7</sup>aug G D<sup>7</sup>aug



G A<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>6</sup> D<sup>7</sup>aug G

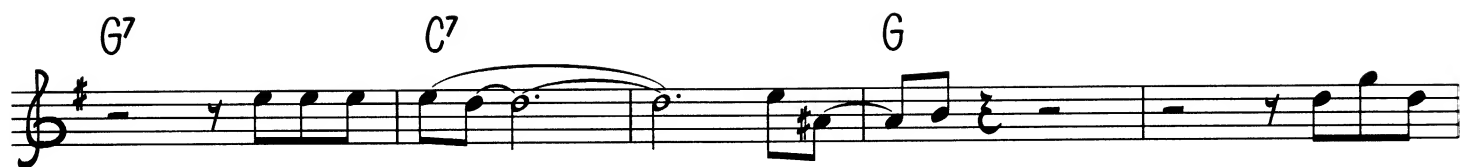


D<sup>7</sup>aug

G









# Don't Sell It (Don't Give It Away)

Words & Music by Oscar Woods

Medium tempo

*mf* **G**

It was ear - ly one morn - in' 'bout the break of day.

**C<sup>7</sup>**

Don't you hear me cry - in', won't you list-en what I say? Ear-ly one morn - in'

**G** **D<sup>7</sup>**

ba - by, 'bout the break of day. Told me not to sell it;

**G** *Chorus* **G**

Pa - pa, don't you give it a - way. I said yes, ba - by, yes;

**G<sup>7</sup>**

no, ba - by, no. Yes, ba - by, yes; no, — ba - by, no. Said

**C<sup>7</sup>** **G**

yes, ba - by, yes; hear me say no, ba - by, no.

**D<sup>7</sup>**

Thought I found Jel - ly, 'shaw — don't sell no more. —

## Verse 2

You know you didn't want me, why did you call; don't you hear me cryin' little all and all.  
You know you didn't want me, baby why did you call?  
I can get more women than a passenger train can haul.

## Chorus



# Duet

By Neal Hefti

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\text{3}} \text{ ♩}$ )

E<sup>b</sup>



E<sup>b</sup>7

A<sup>b</sup>

C<sup>b</sup>



E<sup>b</sup>

Gm/D

B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup>/D<sup>b</sup>

C<sup>7</sup>

F<sup>11</sup>

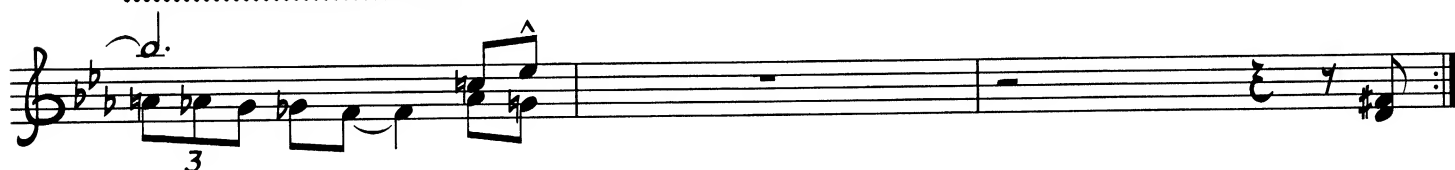
shake



B<sup>b</sup>9

1.

E<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>7/G A<sup>b</sup> F<sup>9</sup>/A B<sup>b</sup> G<sup>b</sup>dim Fm<sup>7</sup> E<sup>9</sup>



2.

E<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>/D<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup>6/C B<sup>b</sup>11 E<sup>b</sup>

F<sup>11</sup>

shake

B<sup>b</sup>9

E<sup>b</sup>





# Dust My Broom

Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium tempo

*mf*  $D^7$   $G^7$   $D^7$

I'm gon' get up in the morn-in',— I be-lieve I'll dust— my broom.—

$G^7$

I'm gon' get up in the morn-in'— I be-lieve I'll dust my broom.—

$D^7$   $A^7$

— Girl - friend, the black man you been lov - in',—

$G^7$   $D^7$   $G^7$   $D^7$

girl - friend, can get my room.—

## Verse 2

I'm gon' write a letter, telephone every town I know. (*Twice*)

If I can't find her in West Helena, she must be in East Monroe, I know.

## Verse 3

I don't want no woman wants every downtown man she meet. (*Twice*)

She's a no good doney, they shouldn't 'low her on the street.

## Verse 4

I believe, I believe I'll go back home. (*Twice*)

You can mistreat me here, babe, but you can't when I get home.

## Verse 5

And I'm gettin' up in the morning, I believe I'll dust my broom. (*Twice*)

Girlfriend, the black man that you been lovin', girlfriend, can get my room.



# Dust Pneumonia Blues

**Words & Music by Woody Guthrie**

## Medium tempo

N.C. C

*mf*

I got that dust pneu - mo - ny, — pneu - mo - ny in my lung. —

F

— I got the dust pneu - mo - ny, — pneu - mo - ny in my lung. —

G<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> C

— And I'm gon-na sing this dust pneu - mo - ny song.

### Verse 2

Now there ought to be some yodelling in this song. (Twice)  
But I can't yodel for the rattling in my lung.

### Verse 3

My good gal sings the dust pneumony blues. (Twice)  
She loves me 'cos she's got the dust pneumony too.

### Verse 4

If it wasn't for choppin', my hoe would turn to rust. (Twice)  
I can't find a woman in this black old Texas dust.

*Verse 5*

Down in Oklahoma the wind blows mighty strong. (Twice)  
If you want to get a mama, just sing a California song.

### Verse 6

Down in Texas my gal fainted in the rain. (Twice)  
I threw a bucket of dirt in her face just to bring her back again.



# Early Autumn

Slow

Words by Johnny Mercer ★ Music by Ralph Burns & Woody Herman

*C<sup>7</sup> mp* *Fmaj<sup>7</sup>* *E<sup>7</sup>*

1. When an ear - ly Au - tumn walks the land and chills the breeze, And  
- vil - ion in the rain, all shut - tered down; A

*E<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup>* *D<sup>7</sup>* *D<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup>*

touch - es with her hand the Sum - mer trees, Per - haps you'll un - der - stand  
wind - ing coun - try lane, all rus - set brown; A fros - ty win - dow pane

*C<sup>7</sup>* *Fmaj<sup>7</sup>* *F<sup>6</sup>* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *C<sup>7</sup>*

— what me - mo - ries I own. 2. There's a dance pa -  
— shows me a town grown

*F* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *F* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *C<sup>13</sup>* *Fmaj<sup>7</sup>/A* *A<sup>b</sup> dim*

lone - ly. That Spring of ours that start - ed so Ap - ril - heart - ed

*Gm<sup>7</sup>* *C<sup>7</sup>* *Fmaj<sup>9</sup>* *Fm<sup>7</sup>* *B<sup>b</sup>13*

Seemed made for just a boy and girl. I nev - er dreamed - did you? - an - y

*E<sup>b</sup>* *A<sup>b</sup>9* *Gmaj<sup>7</sup>* *F<sup>#</sup>9* *F<sup>9</sup>* *E<sup>7</sup>(<sup>#</sup>9)* *E<sup>b</sup>7* *Dmaj<sup>7</sup>* *D<sup>b</sup>7(<sup>b</sup>9)* *C<sup>9</sup>*

Fall could come in view so ear - - ly, ear - - ly.

*Fmaj<sup>7</sup>* *E<sup>7</sup>* *E<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup>*

Dar - ling, if you care, please let me know; I'll meet you an - y - where,

*D<sup>7</sup>* *D<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup>* *C<sup>7</sup>* *F*

— I miss you so. Let's nev - er have to share an - oth - er ear - ly Au - tumn.



# Evil (Is Goin' On)

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium slow

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

N.C.

*mf*

G<sup>7</sup>



## Verse 2

Well, if you call her on the telephone,  
And she answers awful slow,  
Grab the first thing smokin',  
If you have to hobo.  
*That's evil, etc.*

## Verse 3

If you make it to your house,  
Knock on the front door;  
Run around to the back,  
You catch him just before he goes.  
*That's evil, etc.*



# Feel So Bad

Words & Music by Chuck Willis

Medium tempo

( $\bar{\text{♩}} = \text{♩}^3$ )

*C*  
*mf*

Feel so bad, feel like a ball - game on a rain - y day.

*F9*

Feel so bad, feel like a ball - game on a rain - y day.

*G7* *N.C.* *C* *G7*

Yes, I got my rain - check; shake my head and walk a - way.


*C* *C7*

Oo, peo - ple, that's the way I feel.




F<sup>9</sup> C

Oo, \_\_\_\_\_ peo - ple, that's the way I feel. \_\_\_\_\_ Some -


 - times I want to stay here; then, a - gain, I want to leave. Some -

F<sup>9</sup> C



- times I want to stay here; then, a-gain, I want to leave. \_\_\_\_\_.

G<sup>7</sup> N.C. C F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b9</sup> C

Yes, I've got my train fare; — pack my bag and ride a - way. —



# Fever

Medium swing

Words & Music by John Davenport & Eddie Cooley

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

**Dm**  
**mp**

1. Nev - er know how much I love — you,  
(Verses 2, 4, 5, 6, see block, lyric)

Nev - er know how much — I care. When you put your arms a - round —

**A<sup>7</sup>** **Dm N.C.**

— me, I get a fev - er that's so hard — to bear. You give me fev - er

**Dm** **B<sup>b</sup>6** **Dm**

when you kiss me, Fev - er when you hold — me tight;

**B<sup>b</sup>** **A<sup>7</sup>** **Fine** **1.2.**  
**(Dm) Dm**

Fev - er in the morn - ing, Fev - er all through — the night.

**3.**  
**Dm**

3. Ev - 'ry bo - dy's got the fev - er,

That is some - thing you — all know. Fev - er is - n't



*Repeat whole sequence, then D.C. al Fine*



*Verse 2*

Sun lights up the daytime,  
Moon lights up the night.  
I light up when you call my name,  
And you know I'm gonna treat you right.  
You give me fever when you kiss me,  
Fever when you hold me tight;  
Fever in the morning,  
Fever all through the night.

*Verse 4*

Romeo loved Juliet,  
Juliet she felt the same;  
When he put his arms around her, he said  
"Julie, baby, you're my flame.  
Thou givest fever when we kisseth,  
Fever with thy flaming youth.  
Fever, I'm afire;  
Fever, yea, I burn forsooth!"

*Verse 5*

Captain Smith and Pocahontas  
Had a very mad affair;  
When her daddy tried to kill him, she said  
"Daddy-o, don't you dare!  
He gives me fever with his kisses,  
Fever when he holds me tight.  
Fever, I'm his missus;  
Oh, Daddy, won't you treat him right?"

*Repeat Verse 3*

*Verse 6*

Now you've listened to my story,  
Here's the point that I have made:  
Chicks were born to give you fever,  
Be it fahrenheit or centigrade!  
They give you fever when you kiss them,  
Fever if you live and learn;  
Fever till you sizzle —  
What a lovely way to burn!



# Fine And Mellow (My Man Don't Love Me)

Words & Music by Billie Holiday

Medium slow

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

F<sub>mp</sub> F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F F<sup>7</sup>  
 My man don't love me, treats me oh so mean; My

B<sup>b7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F  
 man he don't love me, treats me aw-ful mean; He's the

C<sup>7</sup> D<sup>b9</sup> F B<sup>b7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup>aug  
 low-est man that I've ev-er seen. He wears

F F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> F F<sup>7</sup>  
 high-draped pants, stripes are real-ly yel-low; He wears

B<sup>b7</sup> F B<sup>b7</sup> F F<sup>#dim</sup>  
 high-draped pants, stripes are real-ly yel-low; But when he

Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> D<sup>b9</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F B<sup>b7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup>aug  
 starts in to love me, he's so fine and mel-low. Love will

F F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F F<sup>7</sup>  
 make you drink and gam-ble, make you stay out all night long; Love will



B<sup>b</sup>7 F C<sup>7</sup> F



# Folsom Prison Blues

Words & Music by Johnny Cash

Medium fast

*mf* **G**

1. I hear the train a - com - in' it's roll - in' 'round the  
(Verses 2, 3, 4 see block lyric)

**G<sup>7</sup>**

bend; And I ain't seen the sun - shine since I don't know

**G<sup>7</sup>(#9)** **C<sup>7</sup>**

when. I'm stuck at Fol - som Pri - son, and time keeps

**G**

drag - gin' on. But that

**D<sup>7</sup>** **G**

train keeps roll - in' on down to San An - tone.



1.2. 3. 4. D<sup>7</sup> G

2. When 3. I 4. Well, if they

### Verse 2

When I was just a baby, my mama told me "Son,  
 Always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns."  
 But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die.  
 When I hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and cry.

### Verse 3

I bet there's rich folk eatin' in a fancy dinin' car;  
 They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars.  
 Well, I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free;  
 But those people keep a-movin', and that's what tortures me.

### Verse 4

Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine,  
 I bet I'd move to over a little farther down the line;  
 Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay,  
 And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away.



# Five Long Years

Words & Music by Eddie Boyd

Medium slow

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, 12/8 time. It begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The tempo is marked 'Medium slow'. The score consists of five staves of music, each with corresponding lyrics underneath. Chord symbols C7 and F7 are placed above the staff at various points. The lyrics are: 'If you've ev - er been mis-treat - ed, you know just what I'm talk-in' a - bout. If you've ev - er been mis-treat - ed, you know just what I talk-in' a - bout. I work five long years for one wo - man, and she had the nerve to kick me out.' The melody is simple and soulful, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes, and some rests.

*mf* C7 F7

If you've ev - er been mis-treat - ed, you know just what I'm talk-in' a -

C7 F7

- bout. If you've ev - er been mis-treat - ed,

C7

you know just what I talk-in' a - bout. I work

G7 F7

five long years for one wo - man, and she had the nerve

C7

to kick me out.

## Verse 2

I got a job at a steel mill, truckin' steel just like a slave.  
Five long years of fright, I'm runnin' straight home with all of my pay.  
Mistreated, you know what I'm talkin' about?  
I work five long years for one woman, and she had nerve to throw me out.



# Frankie And Johnny

Traditional

Medium tempo

C G<sup>7</sup>aug C G<sup>7</sup>aug C G<sup>7</sup>aug C C<sup>7</sup>

*mf*

Frank-ie and John - ny were sweet hearts. Oh, what a cou - ple in love!

F F<sup>#</sup>dim

Frank-ie was loy - al to John - ny, just as true as stars a -

C/G A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C F<sup>7</sup> C G<sup>7</sup>

- bove. He was her man, but he done her wrong.

G<sup>7</sup>aug C G<sup>7</sup>aug C G<sup>7</sup>aug C C<sup>7</sup>

This is the end of my sto - ry and this is the end of my song.

F F<sup>#</sup>dim

Frank - ie is down in the jail - house and she cries the whole night

C/G A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Fm<sup>6</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C F<sup>7</sup> C

long "He was my man, but he done me wrong."



# From Four Until Late

Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\text{♩}} \overset{\frown}{\text{♩}} \overset{\frown}{\text{♩}}$ ) C

*mf*

F

C C<sup>7</sup> F

From four — un - til late, — I was wring - ing my hands — and

C<sup>7</sup> F

cryin'. From four — un - til late, — I was wring -

A<sup>b7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C A<sup>7</sup>

- ing my hands — and cryin'. — I be - lieve —

D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup> F Fm<sup>6</sup> C

— to my soul — that your dad - dy's Gulf - port bound. —

## Verse 2

From Memphis to Norfolk is a thirty-six hours' ride. (Twice)  
A man is like a prisoner, and he's never satisfied.

## Verse 3

A woman's like a dresser; some men always ramblin' through its drawers. (Twice)  
It 'cos so many men wear an apron over-all.

## Verse 4

From four until late, she get with a no good bunch and clown. (Twice)  
Now she won't do nothin' but tear a good man's reputation down.

## Verse 5

When I leave this town, I'm gon' bid you fare, farewell. (Twice)  
And when I return again, you'll have a great long story to tell.



# Go Back To Your No Good Man

Words & Music by Lonnie Johnson

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

N.C.

D

*mf*



D<sup>7</sup>

G<sup>9</sup>



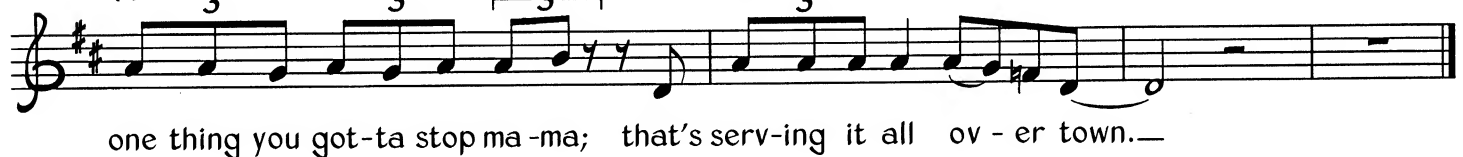
D



A<sup>7</sup>

G

D



## Verse 2

Don't you think because I love you, you can play me for a chump to my face. (Twice)  
But I'm not as dumb as you think, there's another woman to fill your place.

## Verse 3

Give me them clothes I bought you, take my diamonds off your hand. (Twice)  
Now you just like I found you, go back to your handy man.

## Verse 4

Now, I put shoes on your feet when your bare feet was pattin' the ground. (Twice)  
While I was out slaving for you, you was chasin' every rat in town.

## Verse 5

Now, woman I stuck with you when you didn't have a friend at all. (Twice)  
So give them shoes I bought you, and that wig, and let your head go bald.



# Georgia On My Mind

Words by Stuart Gorrell ★ Music by Hoagy Carmichael

Freely

F A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>9</sup> C<sup>7</sup>  
 Me - lo - dies bring me - mo - ries that lin - ger in my heart, —

F Am Dm G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>13</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> aug  
 Make me think of Geor - gia. Why did we — ev - er part? —

F A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>9</sup> C<sup>7</sup>  
 Some sweet day, when blos - soms fall and all the world's a song, —

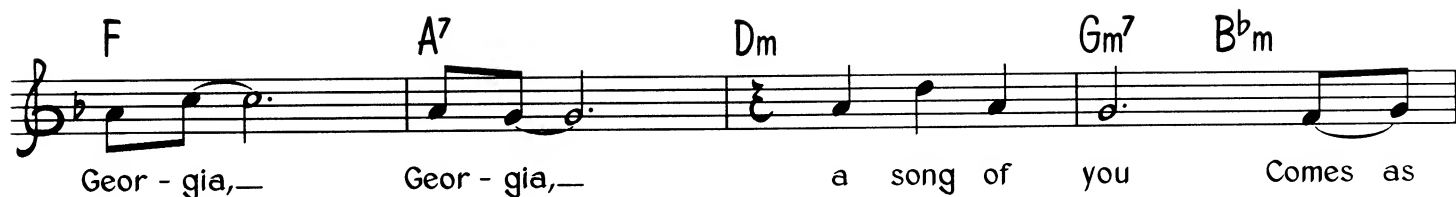
F Am Dm G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>13</sup> F  
 I'll go back to Geor - gia, 'cos that's where — I be - long.

A<sup>7</sup> Dm Gm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m  
 Geor - gia, — Geor - gia, — The whole day through, Just an

F D<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F F<sup>#</sup>dim Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> aug  
 old sweet song keeps Geor - gia — on my mind. (Geor - gia on my mind.)

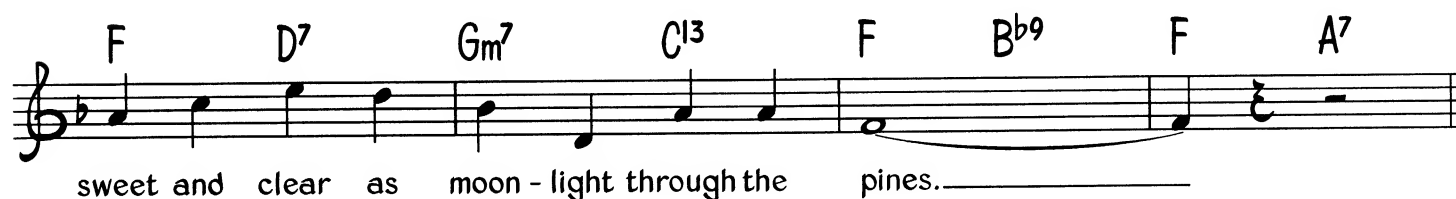


F A<sup>7</sup> Dm Gm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m




Geor - gia, — Geor - gia, — a song of you Comes as

F D<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>13</sup> F B<sup>b</sup>9 F A<sup>7</sup>



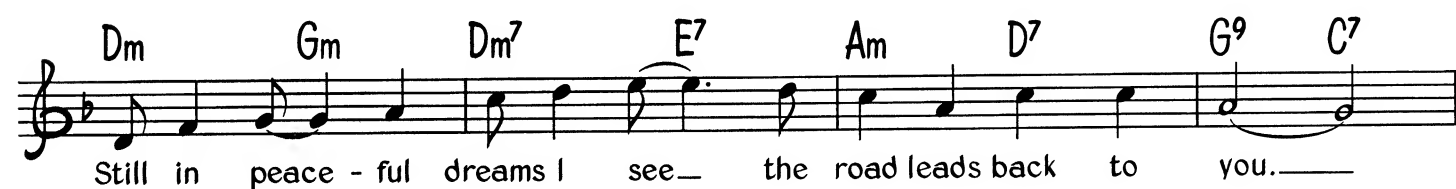
sweet and clear as moon - light through the pines. —

Dm Gm Dm B<sup>b</sup>7 Dm Gm Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>



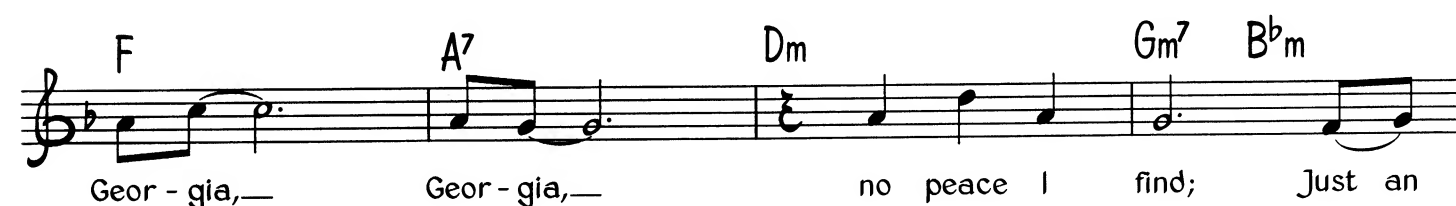
Oth - er arms — reach out to me; — Oth - er eyes — smile ten - der - ly; —

Dm Gm Dm<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> Am D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>9</sup> C<sup>7</sup>



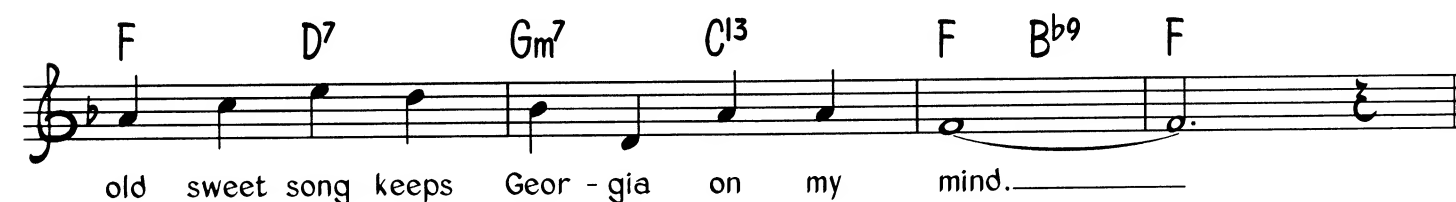
Still in peace - ful dreams I see — the road leads back to you. —

F A<sup>7</sup> Dm Gm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m



Geor - gia, — Geor - gia, — no peace I find; Just an

F D<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>13</sup> F B<sup>b</sup>9 F



old sweet song keeps Geor - gia on my mind. —



# Going Down Slow

Words & Music by James B. Oden

Medium slow

The musical score is written in 12/8 time on a single treble clef staff. It consists of four lines of music. The first line begins with a C7 chord and a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking. The second line has C7 and F7 chords. The third line has C7 and G7 chords. The fourth line has F7, C7, F7, and C chords. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words underlined. A '4' is written below the first measure of the fourth line.

C7 *mf* F7 C

I've had my fun,— if I don't ev-er get well no more.

C7 F7

Had my fun,— if I don't ev - er get well no

C7 G7

more. I know my health is fail - ing me,——

F7 C7 F7 C

4  
I know that I'm go - in' down slow.——

## Verse 2

Somebody write my mother, tell her the shape I'm in. (*Twice*)  
Tell her to pray for me, forgive me for my sins.

## Verse 3

Mother, please don't send no doctor, doctor can't do no good. (*Twice*)  
Back when I was young, didn't do the things I should.



# Good Morning Blues

Traditional

Medium tempo

Good morn - ing blues, blues how do — you

do? — Good morn - ing blues,

blues how — do you do? — I'm

do - ing all right, — good morn - ing, how are you? —

## Verse 2

Laid down last night, turnin' from side to side. (Twice)  
I was not sick, but I was just dissatisfied.

## Verse 3

When I got up this mornin', blues walkin' round my bed. (Twice)  
I went to eat my breakfast, the blues was all in my bread.

## Verse 4

I sent for you yesterday, here you come walking today. (Twice)  
You got your mouth wide open, you don't know what to say.



# Good Morning Heartache

Words & Music by Irene Higginbotham, Ervin Drake & Dan Fisher

Medium slow

( $\text{♩} = \text{♩} \text{ } \text{♩}$ )

$\text{Cm}^7$

Good morn - ing, heart - ache, you old gloom - y sight..

$\text{F}$   $\text{Am}^7(\text{b}5)$   $\text{D}^7(\text{b}9)$

Good morn - ing, heart - ache, thought we said good - bye last night..

$\text{Gm}$   $\text{B}^{\flat}\text{m}$   $\text{Am}^7$   $\text{A}^{\flat}\text{m}^7$

I turned and tossed un - til it seemed you had gone, —

$\text{Gm}$   $\text{G}^{\flat}9(\text{b}5)$   $\text{F}$   $\text{F}^{\sharp}\text{dim}$   $\text{Gm}^7$   $\text{C}^7$   $\text{Cm}^7$

But here you are with the dawn. — Wish I'd for - get you,

$\text{F}$   $\text{Am}^7(\text{b}5)$   $\text{D}^7(\text{b}9)$

But you're here to stay; — It seems I met you when my love went a - way. —

$\text{Gm}$   $\text{B}^{\flat}\text{m}$   $\text{Am}^7$   $\text{A}^{\flat}\text{m}^7$   $\text{Gm}^7$   $\text{G}^{\flat}9(\text{b}5)$

Now ev - 'ry day I start by say - ing to you: — Good morn - ing, heart - ache, what's new? —



F Em<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>(#9) Dm Em<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>aug

— Stop haunt-ing me now;— Can't shake you no - how.—

Dmaj<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>6</sup> A<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>(#9) Cmaj<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> D<sup>b</sup>m<sup>7</sup> G<sup>b</sup>7

— Just leave me a - lone;— I've got those Mon - day blues

Cm<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> Cm<sup>7</sup>

straight through Sun - day blues. Good morn - ing, heart - ache,

F

here we go a - gain;— Good morn - ing, heart-ache, you're the

Am<sup>7</sup>(b5) D<sup>7</sup>(b9) Gm B<sup>b</sup>m

one who knew me when.— Might as well get used to you

Am<sup>7</sup> A<sup>b</sup>m<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>11</sup> G<sup>b</sup>7(#9) F<sup>6</sup>

hang-ing a - round;— Good morn - ing, heart-ache, sit down.—



# Goodbye Baby

Words & Music by Sam Ling, Joe Josea & Jules Taub

Medium slow

N.C. E

*mf*

Now, good - bye, ba - by, got - ta

E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

leave you now. Oh, you told me dar - lin' you

E

love me no how. Oh, yeah, I got - ta leave

B<sup>7</sup> E A<sup>7</sup> E

you, ba - by good - bye.

## Verse 2

Aw baby, here's my right hand,  
I love you, baby; I can't get you to understand.  
Oh, bye, goodbye, baby, baby goodbye.

## Verse 3

Aw yes, here's all of me.  
I'll take you, baby, to some place you ought to be.  
Oh, bye now, goodbye, baby goodbye.



# Green River Blues

Words & Music by Charley Patton

Medium tempo

The musical score is written on a single staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps. The first measure is marked 'N.C.' and 'mf'. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some measures containing rests. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: E7 above the second measure, A7 above the eighth measure, E7 above the thirteenth measure, B7 above the nineteenth measure, A7 above the twenty-third measure, and E above the twenty-seventh measure. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words underlined and some measures containing rests.

N.C. *mf* E<sup>7</sup>

I went up Green Riv - er roll - in' \_\_\_\_\_ like a log. —

A<sup>7</sup>

\_\_\_\_\_ I \_\_\_\_\_ wade up Green \_\_\_\_\_ Riv - er,

E<sup>7</sup>

roll - in' \_\_\_\_\_ like a \_\_\_\_\_ log. — I wade. —

B<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> E

— up Green \_\_\_\_\_ Riv - er \_\_\_\_\_ Lord, roll - in' \_\_\_\_\_ like a log. —

## Verse 2

I think I heard the Marion whistle blow. (*Twice*)  
And it blew just like my baby gettin' on board.

## Verse 3

Some people say the Green River blues ain't bad. (*Twice*)  
Then it must not have been them Green River blues I had.

## Verse 4

It was late last night, everything was still. (*Twice*)  
I could see my baby up on a lonesome hill.

## Verse 5

How long, how long, evening train been gone. (*Twice*)  
Yes, I'm worried now but I won't be worried long.



# Hear Me Talkin' To Ya

Words & Music by Louis Armstrong

Medium tempo

*C* *mf*

Ram-blin' { man— } makes no change in me,— I'm gon-na ram-ble back to my  
 { wo-man }

*C* *F* *C*

used to be.— Ah, you hear me talk-in' to ya, I don't bite my tongue;—

*G* *Dm* *G*

You want to be my { man— } you got to fetch it with you when you come.—  
 { wo-man }

*C* *F* *C* *G* *C*

Eve and A-dam in the Gar-den tak in' a chance,—

*C* *F*

A - dam did -n't take time to get his pants.— Ah, you hear me talk -in' to ya,

*C* *G*

Don't bite my tongue; You want to be my { man— } you got to  
 { wo-man }

*Dm* *G* *C* *F* *C* *G* *C*

fetch it with you when you come.— I don't care whe-ther they're



C<sup>7</sup>

young or old,— When the chips were down— they had trou-ble Lord.— Ah, you

F<sup>7</sup> C

hear me talk - in' to ya, I don't bite— my tongue;— You want to

G<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C F C G<sup>7</sup>

be my { man— } you got to fetch it with you when you come.—

C

Hel-lo Cen-tral, give me Six - O - Nine,— What takes a git - tin' in these

C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>

his or mine?— Ah, you hear me talk - in' to ya, I don't bite my

C G<sup>7</sup>

tongue; You want to be my { man— } you got to

Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C F<sup>7</sup> C

fetch it with you when you come.—



# Here's That Rainy Day

Words & Music by Johnny Burke & Jimmy Van Heusen

Slowly

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, 4/4 time. The key signature has one sharp (F#), indicating D major or B minor. The tempo is marked 'Slowly'. The score consists of eight staves of music, each with a line of lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the staff lines. The lyrics are: 'May - be I should have saved those left - ov - er dreams; Fun - ny, but here's that rain - y day. Here's that rain - y day they told me a - bout, And I laughed at the thought that it might turn out this way. Where is that worn - out wish that I threw a - way, Af - ter it brought my lov - er near? Fun - ny how love be - comes a cold rain - y day; Fun - ny, that rain - y day is here.'

G<sup>mp</sup> B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup> A<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup>  
 May - be I should have saved those left - ov - er dreams;

Am<sup>11</sup> D D<sup>7</sup> D<sup>9</sup> D<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>) G maj<sup>9</sup> G<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>)  
 Fun - ny, but here's that rain - y day.

Cm Cm(maj<sup>7</sup>) Cm<sup>7</sup> F<sup>#9</sup> F<sup>9</sup> B<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b9</sup>/F E<sup>9</sup>(b<sup>5</sup>) E<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>9</sup> E<sup>b6</sup>  
 Here's that rain - y day they told me a - bout, And I

Am Am(maj<sup>7</sup>) Am<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b9</sup> D<sup>9</sup> G maj<sup>7</sup> G<sup>#</sup> dim Am<sup>9</sup> D<sup>13</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>)  
 laughed at the thought that it might turn out this way.

G B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup> A<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup>  
 Where is that worn - out wish that I threw a - way,

Am<sup>11</sup> D D<sup>7</sup> D<sup>9</sup> D<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>) G maj<sup>9</sup> G<sup>9</sup> D<sup>b9</sup>(b<sup>5</sup>)  
 Af - ter it brought my lov - er near?

C maj<sup>7</sup> C/B Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>13</sup> C dim Bm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> dim  
 Fun - ny how love be - comes a cold rain - y day;

Am<sup>11</sup> D D<sup>7</sup> D<sup>9</sup> D<sup>13</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>) G / A<sup>7</sup> A<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup> G  
 Fun - ny, that rain - y day is here.

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# Hey Hey Pretty Mama

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium tempo

N.C. *mf* F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>

Hey, hey, pret ty ma-ma,— how you want your roll-ing done?—

B<sup>b7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>

Hey, hey pret-ty ma-ma, how you want your roll-ing done?—

C<sup>7</sup> sus<sup>4</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>

You get it three times a day— or you can have it from sun to sun.—

C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>

1. I know you don't know what I'm put-ting down, but I

got a long wind just like a grey-hound. And when I love— I'm gon-na

love you right; if you need me, ba-by, I can roll all night. Hey,

B<sup>b7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>

hey, pret-ty ma-ma, how you want your roll-ing done?— You get it

C<sup>7</sup> sus<sup>4</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>

three times a day— or you can have it from sun to sun.—

## Verse 2

Now tell me, baby, if your love is true;  
Time pass so fast when I'm loving you.  
Now tell me, baby, if I love you too strong;  
When I get in the mood, I can roll all night long.  
*Hey, hey, pretty mama, etc.*



# Hoochie Coochie Man

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium tempo

*mf* *A* 4

The gyp - sy wo - man told my mo - ther,

be - fore I was born: "You got a boy child com - in',

goin' be a son - of a gun." — Gon - na make pret - ty wo - men —

jump and shout; — Then the world gon - na know

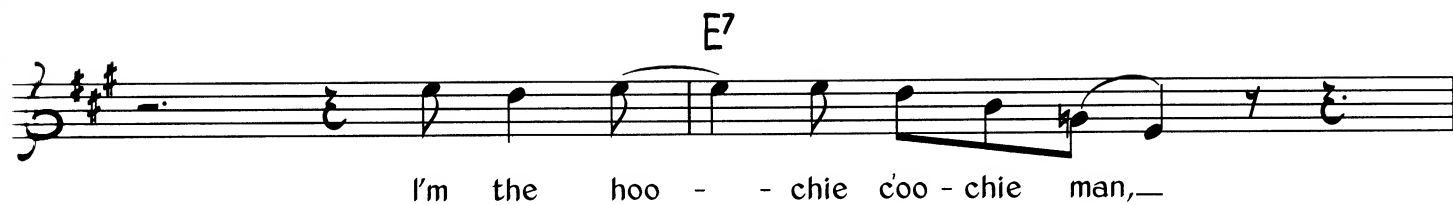
*Chorus*  
*D<sup>7</sup>*

what it's all a - bout... I'm him, —

*A<sup>7</sup>*

Ev - - 'ry - bo - dy knows — I'm him.





*Verse 2*

I got a black cat bone,  
 I got a mojo too.  
 I got the Johnny conkerroo;  
 I'm gonna mess with you.  
 I'm gonna make you girls  
 Lead me by my hand;  
 Then the world's gonna know  
 I'm that hoochie coochie man.

*Chorus*

*Verse 3*

On the seventh hour,  
 On the seventh day,  
 On the seventh month,  
 The seventh doctor said:  
 "He was born for good luck."  
 And that, you'll see,  
 I got seven hundred dollars;  
 Don't you mess with me.

*Chorus*



# How Insensitive

Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim ★ Original Lyrics by Vinicius De Moraes ★ English Lyrics by Norman Gimbel

## Bossa nova

**Dm**  
*mp* **D<sup>b</sup> dim**

How \_\_\_\_\_ in - sen - si - tive \_\_\_\_\_ I must \_\_\_\_\_ have seemed \_\_\_\_\_  
Now \_\_\_\_\_ she's gone \_\_\_\_\_ a - way \_\_\_\_\_ and I'm \_\_\_\_\_ a - lone \_\_\_\_\_

**Cm<sup>6</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>/B**

\_\_\_\_\_ when she told me that she loved \_\_\_\_\_ me. \_\_\_\_\_ How \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ with the mem-ry of her last \_\_\_\_\_ look. \_\_\_\_\_ Vague \_\_\_\_\_

**Bb<sup>6</sup>** **E<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup>**

\_\_\_\_\_ un - moved \_\_\_\_\_ and cold \_\_\_\_\_ I must \_\_\_\_\_ have seemed \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ drawn \_\_\_\_\_ and sad, \_\_\_\_\_ I see \_\_\_\_\_ it still, \_\_\_\_\_

**Em<sup>7(b5)</sup>** **A<sup>7</sup>** **Dm**

\_\_\_\_\_ when she told me so \_\_\_\_\_ sin - cere - ly. \_\_\_\_\_ Why, \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ all her heart-break - in' that last \_\_\_\_\_ look. \_\_\_\_\_ How, \_\_\_\_\_



F<sup>7</sup> Bdim

she must have asked, did I just turn  
 she must have asked, could I just turn

B<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>6</sup> Dm

and stare in i - cy si - - - lence? What  
 and stare in i - cy si - - - lence? What

Cm<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> Bm<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup>

was I to say? What can you say  
 was I to do? what can one do

Gm<sup>6</sup> A<sup>7</sup> 1. Dm

when a love af - fair is ov - - - er?  
 when a love af - fair is ov -

Em<sup>7</sup>(b5) A<sup>7</sup> 2. Dm

- - er?



# How Do You Want It Done?

Words & Music by Big Bill Broonzy

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

N.C. *mf* G

Why don't you tell me, lov-in' ma-ma, how you want\_\_\_\_\_ you roll-in'—

G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

done? Why don't you tell me, lov-in' ma-ma, how you

G

want\_\_\_\_\_ you roll-in'— done? Lord, I

D<sup>7</sup> G

give you sat-is-fac-tion, now, if\_\_\_\_\_ it's all night— long.

## Verse 2

Lord, I got up this morning just about the break of day. (*Twice*)

Lord, I'm thinkin' 'bout my baby; Lord, the one that went away.

## Verse 3

I got me a little brownskin, just as sweet as she can be. (*Twice*)

Lord, she low and she squatty, but she's alright with me.

## Verse 4

Lord, some of these old mornings, mama; Lord, it won't be long. (*Twice*)

Lord, I know you gonna call me, mama; Lord, and I'll be gone.



# I Can't Stop Loving You

Words & Music by Don Gibson

Medium slow

N.C. C C<sup>7</sup> F

*mf*

Those hap - py hours \_\_\_\_\_ that we once knew, \_\_\_\_\_ Though long a -

C 3 G<sup>7</sup> C

- go, \_\_\_\_\_ they still make me blue. \_\_\_\_\_ They say \_\_\_\_\_ that time \_\_\_\_\_

C<sup>7</sup> F C

\_\_\_\_\_ heals a bro - ken heart. \_\_\_\_\_ But time has stood still \_\_\_\_\_

G<sup>7</sup> C F C C<sup>7</sup> F

\_\_\_\_\_ since we've been a - part. \_\_\_\_\_ I can't stop lov - ing you, \_\_\_\_\_

C G<sup>7</sup>

\_\_\_\_\_ I've made up my mind \_\_\_\_\_ To live in me - mo - ries \_\_\_\_\_ of the lone - some kind. \_\_\_\_\_

C C<sup>7</sup> F C

\_\_\_\_\_ I can't stop want - ing you, \_\_\_\_\_ It's use - less to say; \_\_\_\_\_

G<sup>7</sup> C F<sup>7</sup> C

\_\_\_\_\_ So I'll just live my life in dreams of yes - ter - day. \_\_\_\_\_



# I Ain't Got Nobody (And There's Nobody Cares For Me)

Words & Music by Roger Graham & Spencer Williams

Medium slow

G Gaug G<sup>6</sup> Gaug G Em Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G B<sup>7</sup>  
 There's a say-ing go-ing round,— and I be-gin to think it's true: It's

Em B<sup>7</sup>/F<sup>#</sup> Em/G Em<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>(b5) D<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>aug  
 aw-ful hard to love some-one— when they don't care 'bout you.—

G Gaug G<sup>6</sup> Gaug G Em Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G G<sup>#</sup>dim  
 Once I had a lov-in' gal,— as good as an-y in this town; But

D/A G<sup>#</sup>dim D/A D<sup>#</sup>dim A<sup>7</sup>/E A<sup>7</sup>(b5)/E<sup>b</sup> D<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>aug  
 now I'm sad— and lone-ly, for she's gone and turned me down.— Now

G<sup>7</sup> F<sup>#7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>9</sup> A<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>(b5)/E<sup>b</sup>  
 I \_\_\_\_\_ ain't got no-bo - - - dy, And there's

G/D Em Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>(b9) G G<sup>7</sup> C Cm G Gdim Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>aug  
 no - bo - - dy cares for me. \_\_\_\_\_



G<sup>7</sup> F<sup>#7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>9</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

I'm \_\_\_\_\_ so sad and lone - - - ly;

D / Em<sup>7</sup> Fdim D<sup>7</sup>/F<sup>#</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

Won't some - bo - dy come and take a chance with me? \_\_\_\_\_

G<sup>7</sup> C

I'll sing sweet love songs, hon - ey, all the time,

E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>9</sup> C<sup>#</sup>dim D<sup>9</sup> D<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>) D<sup>7</sup>aug

If you'll come and be my sweet ba - by mine. - - - 'Cos

G<sup>7</sup> F<sup>#7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>9</sup> A<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>5</sup>)/E<sup>b</sup> G/D Em

I \_\_\_\_\_ ain't got no - bo - - - dy, And there's no - bo - dy

1. 2.

Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>) G G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>6</sup> Cm<sup>6</sup> D<sup>7</sup>aug G / Am<sup>7</sup>/G Gdim G

cares for me. No, me.



# I Remember Clifford

By Benny Golson

Slow

*mp*

Fmaj<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>ma<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> C<sup>#</sup>dim Dm Dm/C

Bm<sup>7(b5)</sup> E<sup>7</sup> Am Am/G F<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7(b5)</sup> B<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup><sub>sus</sub><sup>4</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

Fmaj<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>ma<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> C<sup>#</sup>dim Dm Dm/C

Bm<sup>7(b5)</sup> E<sup>7(b9)</sup> E<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7(b5)</sup> / D<sup>7(b9)</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup><sub>aug</sub> Fmaj<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>ma<sup>7</sup>

Bm<sup>7(b5)</sup> E<sup>7</sup> Am Am<sup>7(b5)</sup> D<sup>7(b9)</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7(b9)</sup><sub>aug</sub> Fmaj<sup>7</sup> F<sup>6/9</sup>



Em<sup>7(b5)</sup> A<sup>7(#9)</sup> Dm Dm/C Bm<sup>7(b5)</sup> E<sup>7(#9)</sup> E<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>9</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>aug

Fmaj<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> C<sup>#</sup>dim Dm Dm/C

Bm<sup>7(b5)</sup> E<sup>7(b9)</sup> E<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7(b5)</sup> D<sup>7(b9)</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>9</sup>aug C<sup>7(b9)</sup>aug Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>b</sup>/A<sup>b</sup>

Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>13</sup> A<sup>7</sup>/C<sup>#</sup> A<sup>7(b9)</sup> Dm Cm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>7</sup> A<sup>b</sup>m<sup>7</sup>

Gm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>/C rit. C<sup>7(b9)</sup>aug Fmaj<sup>7</sup> / A<sup>7(#9)</sup> B<sup>b9</sup> Fmaj<sup>9</sup>




# I Just Want To Make Love To You

Words & Music by Willie Dixon


Medium 'Stop' tempo

*D<sup>7</sup> N.C.* *mf* *D<sup>7</sup> N.C.* *D<sup>7</sup> N.C.*




I don't want— you to be no slave,— I don't want— you

*D<sup>7</sup> N.C.* *D<sup>7</sup> N.C.* *D<sup>7</sup> N.C.*



work all day,— I don't want— you to be true.—

*D<sup>7</sup> N.C.* *D<sup>7</sup> N.C.*



I just want to make love to you. I don't want— you to

*D<sup>7</sup> N.C.* *D<sup>7</sup> N.C.* *D<sup>7</sup> N.C.*



wash my clothes,— I don't want— you keep our home,—

*D<sup>7</sup> N.C.* *D<sup>7</sup> N.C.* *D<sup>7</sup> N.C.*



I don't want— your mon - ey too.— I just want to make love to you.

## Verse 3

I don't want you to cook my bread,  
I don't want you to make my bed.  
I don't want you 'cos I'm sad and blue;  
I just want to make love to you.



# I Wanna Be Around

Medium swing

Words & Music by Johnny Mercer & Sadie Vimmerstedt

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\text{J}} \overset{\frown}{\text{J}} \overset{\frown}{\text{J}}$ )

*mf*  $\text{C}$   $\text{E}^b \text{dim}$

I wan - na be a - round, to pick up the piec - es when  
wan - na be a - round, to see how she does - it when

$\text{Dm}^7$   $\text{G}^9$   $\text{Dm}^7$   $\text{G}^9$  To  $\text{Coda}$

some - bo - dy breaks your heart; Some some - bo - dy twice as smart - as I. -  
she breaks your heart to bits; - Let's see if the puz - zle fits

$\text{C}$   $\text{C}^\sharp \text{dim}$   $\text{Dm}^7$   $\text{G}^7$   $\text{Em}^7(\text{b}5)$   $\text{A}^7$   $\text{Em}^7(\text{b}5)$   $\text{A}^7$

A some - bo - dy who - will swear to be true, - Like

$\text{Dm}$   $\text{A}^7 \text{aug}$   $\text{Dm}^7$   $\text{Am}$

you used to do - with me. - Who'll leave you to learn - that

$\text{D}^7$   $\text{Dm}^7$   $\text{G}^7 \text{aug}$   $\text{D. } \text{Coda}$

mis - 'ry loves com - pa - ny, - wait and see! - I

$\text{Coda}$   $\text{G}^9$   $\text{E}^7$   $\text{A}^7$

so fine. - And that's when I'll dis - cov - er that re -

$\text{D}^7$

- venge is sweet; - As I sit there ap - plaud - ing from a front row seat, - When

$\text{Dm}^7$   $\text{Fm}$   $\text{G}^{\text{b}3}$   $\text{C}$   $\text{Fm}^6$   $\text{C}$

some - bo - dy breaks your heart like you broke mine. -



# I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel To Be Free

Words by Billy Taylor & Dick Dallas ★ Music by Billy Taylor

Medium tempo

*mf*

D<sup>11</sup> G B<sup>7</sup> E<sup>m</sup> G<sup>13</sup> C D<sup>11</sup> G

I wish I knew how it would feel to be free.  
 wish I could be like a bird in the sky.

D<sup>11</sup> G C G/B G D/F# G D/F# A<sup>13</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

I wish I could break all these chains hold-ing me.  
 How sweet it would be if I found I could fly.

D<sup>11</sup> G B<sup>7</sup> E<sup>m</sup> G<sup>13</sup> C D<sup>11</sup> G

I wish I could say all the things I should say;  
 I'd soar to the sun and look down at the sea.

C<sup>#</sup>dim G/D B<sup>7</sup>/D# E<sup>m</sup> C<sup>#</sup>dim G/D

Say 'em loud, say 'em clear for the whole  
 Then I'd sing 'cos I'd know how it feels

1. D<sup>11</sup> G D<sup>11</sup> 2. D<sup>11</sup> G

world to hear. I to be free.



# I'll Be Seeing You

Music by Sammy Fain ★ Words by Irving Kahal

Medium slow

*E<sup>b</sup> mp* *G<sup>7</sup>* *Fm* *C<sup>7</sup>* *Fm* *C<sup>7</sup>* *Fm*

I'll be see-ing you— in all the old fa - mil - iar plac - es

*C<sup>7</sup>* *Fm* *B<sup>b7</sup>(b5)* *B<sup>b7</sup>* *E<sup>b6</sup>*

That my heart and mind em - bra - ces all day through;—

*Cm* *Fm<sup>7</sup>*

In that small ca - fé, the park a - cross the way, The

*B<sup>b9</sup> sus<sup>4</sup>* *B<sup>b7</sup> aug* *E<sup>b6</sup>* *B<sup>b9</sup> aug*

child - ren's ca - rou - sel,— the chest-nut tree,— the wish-ing well.—

*E<sup>b</sup>* *G<sup>7</sup>* *Fm* *C<sup>7</sup>* *Fm* *C<sup>7</sup>* *Fm*

I'll be see - ing you— in ev - 'ry love - ly sum - mer's day; In

*C<sup>7</sup>* *Fm* *B<sup>b7</sup>(b5)* *B<sup>b7</sup>* *Gm<sup>7</sup>(b5)* *C<sup>7</sup>*

ev - ry-thing that's light and gay, I'll al - ways think of you that way. I'll

*Fm* *G<sup>7</sup>* *Cm* *F<sup>9</sup>*

find you in the morn - ing sun; and, when the night is new, I'll be

*Fm<sup>7</sup>* *A<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup>* *E<sup>b</sup> / A<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>9</sup> A<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup> E<sup>b</sup>*

look - ing at the moon— but I'll be see-ing you.—



# I'm A King Bee

Words & Music by James Moore

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

The musical score is written on a single staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The tempo is marked 'Medium tempo' and a note value equivalence is given as (♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ ). The score consists of four lines of music. The first line starts with an A7 chord and ends with an E7 chord. The lyrics are 'I'm a king bee,— buzz - in' 'round— your hive.—'. The second line starts with an A7 chord and ends with the lyrics 'I'm a king bee,— buzz - in' 'round— your'. The third line starts with an E7 chord, has a B7 chord above the third measure, and ends with the lyrics 'hive.— Well, you know I can make good hon - ey,'. The fourth line starts with an A7 chord, has an E7 chord above the fourth measure, an A7 chord above the fifth measure, and an E7 chord above the sixth measure. The lyrics are 'let me— come in - side.—'. There are triplets in the third and fourth lines.

I'm a king bee,— buzz - in' 'round— your hive.—

I'm a king bee,— buzz - in' 'round— your

hive.— Well, you know I can make good hon - ey,

let me— come in - side.—

## Verse 2

I'm a king bee, buzzin' all night long. (Twice)

When you can hear me buzzin', there's some stinging goin' on.

## Verse 3

I'm a king bee, I want you to be my queen. (Twice)

When we get together, make honey the world ain't seen.

## Verse 4

I'm a king bee, buzzin' all night long. (Twice)

I can make plenty honey, when your man is not at home.



# I'm So Glad

Words & Music by Skip James

Fast

Musical score for the song "I'm So Glad" in G major (one sharp). The tempo is marked "Fast". The score consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a D chord and a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The second staff begins with a D chord. The third staff contains chords G, D, A7(#9), and D. The fourth staff begins with a G chord. The fifth staff contains chords D, A13, and D. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words underlined and some followed by a blank line for a breath or continuation.

D mf G

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm

D

glad, I'm glad. I don't know what to do,

G D A7(#9) D

Don't know what to do, I don't know what to do.

G

I'm tired of weep-in', tired of moan-in',

D A13 D

tired of groan-in' for you.

## Verse 2

I'm so tired of moanin', tired of groanin', tired of longin' for you.  
I'm so glad, and I am so glad. I am glad, I'm glad.  
I don't know what to do, know what to do. I don't know what to do.  
I'm so tired, and I am tired. I am tired.

## Verse 3

And I'm so glad, I am glad, I am glad, I'm glad.  
I don't know what to do, know what to do. I don't know what to do.  
I'm tired of weepin', tired of moanin', tired of groanin' for you.  
I'm so glad, and I am glad. I'm glad, I'm glad.  
I don't know what to do, know what to do. Don't know what to do.



# If I Had You

Words & Music by Ted Shapiro, Jimmy Campbell & Reg Connelly

Medium slow

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

*mf*  $B^b$   $B^b9$   $B^b7$

I could show the world how to smile, — I could be glad —

$E^b6$   $E^bmaj^7$   $E^bm^6$   $B^b$   $D^bdim$

— all of the while; — I could change the grey skies to blue

$Cm^7$   $F^7aug$   $B^b6$   $D^bdim$   $Cm^7 / F^9$   $F^7$   $B^b$

— if I had you. — I could leave the old days be - hind;

$B^b9$   $B^b7$   $E^b6$   $E^bmaj^7$   $E^bm^6$

— Leave all my pals, — I'd nev - er mind. —

$B^b$   $D^bdim$   $Cm^7$   $F^7aug$   $B^b$   $Em^7(b5) / A^7(b9)$   $A^7$

I could start my life all a - new — if I had you. —



Dm Gm<sup>6</sup> A<sup>7(b9)</sup> Dm

I could climb the snow-capped moun - tains,— Sail the migh - ty o - cean wide;—

Em<sup>7(b5)</sup> / A<sup>7(b9)</sup> A<sup>7</sup> Dm Bm<sup>7(b5)</sup> Em<sup>7(b5)</sup> A<sup>7(b9)</sup>

I could cross the burn - ing des - ert—

Dm Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> Cm<sup>7</sup> / E<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>

If I had you at my side.— I could be a king, dear, un - crowned;—

B<sup>b</sup>9 B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup>6 E<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b</sup> m<sup>6</sup>

— Hum - ble or poor,— rich or re - nowned.—

B<sup>b</sup> D<sup>b</sup>dim Cm<sup>7</sup> F<sup>9</sup>aug B<sup>b</sup> / Cm<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup> B<sup>b</sup>

There is no - thing I could - n't do— If I had you.—



# In A Sentimental Mood

Slowly

Words & Music by Duke Ellington, Irving Mills & Manny Kurtz

N.C. *mp* Bm B<sup>b</sup>aug D/A G<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7</sup>(b5) Em D<sup>#</sup>aug

In a sen-ti-men-tal mood, I can see the stars come thro' my room;—

G/D C<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7</sup>(b5) F<sup>#</sup>7 Bm B<sup>9</sup> Em A<sup>7</sup>(b9)

— While your lov-ing at-ti-tude is like a flame that lights the

D<sup>6</sup>/9 N.C. Bm B<sup>b</sup>aug D/A G<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7</sup>(b5) Em D<sup>#</sup>aug

gloom. On the wings of ev'-ry kiss drifts a me-lo-dy so strange and sweet;—

G/D C<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7</sup>(b5) F<sup>#</sup>7 Bm B<sup>9</sup> Em A<sup>7</sup>(b9)

— In this sen-ti-men-tal bliss you make my pa-ra-dise com-

D F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> Cm<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup>

- plete Rose pet-als seem to fall; it's all like a dream to call you mine.—

Cm<sup>7</sup> / F<sup>11</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> Cm<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>11</sup>

My heart's a light-er thing since you made this night a thing di-vine.

A<sup>7</sup> N.C. Bm B<sup>b</sup>aug D/A G<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7</sup>(b5) Em D<sup>#</sup>aug

In a sen-ti-men-tal mood, I'm with-in a world so heav-en-ly;—

G/D C<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7</sup>(b5) F<sup>#</sup>7 Bm B<sup>9</sup> Em D<sup>#</sup>7 D<sup>6</sup>/9

— For I nev-er dreamt that you'd be lov-ing sen-ti-men-tal me.

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# In The Heat Of The Night

**Words by Marilyn & Alan Bergman ★ Music by Quincy Jones**

Slow  
N.C.

F      B<sup>b7</sup>      F      C<sup>7</sup>

1. In the heat of the night, — Well I've got troubles — wall to I'm pray-ing hard to — feel the

F F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7


wall. \_\_\_\_\_  
sun. \_\_\_\_\_

I be - lieve in the night  
Ain't a wo - man yet was born.

[illegible]

G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>/C <sup>1.</sup>F F<sup>7</sup>/A B<sup>b</sup>9 B<sup>b</sup>6/C  
 — Just you be strong — and it 'll be al - right, — In the heat — of the

F N.C. 2. F F<sup>7</sup>/A B<sup>b9</sup>B<sup>b6</sup>/C F N.C.



night. 2. Wait - ing just to see the dawn, - In the heat - of the night.



# It Makes My Love Come Down

Words & Music by Bessie Smith

Medium tempo

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Medium tempo'. The score consists of six staves of music, each with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the staff lines. The lyrics are: 'When I see two sweet-hearts spoon,— un - der - neath the sil - v'ry moon,— It makes my love come down, I wan - na be a - round.— Kiss me, hon - ey, it makes my love come down.— Cud - dle close, turn out— the light,— do just what you did— — last night.— It makes my love come down,'.

**Staff 1:** Chords: C, mf. Lyrics: When I see two sweet-hearts spoon,— un - der - neath the

**Staff 2:** Chords: C<sup>7</sup>, F<sup>7</sup>, F<sup>#dim</sup>. Lyrics: sil - v'ry moon,— It makes my love come down,

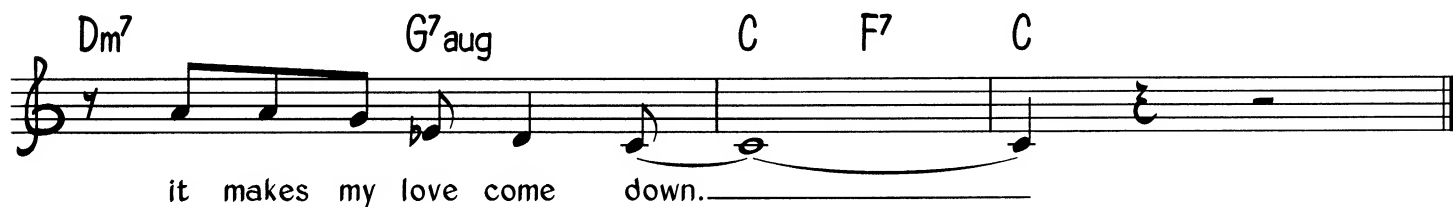
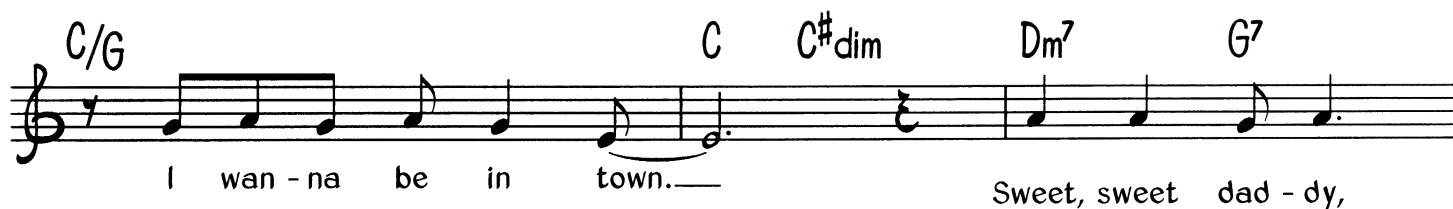
**Staff 3:** Chords: C/G, C, C<sup>#dim</sup>, Dm<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>. Lyrics: I wan - na be a - round.— Kiss me, hon - ey,

**Staff 4:** Chords: Dm<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>aug, C, F<sup>#dim</sup>, G/D, G<sup>7</sup>. Lyrics: it makes my love come down.—

**Staff 5:** Chord: C. Lyrics: Cud - dle close, turn out— the light,— do just what you did—

**Staff 6:** Chords: C<sup>7</sup>, F, F<sup>#dim</sup>. Lyrics: — last night.— It makes my love come down,





#### Verse 2

Wild about my toodle-oh; when I gets my toodle-oh,  
 It makes my love come down, want every pound.  
 Hear me cryin', it makes my love come down.  
 Likes my coffee, likes my tea; daffy about my stingeree.  
 It makes my love come down, I wanna be around.  
 Oh, sweet papa, it makes my love come down.

#### Verse 3

If you want to hear me rave, honey, give me what I crave.  
 It makes my love come down, actin' like a clown.  
 Can't help from braggin', it makes my love come down.  
 Come on and be my desert sheik, you're so strong and I'm so weak.  
 It makes my love come down, to be love-land bound.  
 Red hot papa, it makes my love come down.

#### Verse 4

If you want me for your own, kiss me nice and leave me alone.  
 It makes my love come down, it makes my love come down.  
 Take me bye-bye, it makes my love come down.  
 When you take me for a ride, when I'm close up by your side,  
 It makes my love come down, ridin' all around.  
 Easy ridin' makes my love come down.



# It Could Happen To You

Music by Jimmy Van Heusen ★ Words by Johnny Burke

Slow

*mp*

Fmaj<sup>9</sup> Am<sup>7(b5)</sup> D<sup>7(b9)</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>9</sup> Bm<sup>7(b5)</sup> E<sup>7(b9)</sup> E<sup>7</sup>

Hide your heart from sight— Lock your dreams at night;—

Am F<sup>7(b9)</sup>/A B<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>6 A<sup>7</sup>sus<sup>4</sup> A<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7(b5)</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

It could hap - - pen— to you.——

Gm<sup>9</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup> Fmaj<sup>9</sup> F<sup>6</sup> Em<sup>7(b5)</sup> / A<sup>7(b5)</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

Don't count stars or— you might stum - ble;——

Dm Dm(maj<sup>7</sup>) Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>9</sup> B<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>9</sup> G<sup>b</sup>9(b5)

Some - one drops a sigh— and down you tum - ble.——

Fmaj<sup>9</sup> Am<sup>7(b5)</sup> D<sup>7(b9)</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>9</sup> Bm<sup>7(b5)</sup> E<sup>7(b9)</sup> E<sup>7</sup>

Keep an eye on spring,—— Run when church - bells ring;——

Am F<sup>7(b9)</sup>/A B<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>6 A<sup>7</sup>sus<sup>4</sup> A<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7(b5)</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

It could hap - - pen— to you.——

Gm<sup>9</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup> Fmaj<sup>9</sup> F<sup>6</sup> Am<sup>7(b5)</sup> / D<sup>7(b5)</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

All I did was won - der how your arms would be;——

Gm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup> C<sup>13(b9)</sup> F

And it hap - pened to me.——



# It's Only A Paper Moon

Music by Harold Arlen ★ Words by E. Y. Harburg & Billy Rose

Medium slow

**G** *mp* **G<sup>#</sup>dim** **Am<sup>7</sup>** **D<sup>7</sup>** **Am<sup>7</sup>** **D<sup>7</sup>**

1. Say, it's on - ly a pa - per moon, — Sail - ing ov - er a  
 2. Yes, it's on - ly a can - vas sky, — Hang - ing ov - er a

**G** **G** **G<sup>#</sup>dim** **Am<sup>7</sup>**

card - board sea, — But it would - n't be make be - lieve, — If you —  
 mus - lin tree, — But it would - n't be make be - lieve, — If you —

**D<sup>7</sup>** **G** **G** **Am<sup>7</sup>** **A<sup>b9</sup>** **G** / **Em** **Am<sup>7</sup>**

1. — be - lieved — in me. — — With - out your love, it's a  
 2. — be - lieved — in me.

**Bm** **D<sup>13</sup>** **G** **Am<sup>7</sup>** **A<sup>b9</sup>** **G** **Em**

hon - ky - tonk pa - rade. With - out your love, it's a

**Bm<sup>7</sup>** **E<sup>7</sup>** **A<sup>9</sup>** **D<sup>9</sup>** **G** **G<sup>#</sup>dim**

me - lo - dy played in a pen - ny ar - cade. It's a Bar - num and

**Am<sup>7</sup>** **D<sup>7</sup>** **Am<sup>7</sup>** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G** **G** **G<sup>#</sup>dim**

Bai - ley world. — Just as pho - ny as it can be, — But it would - n't be

**Am<sup>7</sup>** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G**

make be - lieve. — If you — be - lieved — in me. —



# Jailhouse Blues

Words & Music by Bessie Smith & Clarence Williams

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\text{3}}$  ♩)

Thir - ty days in jail, — with my back turned to the wall, —

— to the wall. — Thir - ty days — in jail, — with my —

— back turned — to the wall. — Look here, —

— mis - ter jail keep - er, put a - no - ther gal in my stall. —

## Verse 2

I don't mind jail, but I got to stay there so long, so long. (Twice)  
Well, every friend I had has done shook hands and gone.

## Verse 3

Good morning blues, blues how do you do? How do you do?  
Good morning blues, blues how do you do?  
Well, I just come here to have a few words with you.



# Kindhearted Woman Blues

Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\text{3}}$  ♩)

N.C.

A<sup>7</sup>

D<sup>7</sup>



I got a kind - heart-ed wo - man, —

do an - y - thing - in this world for me. —

A

A<sup>7</sup>

D<sup>7</sup>



I got a kind - heart-ed wo-man,



do an - y - thing in this world for me. —

But these ev -



- il heart-ed wo - men,

man, they will not let me be. —

## Verse 2

I love my baby, my baby don't love me. (Twice)

But I really love that woman, can't stand to let her be.

## Verse 3

Ain't but one thing, make Mr. Johnson drink;

I's worried 'bout how you treat me, baby, I begin to think.

Oh, babe, my life don't feel the same;

You break my heart, when you call Mr. So and so's name.

## Verse 4

She's a kindhearted woman, she studies evil all the time. (Twice)

You well's to kill me, as to have it on your mind.



# Lazy River

Words & Music by Hoagy Carmichael & Sidney Arodin

**Moderato**

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in 4/4 time, featuring a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score consists of six staves of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. Chord symbols are placed above the staff at various points. The lyrics are: 'Up a la - zy riv - er by the old mill - run, - That la - zy, la - zy riv - er in the noon - day sun, - Lin - ger in the shade of a kind old tree; - Throw a - way your trou - bles, dream a dream with me. - Up a la - zy riv - er, where the rob - in's song - A - wakes a bright new morn - ing, we can loaf a - long. - Blue skies up a - bove, ev - 'ry - one's in love; Up a la - zy riv - er, how hap - py you can be, Up a la - zy riv - er with me.'

D<sup>7</sup> mp      A<sup>m7(b5)</sup>      D<sup>7</sup> aug      G<sup>7</sup>  
 Up a la - zy riv - er by the old mill - run, - That la - zy, la - zy riv - er in the

D<sup>m7</sup>      G<sup>7</sup>      C<sup>7</sup>      G<sup>m7</sup>      C<sup>7</sup>  
 noon - day sun, - Lin - ger in the shade of a kind old tree; -

F      C<sup>7</sup>      F      F<sup>#dim</sup>      G<sup>m11</sup>      E<sup>b7</sup>      D<sup>7</sup>  
 Throw a - way your trou - bles, dream a dream with me. - Up a la - zy riv - er, where the

A<sup>m7(b5)</sup>      D<sup>7</sup> aug      G<sup>7</sup>      D<sup>m7</sup>      G<sup>7</sup>  
 rob - in's song - A - wakes a bright new morn - ing, we can loaf a - long. -

B<sup>b</sup>      B<sup>dim</sup>      F/C      D<sup>7</sup>      G<sup>9</sup>      C<sup>7</sup>  
 Blue skies up a - bove, ev - 'ry - one's in love; Up a la - zy riv - er, how

F      D<sup>7</sup>      G<sup>9</sup>      C<sup>7</sup>      F  
 hap - py you can be, Up a la - zy riv - er with me.



# Lazybones

Words & Music by Johnny Mercer & Hoagy Carmichael

Slow blues

**D G D G D G A<sup>7</sup>aug**

*mp*

1. La - zy-bones, sleep - in' in the sun, How you 'spect to get your  
 2. La - zy-bones, sleep - in' in the shade, How you 'spect to get your

**D D<sup>7</sup> Gmaj<sup>7</sup> C<sup>9</sup>(#11) F<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7</sup>(b5) B<sup>7</sup>augEm E<sup>7</sup>/B B<sup>b7</sup>(b5) A<sup>7</sup> A<sup>11</sup>**

day's work done? Ne-ver get your days work done, Sleep - in' in the noon-day  
 corn meal made? Ne-ver get your corn meal made, Sleep - in' in the eve - nin'

**1. 2.**

**D D/F# Fdim Em<sup>7</sup> D Em<sup>7</sup> Fdim D/F# G G<sup>6</sup>**

sun. shade. When 'ta-ters need spray-in', I

**Gmaj<sup>7</sup> G D A<sup>7</sup> D Em<sup>7</sup> Fdim D/F#**

bet you keep pray-in' the slugs fall off of the vine.— And

**G<sup>9</sup> F<sup>9</sup> E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> E<sup>9</sup>**

when you go fish-in', I bet you keep wish-in' the fish won't grab at your line.—

**A<sup>9</sup> A<sup>7</sup> A<sup>11</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D G D G**

— La - zy-bones, loaf - in' thro' the day,

**D G A<sup>7</sup>aug D D<sup>7</sup> Gmaj<sup>7</sup> C<sup>9</sup>(#11) F<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7</sup>(b5) B<sup>7</sup>aug**

How you 'spect to make a dime that way? Nev - er make a dime that

**Em E<sup>7</sup>/B B<sup>b7</sup>(b5) A<sup>7</sup> A<sup>11</sup> D G<sup>9</sup> D**

way. (Well look - y here:— He nev - er heard a word I say.)



# Learnin' The Blues

Words & Music by Dolores Vicki Silvers

Medium slow

( $\text{♩} = \text{♩} \text{ } \text{♩}$ )

N.C.  $\text{Cm}^7$   $\text{F}^7$   $\text{B}^b$

1. The tab - les are emp - ty, the dance floor's de - ser - ted;  
you light, one af - ter the oth - er,

$\text{Bdim}$   $\text{Cm}^7$   $\text{F}^7$   $\text{B}^b$

You play the same love song, it's the tenth time you've heard it.  
Won't help you for - get her and the way that you love her.

$\text{B}^b7 \text{ aug}$   $\text{E}^b6$   $\text{E}^b\text{m}^6$   $\text{B}^b$

That's the be - gin - ning, just one of the clues.  
You're on - ly burn - ing a torch you can't lose;

$\text{Bdim}$   $\text{Cm}^7$   $\text{F}^7$   $\text{E}^b7$   $\text{B}^b$

You've had your first les - son in learn - in' the blues.  
But you're on the right track for learn - in' the blues.

1. N.C. 2.  $\text{B}^b7 \text{ aug}$   $\text{E}^b6$   $\text{E}^b\text{m}^6$

2. The cig - ar - ettes When you're at home a - lone the



$E^b6$   $E^b7$   $B^b$   $B^b7_{aug}$   $E^b6$   $E^bm6$   
 blues will taunt you con-stant - ly. When you're out in a crowd the

$E^b6$   $E^{dim}$   $F^7$  N.C.  $Cm^7$   
 blues will haunt your me - mo - ry. The nights when you don't sleep,—

$F^7$   $B^b$   $B^{dim}$   $Cm^7$   
 — the whole night you're cry - ing; But you can't for - get her,—

$F^7$   $B^b$   $B^b7_{aug}$   $E^b6$   
 — soon you ev - en stop try - ing. You'll walk the floor—

$E^bm6$   $B^b$   $B^{dim}$   $Cm^7$   
 — and wear out your shoes. When you feel your heart break,—

$F^7$   $E^b7$   $B^b$   $B^b7$   $B^b^{dim}$   $E^bm6/B^b$   $B^b$   
 — you're learn - in' the blues.—



# Lean Baby

Words by Roy Alfred ★ Music by Billy May

Medium bounce

*mf*

C C/E F7(b9) F#dim C/G Am7

My lean ba-by, tall and thin; Five foot sev-en of  
 She's so skin-ny, she's so drawn; When she stands side-ways you

D7(b9) G7 C C/E F7(b9) F#dim

bones and shin. But when she tells me may-be she loves me, I feel as  
 think she's gone. But when she calls me ba-by, I feel fine To think she's

C/G Am7 Dm7 G7 C 1. Dm7 G7 2. F#dim Gm7 C7

mel-low as a fel-low can be. She's slen-der, but she's  
 fran-tic-'lly ro-man-tic-'lly mine.

F F#dim Gm7 C7 F G#dim Am7 D7

ten-der; She makes my heart sur-ren-der. And ev-'ry night, when

G Dm7 G7

I hold her tight, The feel-ing is nice: my arms can go a-round<sup>3</sup> twice.

C C/E F7(b9) F#dim C/G Am7 D7(b9) G7

My lean ba-by, she's so slim; A broom-stick's wi-der but not as trim. And when she

C C/E F7(b9) F#dim C/G Am7 Dm7 G7 C N.C.

starts to kiss me, then I know I love her so, I'll nev-er let her go.



# Lemon Drop

By George Wallington

Medium fast

Chords: C, F#7(b5), F, F#dim, Em7, A7, Dm7, G7, C, F#7(b5), F, F#dim, Em7, A7, Dm7, G7, C, G7(b5), C, F#7(b5), F, F#dim, Em7, A7, Dm7, G7, C, C7, Bm7, E7, A7, Dm7, D7, G7, C, F#7(b5), F, F#dim, Em7, A7, Dm7, G7, C, F#7(b5), F, F#dim, Dm7, G7, C.



# Li'l Darlin'

By Neal Hefti

Medium slow

G<sup>9</sup> /D D<sup>b9</sup>(#11) C<sup>11</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup>(b5) A<sup>b</sup>7(b<sup>9</sup>/b5)

mp

The first line of music is in 4/4 time, starting with a repeat sign. The melody begins on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and a half note G4. The key signature has one flat (Bb).

G<sup>9</sup> /D D<sup>b9</sup>(#11) C<sup>11</sup> C<sup>7</sup>(b9) F<sup>13</sup> F<sup>9</sup>aug

The second line of music continues the melody with quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and a half note G4. The key signature has one flat (Bb).

To Coda

B<sup>b</sup>6 B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup> F<sup>9</sup> B<sup>b</sup>6 B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup> Am<sup>7</sup>(b5) D<sup>7</sup>(b5)

The third line of music continues the melody with quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and a half note G4. The key signature has one flat (Bb).

1.

G<sup>9</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup>/C C<sup>9</sup> Am<sup>7</sup>(b5) D<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>/b5)

The first ending of the music is marked with a bracket and the number 1. The melody consists of quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and a half note G4. The key signature has one flat (Bb).

2.

G<sup>9</sup> /D D<sup>b9</sup>(#11) C<sup>11</sup> C<sup>7</sup>(b9) F<sup>6</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>/b5)

The second ending of the music is marked with a bracket and the number 2. The melody consists of quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and a half note G4. The key signature has one flat (Bb).





*D.C. al Coda*



⊕ CODA





# Life Is Like That

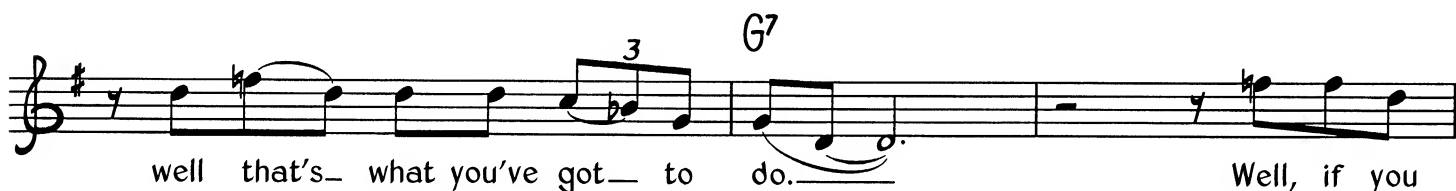
Words & Music by Peter Chatman  
Arranged & Adapted by Alan Lomax

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\frac{3}{4}$ )

N.C.

G<sup>7</sup>



## Verse 2

Sometimes you'll be held up, sometimes held down;  
Well, sometimes your best friends don't even want you around. You know  
*Life is like that, etc.*

## Verse 3

There's some things you got to keep, some things you got to repeat;  
People, happiness is never complete. You know  
*Life is like that etc.*

## Verse 4

Sometimes you'll be helpless, sometime you'll be restless;  
Well, keep on strugglin' so long as you're not breathless.  
*Life is like that etc.*



# Limehouse Blues

Words by Douglas Furber ★ Music by Phil Braham

Fast

E<sup>b</sup>9

mf



Oh, Lime - house Kid! Oh, oh, oh, Lime - house Kid!

C<sup>9</sup>

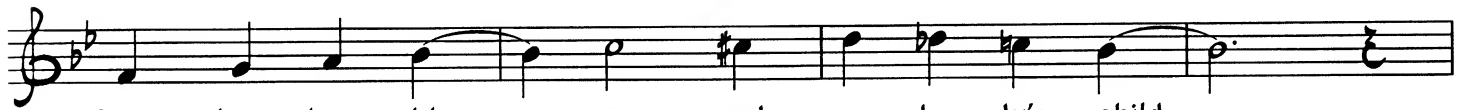


Go - ing the way that the rest of them did.

B<sup>b</sup>

D<sup>7</sup>

G<sup>m</sup>

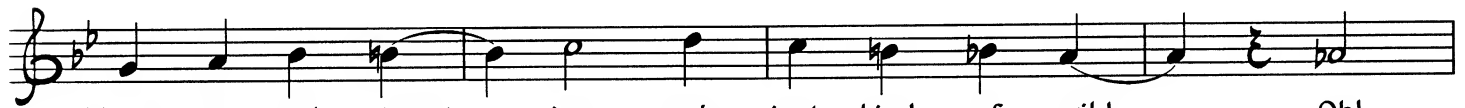


Poor bro - ken blos - - som, and no - bo - dy's child;

C<sup>7</sup>

F<sup>7</sup>

E<sup>9</sup>



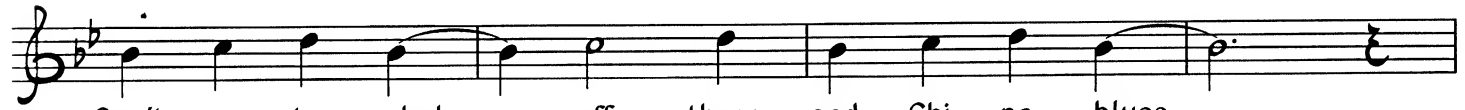
Haunt - ing and taunt - ing, you're just kind of wild. Oh!

E<sup>b</sup>9



oh, Lime - house blues; got the real Lime - house blues.

C<sup>9</sup>



Can't seem to shake off those sad Chi - na blues.

B<sup>b</sup>

G<sup>7</sup>

C<sup>m</sup>



Rings on your fin - - gers and tears for your crown:

C<sup>m</sup>7(b5)

F<sup>7</sup>

B<sup>b</sup>7 B<sup>b</sup>dim E<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup>/B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>



That is the sto - - ry of old Chi - na - town.



# Little David Play On Your Harp

Traditional

'Gospel' swing

N.C. F B<sup>b</sup>7 F B<sup>b</sup>7 F C<sup>7</sup>

*mf*

Lit - tle Dav - id, play on your harp; Hal - le - luh, hal - le -

F C<sup>11</sup> F B<sup>b</sup>7 C<sup>11</sup> F B<sup>b</sup>7

- luh! Lit - tle Dav - id, play on your harp; hal - le - luh!\_\_\_\_\_

1. F N.C. 2. F N.C.

— Lit - tle Dav - id — Now Dav - id was a shep-herd boy;—

— He killed Go - - li - ath and — shout - ed for joy.—

F B<sup>b</sup>7 F B<sup>b</sup>7 F C<sup>7</sup>

— Lit - tle Dav - id play on your harp; Hal - le - luh, hal - le -

F C<sup>11</sup> F B<sup>b</sup>7 C<sup>11</sup> F B<sup>b</sup>7 F

- luh! Lit - tle Dav - id, play on your harp; hal - le - luh!\_\_\_\_\_



**Words & Music by Robert Johnson**

A7

mf

Now she is a lit - tle queen of spades,—

## Adim

$$Asus^2/4$$

A7

Adim Asus<sup>2</sup>/4

and the men <sup>3</sup> will not let her be.\_\_\_\_

A7

D<sup>7</sup>

The first staff of music is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). It begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G#4, a half note A4, and a half note B4. A slur connects these three notes. This is followed by a quarter note G#4, a quarter note F#4, and a quarter note E4. A slur connects these three notes. The staff ends with a quarter note D4.

Hoo, \_\_\_\_\_ she's the lit - tle queen <sup>3</sup> of spades, -

A7

Adim Asus<sup>2</sup>/4

and the men will not \_\_\_\_\_ let her be. \_\_\_\_\_

A7

E7

Ev - 'ry time she makes— a spread,— hoo, fair

D<sup>7</sup>

A

brown, cold chills, just run all ov - er me.\_\_\_\_\_

I'm gon' get me a gamblin' woman, if it's the last thing that I do. (*Twice*)

Well, a man don't need a woman, hoo fair brown, that he got to give all his money to.

Everybody say she got a mojo, now she's been using that stuff. (*Twice*)

But she got a way of trimmin' down, hoo fair brown, and I mean it's most too tough.

Now, little girl, since I am the king, baby, and you is a queen. (Twice)

Let us put our heads together, hoo fair brown, then we can make our money green.



# Little Red Rooster

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\underset{\frown}{\text{3}}}$ )

N.C.

A<sup>7</sup>

*mf*



I am a lit-tle red roos - ter, too la - zy — to crow for day —

D<sup>7</sup>



— I am a lit-tle red roos-ter, — too

A

E<sup>7</sup>



la - zy to crow for day. — Keep ev - 'ry - thing — in the

D<sup>7</sup>

A<sup>7</sup>



barn-yard — up - set — in ev - 'ry way. —

## Verse 2

The dogs begin to bark and the hounds begin to howl. (*Twice*)  
Oh, watch out strange kin people, the little red rooster is on the prowl.

## Verse 3

If you see my little red rooster, please drive him home. (*Twice*)  
There's been no peace in the barnyard since my little red rooster's been gone.



# Long Gone Lonesome Blues

Medium tempo

Words & Music by Hank Williams

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )  $\text{C}$   
 $\text{mf}$

I went down to the riv-er to watch the fish—swim by. But I  
 find me a riv-er, one that's cold—as ice. When I

$\text{F}^7$   $\text{C}$

got to the riv-er so lone-some I want-ed to die. Oh,  
 find me that riv-er, Lawd, I'm gon-na pay—the price. Oh,

$\text{G}^7$   $\text{C}$

Lawd, and then I jumped in the riv-er but the dog-gone riv-er was dry.—  
 Lawd, I'm go-in' down in it three times but I'm on-ly com-in' up twice.—

— I had me a wo-man, she could-n't be true; She  
 — She told me on Sun-day she was check-in' me out; A -

$\text{C}^7$   $\text{F}^7$

made me for my mon-ey and she made me blue. A man needs a wo-man that  
 - long a-bout— Mon-day she was no-where a-bout. And here it is Tues-day, ain't

$\text{C}$   $\text{G}^7$   $\text{C}$

he can lean on,— But my lean-in' post- is done left—and gone.} She's—  
 had— no news.— Got them "Gone but not—for-got-ten" blues.}

$\text{F}$   $\text{C}$

long— gone— and now— I'm

1.  $\text{G}^7$   $\text{C}$  2.  $\text{C}$

lone - - - some blues— Gon-na blues.—



# Love In Vain

Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium slow

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

*mf* **G**

And I fol-lowed her to the sta-tion, with a suit-case in my hand.

**G<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>**

And I fol-lowed her to the sta-tion, with a suit-case in my hand...

**G** **E<sup>7</sup>** **A<sup>9</sup>**

Well, it's hard to tell,— it's hard to tell,

**D<sup>7</sup>** **G** **C<sup>7</sup>** **G**

when all your love's in vain,— All my love's in vain.—

## Verse 2

When the train rolled up to the station, I looked her in the eye. (*Twice*)  
 Well, I was lonesome, I felt so lonesome, and I could not help but cry.  
 All my love's in vain.

## Verse 3

When the train it left the station, with two lights on behind, (*Twice*)  
 Well, the blue light was my blues, and the red light was my mind.  
 All my love's in vain.



# Love Is Blue (L'Amour Est Bleu)

Music by Andre Popp ★ Original Words by Pierre Cour ★ English Lyric by Bryan Blackburn

Medium slow

Em A<sup>7</sup> D G Em C D G

Blue, blue, my world is blue; Blue is my world now I'm with-out you.  
Red, red, my eyes are red, Cry - ing for you a - lone in my bed.

Em A<sup>7</sup> D G Em C 1. B<sup>7</sup> Em

Grey, grey, my life is grey; Cold is my heart since you went a - way.  
Green, green, my jeal-ous heart; I doubt-ed you and

2. B<sup>7</sup> Em E F#m<sup>7</sup> E A

now we're a - part When we met, how the bright sun

E G#m G#m<sup>6</sup> A<sup>6</sup> B<sup>7</sup><sub>sus</sub><sup>4</sup> B<sup>7</sup> E

shone! Then love died; now the rain - bow is gone.

Em A<sup>7</sup> D G Em C D G

Black, black, the nights I've known; Long - ing for you, so lost and a - lone.

Em A<sup>7</sup> D G Em C B<sup>7</sup> Em

Blue, blue, my world is blue; Blue is my world now I'm with-out you.





Billie Holiday



# Lover Man (Oh Where Can You Be)

Words & Music by Jimmy Davis, Roger Ram Ramirez & Jimmy Sherman

Slow

**Chorus:**

I don't know why, but I'm feel - in' so sad;—  
 The night is cold, and I'm so all a - lone;—

**Verse:**

I long to try—some-thing I've nev - er had.—  
 I'd give my soul—just to call you my own.—

**Bridge:**

Oh, what I've been miss - in'! Lov - er man, oh where can you be?  
 But no one to love— me. Lov - er man, oh where can you

**Chorus (2nd time):**

be? I've— heard it said that the thrill of ro-mance can be—like a heav-en - ly  
 dream. I—go to bed—with a pray'r—that you'll make love to me, Strange as it  
 seems. Some day we'll meet,—and you'll dry all my tears;—

**Verse (2nd time):**

Then whis - per sweet lit-tle things in my ears.— Hug - gin' and a - kiss - in';

**Bridge (2nd time):**

Oh, what we've been miss - in'! Lov - er man, oh where can you be?



# Lush Life

Words & Music by Billy Strayhorn

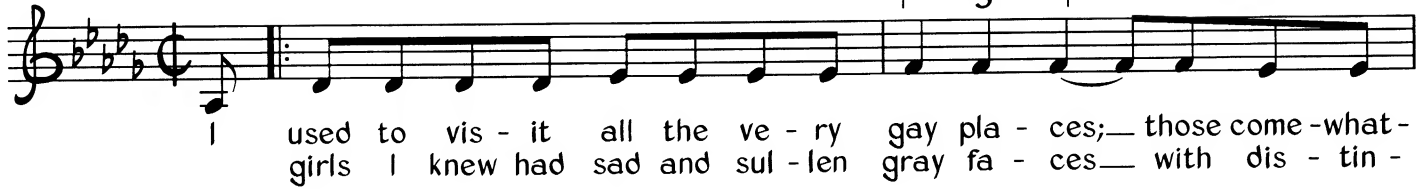
Slow

Db6

B7

Dbmaj7

B7



Dbmaj7

B7

Dbmaj7

Ebm

Emaj7

F#m7



1.

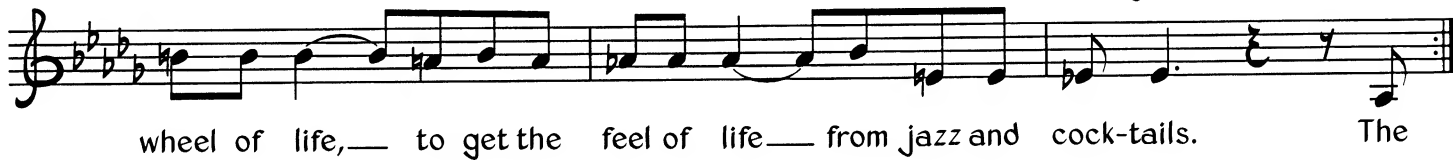
Abm7

D9

Db6/9

D9

Dbmaj9



2.

Abm7

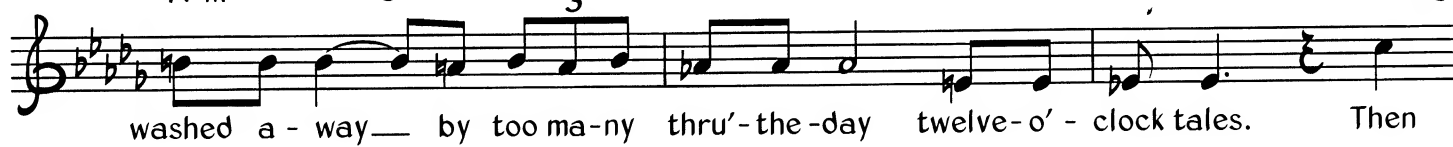
D9

Db6/9

D9

Db6/9

C7aug



Fm

Fm6

Fm7

Dm7(b5)

Gm7

C7(b9)



Fm

Fm6

Fm7

Dm7(b5)

Dbmaj7/F

C7(b9)/E



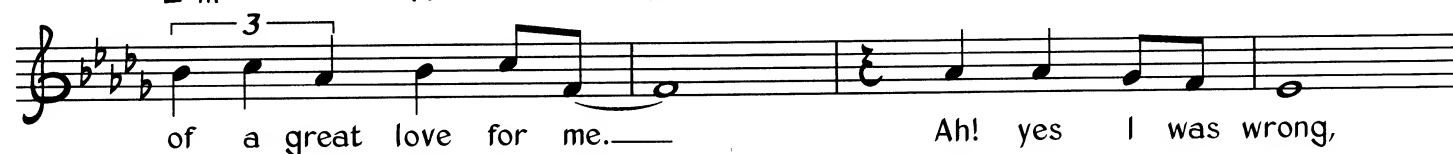
Ebm7

Ab9

B9(b5)

Bb7(b9)

Ebm7





$A^9(b5)$   $A^{b11}$   $A^{b7}(b9)$   $D^b$   $D^{13}$

a - gain I was wrong, Life is lone - ly a -

$D^b6$   $D^9$   $D^b6$   $C^9(b5)$   $B^{13}(b9)$   $E$   $E^{b9}aug$   $D^{13}$   $D^7$

- gain, and on - ly last year ev - 'ry - thing seemed so sure. Now

$D^b$   $D^{13}$   $D^b$   $D^9$   $D^b6$   $D^b9$   $C^{13}$   $F$   $E^7aug$   $B^bm^9$   $E^{b7}$

life is aw - ful a - gain, a trough - ful of hearts could on - ly be a bore. A

$A^b$   $E^{b7}(\#9)$   $A^9$   $A^{b6}$   $E^{m9}$   $A^{7}(b9)$   $D^6$   $D^{m7}$   $G^7$   $C^6$   $B^7$   $B^{b13}$   $A^{13}(\#9)$   $A^{b13}$

week in Pa - ris will ease the bite of it; all I care is to smile in spite of it.

$D^b$   $D^{13}$   $D^b6$   $D^9$   $D^b6$   $C^9(b5)$   $B^{13}(b9)$

I'll for - get you, I will, while yet you are still burn - ing in - side my

$B^{b13}$   $E^{bm}11$   $G^{bm9}$   $B^9$   $A^9aug$   $A^{b13}$

brain. Ro - mance is mush, sti - fling those who strive. - I'll

$D^bmaj^9$   $D^bm^7$   $G^{b13}(b9)$   $C^bmaj^9$   $C^{b6}$   $F^{m11}$   $B^{b7}$   $E^{bm7}$   $G^{bm9}$   $B^9$

live a lush life in some small dive; - and there I'll be, while I

$A^9aug$   $A^{b13}$   $D^9$   $E$   $E^{b6}$   $D^{maj7}$   $G^9$   $D^{b6/9}$   $D^bmaj^9$

rot with the rest of those whose lives are lone - ly too.



# Low Down Blues

Words & Music by Hank Williams

Medium tempo

*mf* **F** **F7**

1. Lord I went to the doc - tor, he took one look; He said, "The  
nev - er knew a man could feel so bad, I

**B<sup>b</sup>** **F** **F7** **B<sup>b</sup>**

trou-ble with you ain't in my book. I'll tell you what it is, but it  
nev - er knew liv-in' could be so sad All I do is

**F** **C7** **F**

ain't good news: You got an aw-ful bad case of them Low Down Blues. } I got the  
sit and cry. Lord, I'd have to get bet-ter be - fore I could die.

**B<sup>b</sup>** **F** **B<sup>b</sup>**

mean old mis-er - ies in my soul. I went to the riv - er but the

**F** **B<sup>b</sup>** **F**

wa - ter's too cold; I walked the floor till I wore out my shoes. Lord, they're

1. **C7** **F** 2. **C7** **F**

kill - in' me, I mean them Low Down Blues. 2. Lord, I Low Down Blues.



# Make Me A Pallet On Your Floor

Traditional

Medium tempo

Make me a pal - let on your floor.

Make me a pal - let on your floor. Make it

soft, make it low, so my good gal will nev - er know.

Make me a pal - let on your floor.

## Verse 2

I'd be more than satisfied,  
If I could reach that train and ride.  
If I reach Atlanta with no place to go,  
Make me a pallet on your floor.

## Verse 3

Gonna give everybody my regards,  
Even if I have to ride the rods.  
If I reach Atlanta with no place to go,  
Make me a pallet on your floor.



# Mad About Him, Sad Without Him, How Can I Be Glad Without Him Blues

Words & Music by Larry Markes & Dick Charles

Medium swing

(♩ =  $\frac{3}{4}$ )

N.C.

mf

C



C<sup>7</sup>

F<sup>7</sup>

C



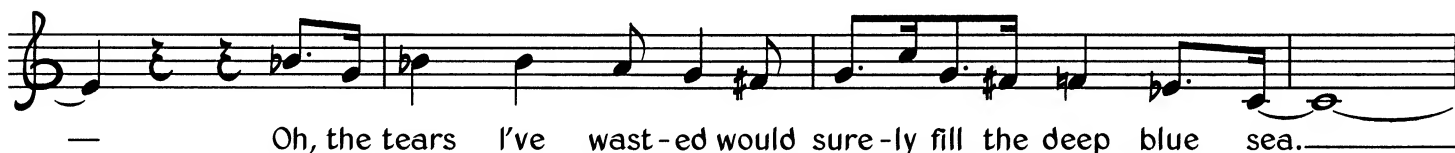
G<sup>7</sup>

F<sup>7</sup>

G<sup>7</sup>

C

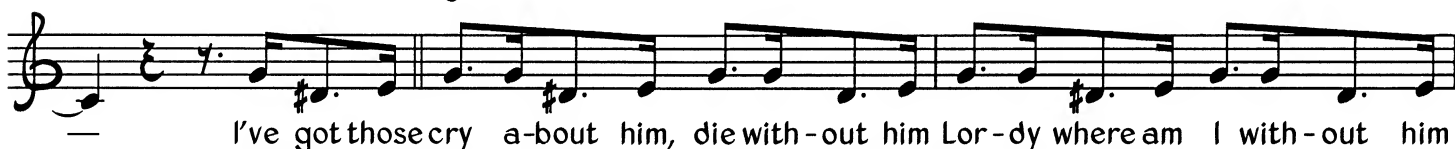
F<sup>9</sup>



C

G<sup>7</sup>

C



C<sup>7</sup>

F<sup>7</sup>



C

G<sup>7</sup>



C

C/B<sup>b</sup>

Adim

Fm<sup>6</sup>/A<sup>b</sup>

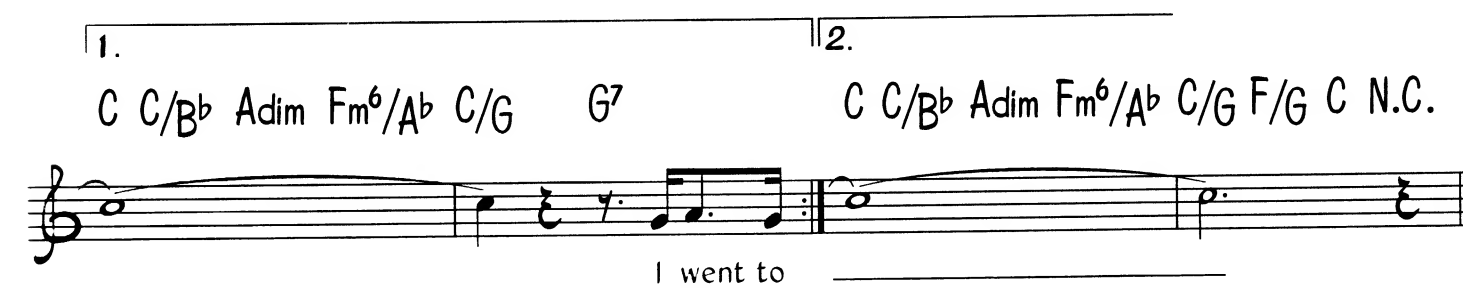
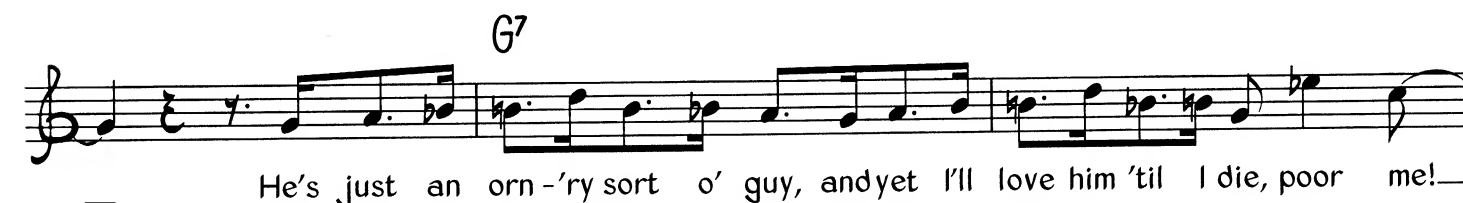
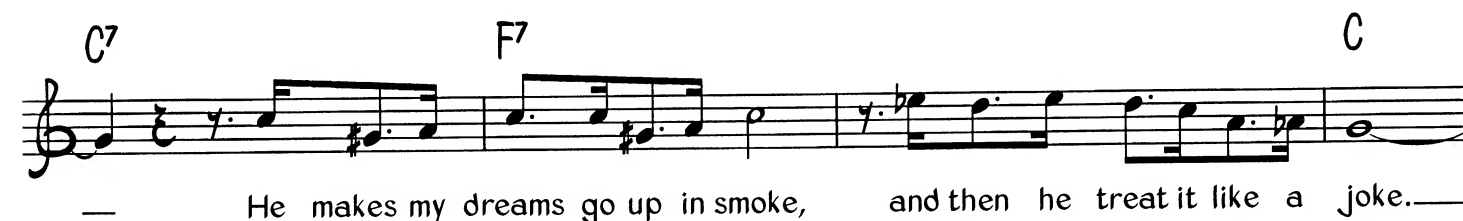
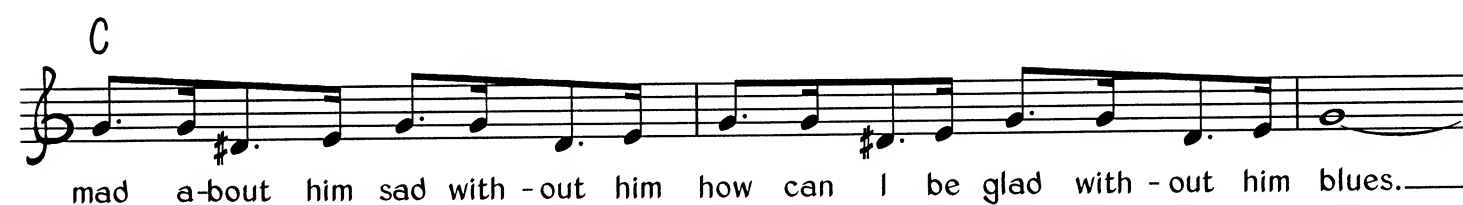
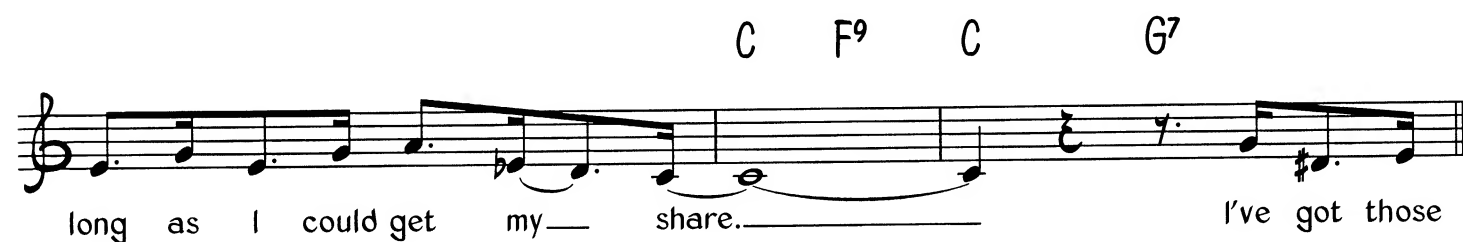
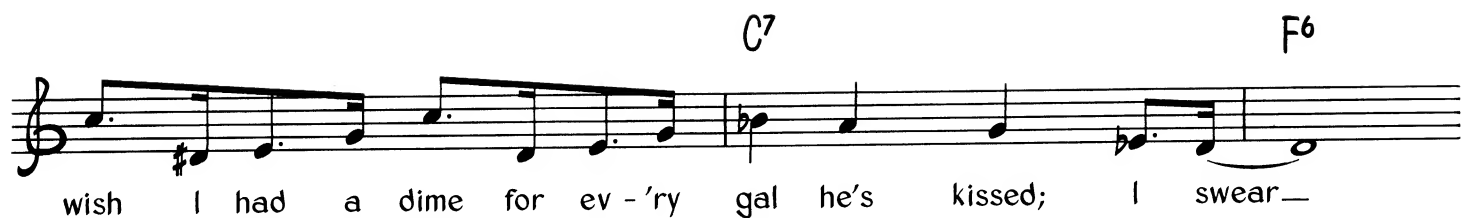
C/G

G<sup>7</sup>

C









# Matchbox Blues

Words & Music by Blind Lemon Jefferson

Medium tempo

**A<sup>7</sup>**

*mf*

I'm sit - tin' here won - d'ring, will a

match - box hold my clothes? I'm

**D<sup>7</sup>**

sit - tin' here won - d'ring, will a match - box hold my clothes?

**A<sup>7</sup>** **E<sup>7</sup>**

I got so ma - ny match - es, but I

**D<sup>7</sup>** **A**

got so far to go.

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# Mean And Evil

Words & Music by Elmore James & Joe Josea

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )



My ba-by's so mean and ev-il, I don't— know what to do.—



My ba-by's so mean and ev - il, I don't— know what to do.—



Treat me low down and dir - ty,



well, I can't— get a - long with you.

## Verse 2

When we lived in a small town, you was nice and neat. (Twice)  
I brought you to Chicago, you do nothin' but walk the street.

## Verse 3'

Well, she used to cook my breakfast and bring it to my bed.  
She used to wash my face and even comb my hair.  
She's so evil I don't know what to do.  
You treat me so low and dirty,  
And I can't get along without you.



**Words & Music by Jack Wood**

(♩ =  $\overset{\text{3}}{\text{♩}} \text{ ♩}$ )

N.C.

A

$$mf$$

Gals, bed bugs— sure is ev-il, they don't mean me no good.—

D<sup>7</sup>

Yeah, bed bug sure is ev - il, they don't mean me no good...

E7

Thinks\_\_ he's a wood-peck-er\_\_\_\_\_

D<sup>7</sup>

A7

D<sup>7</sup> $A^{(7)}$ 

— and I'm a - - chunk of wood. \_\_\_\_\_

Something moan in the corner, I went over and see. (Twice)  
It was the bed bug a-prayin': "Lord, gimme some more cheese."



# Mean To Me

Words & Music by Roy Turk & Fred E. Ahlert

Medium tempo

*mf*

1. You're mean to me, — why must you be mean to me? —  
 2. I stay home — each night — when you say you'll phone; —

Gee, hon - ey, it seems to me — you love to see — me  
 You don't and I'm left a - lone, — sing - in' the blues — and

1. *G* *Em* *Em7* *Am7* *D7* *G* *G6* *Dm7* *G7(b9)*  
 cry - in'. — I don't know why. — sigh - in'. — You treat me

*Cmaj7* *Am7* *Dm7* *G7(b9)* *C6* *F9* *E9aug* *E7(b9)*  
 cold - ly — each day — in the year. — You al - ways

*Am* *F9* *E9aug* *E9* *A9* *Am7/D* *D7aug*  
 scold me — when - ev - er some - bo - dy is near. Dear,

*G* *Em7* *Am7* *D9* *Bm7* *Em7* *C* *C6* *C#dim*  
 it must be — great fun — to be mean to me; — You should - n't, for

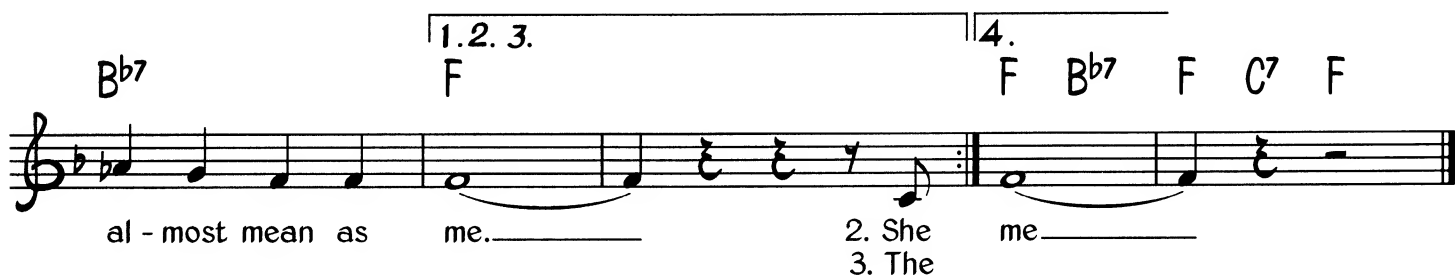
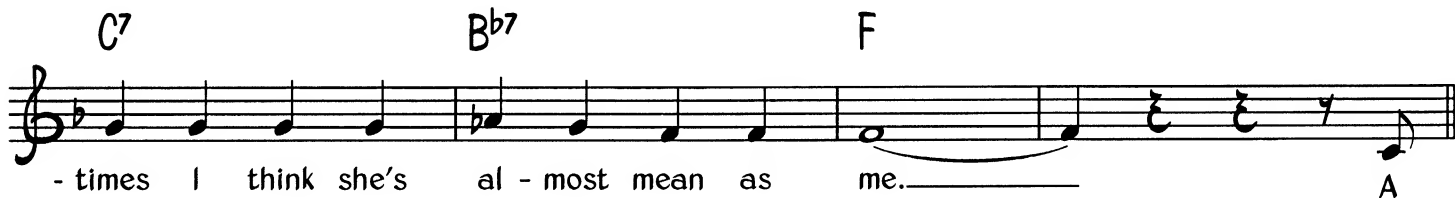
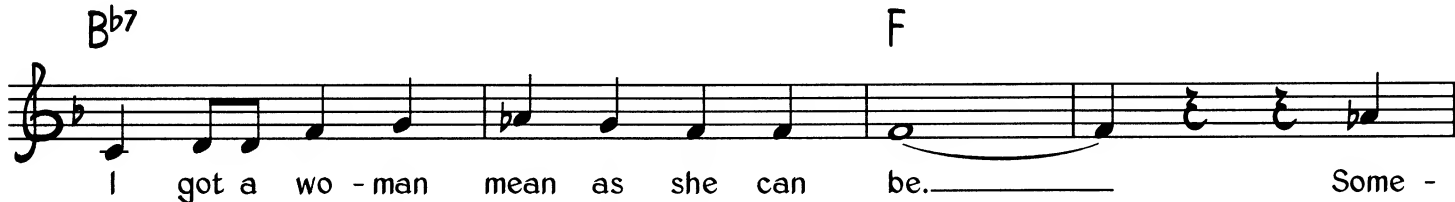
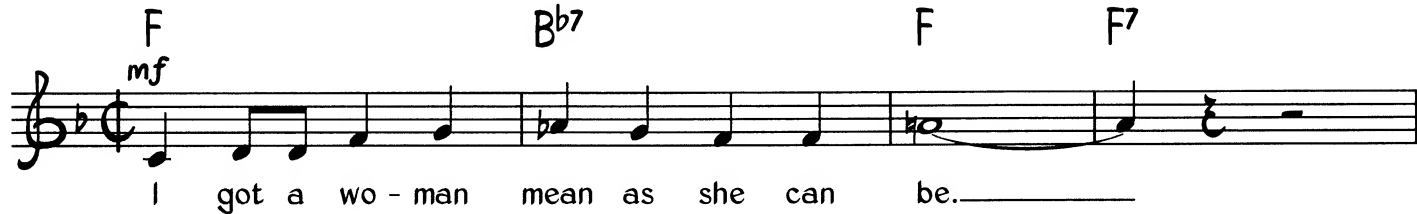
*G/D* *Em7* *Am9* *D13(b9)* *G* *C9* *G*  
 can't you see — what you mean — to me? —



# Mean Woman Blues

Words & Music by Claude DeMetrius

Fast



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# Million Years Blues

## (a.k.a. When My Heart Beats Like A Hammer)

Words & Music by John Lee Williamson

Medium slow

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\text{♩}} \overset{\frown}{\text{♩}} \overset{\frown}{\text{♩}}$ )

The musical score is written for a piano in 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Medium slow' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The first staff contains the lyrics 'When my heart gets to beat-in' like a ham-mer, and my eyes get full of'. The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics 'tears. When my heart gets to beat-in' like a ham-mer,'. The third staff continues with the lyrics 'and my eyes get full of tears. You on-ly been'. The fourth staff concludes the melody with the lyrics 'gone twen-ty-four hours. but it seems like a mil-lion years.'.

When my heart gets to beat-in' like a ham-mer, and my eyes get full of

tears. When my heart gets to beat-in' like a ham-mer,

and my eyes get full of tears. You on-ly been

gone twen-ty-four hours. but it seems like a mil-lion years.

### Verse 2

If I ever mistreat you, darlin'; God knows I never meant no harm. (Twice)  
You know I'm just a little country boy, that raised down on the farm.

### Verse 3

You give me so much trouble, I don't know what to do. (Twice)  
I ain't got nothing now, and it's all on account of you.



# Meditation (Meditação)

Original Words by Newton Mendonca ★ English Lyric by Norman Gimbel ★ Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim

## Medium Bossa nova

**C<sup>6</sup>** **mp** **B<sup>7</sup> sus<sup>4</sup>** **B<sup>7</sup>**

1. In \_\_\_\_\_ my lone - li - ness \_\_\_\_\_ When you're gone \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. Though \_\_\_\_\_ you're far \_\_\_\_\_ a - way \_\_\_\_\_ I have on -

**C<sup>6</sup>** **Em<sup>7</sup>** **A<sup>7</sup>(b5)** **A<sup>7</sup>**

— and I'm all by my - self — and I — need your — ca - res. —  
 - ly to close my eyes — and you — are back — to stay. —

**B<sup>b</sup>9**

I — just think — of you — And the thought —  
 I — just close — my eyes — And the sad -

**A<sup>7</sup> aug** **Dm<sup>7</sup>**

— of you hold - ing me near — make my lone - li - ness soon — dis - ap - pear —  
 - ness that miss - ing you brings — soon is gone — and this heart — of mine sings

1. 2.  
**G<sup>9</sup> aug** **G<sup>9</sup> aug** **Fmaj<sup>7</sup>** **B<sup>b</sup>9**

Yes, \_\_\_\_\_ I love — you so, \_\_\_\_\_



C/E E<sup>b</sup>dim Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>9</sup>aug

And that for me is all I need to know.

C<sup>6</sup> B<sup>7</sup> sus<sup>4</sup> B<sup>7</sup>

I will wait for you Till the sun

C<sup>6</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>(b5) A<sup>7</sup>

falls from out of the sky for what else can I do?

B<sup>b</sup>9

I will wait for you, Me - di - ta -

Em<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>aug Dm<sup>7</sup> G13(b9) C<sup>6</sup>

ting how sweet life will be when you come back to me.



# Memphis Blues

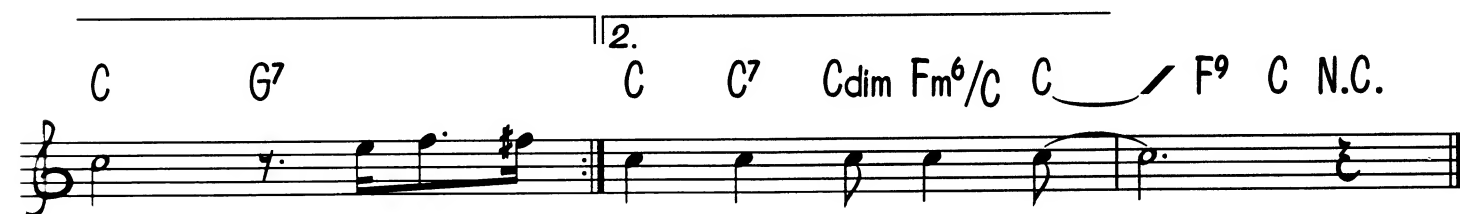
Words & Music by W. C. Handy

Medium slow

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )









# Midnight Sun

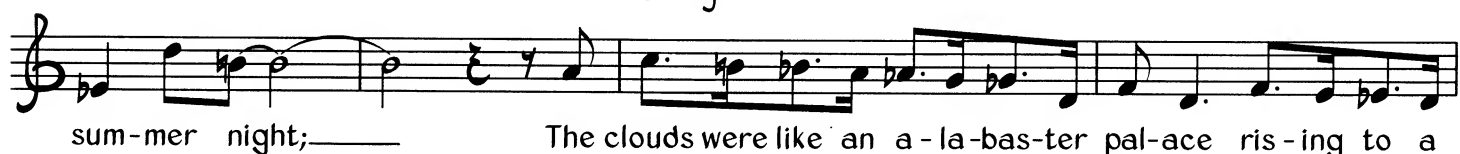
Words by Johnny Mercer ★ Music by Sonny Burke & Lionel Hampton

Slowly *Cmaj<sup>9</sup>*



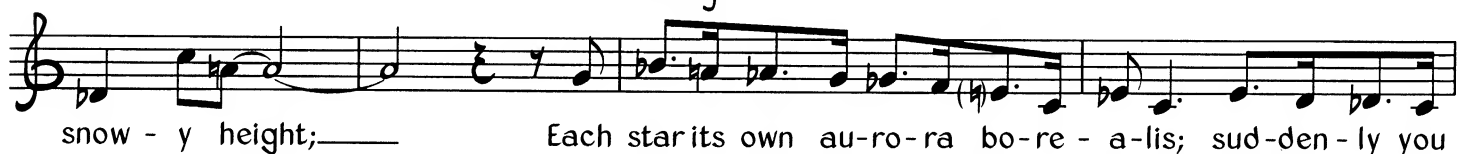
*F<sup>9</sup>(#11)*

*B<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>9</sup>*



*E<sup>b</sup>9(#11)*

*A<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>9</sup>*



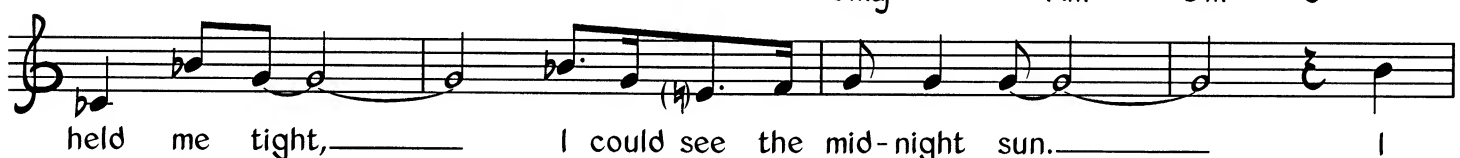
*D<sup>b</sup>9(#11)*

*Cmaj<sup>9</sup>*

*Am<sup>7</sup>*

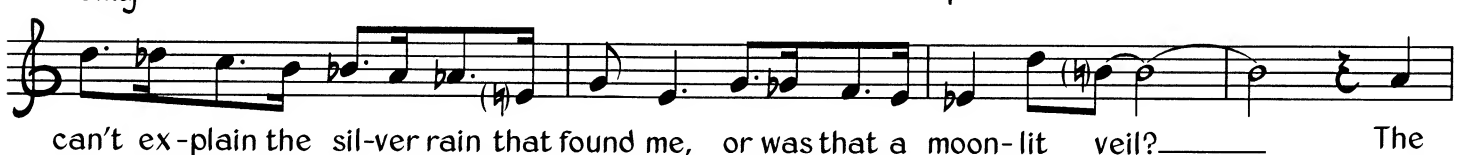
*Dm<sup>11</sup>*

*G13(b9)*



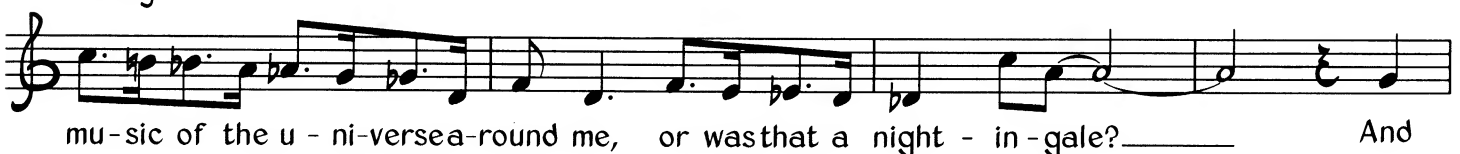
*Cmaj<sup>9</sup>*

*F<sup>9</sup>(#11)*



*B<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>9</sup>*

*E<sup>b</sup>9(#11)*



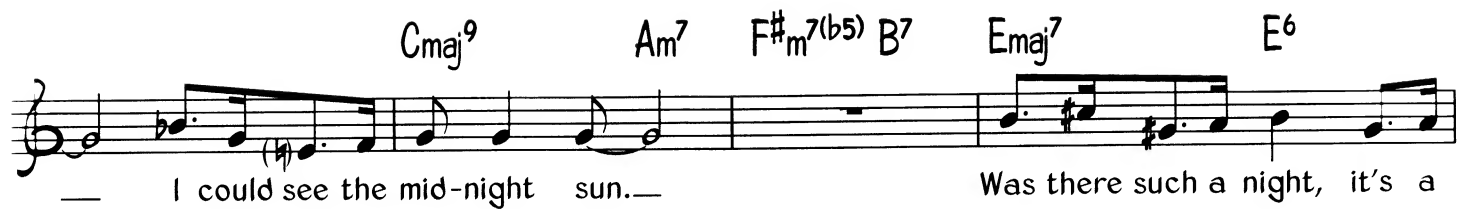
*A<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>9</sup>*

*D<sup>b</sup>9(#11)*



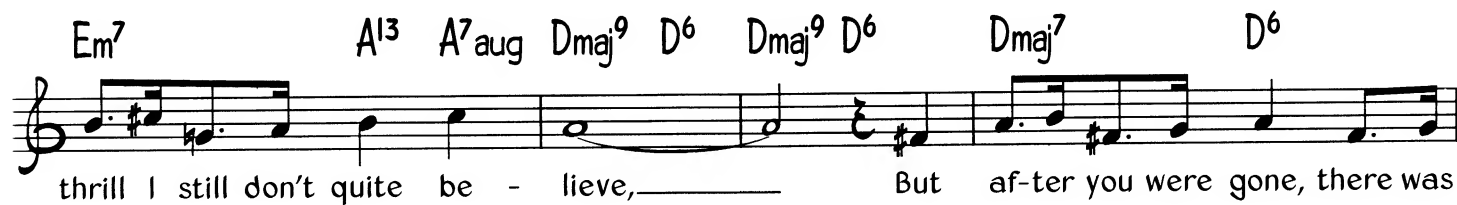


Cmaj<sup>9</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> F<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7</sup>(b5) B<sup>7</sup> Emaj<sup>7</sup> E<sup>6</sup>



I could see the mid-night sun. Was there such a night, it's a

Em<sup>7</sup> A<sup>13</sup> A<sup>7</sup>aug Dmaj<sup>9</sup> D<sup>6</sup> Dmaj<sup>9</sup> D<sup>6</sup> Dmaj<sup>7</sup> D<sup>6</sup>



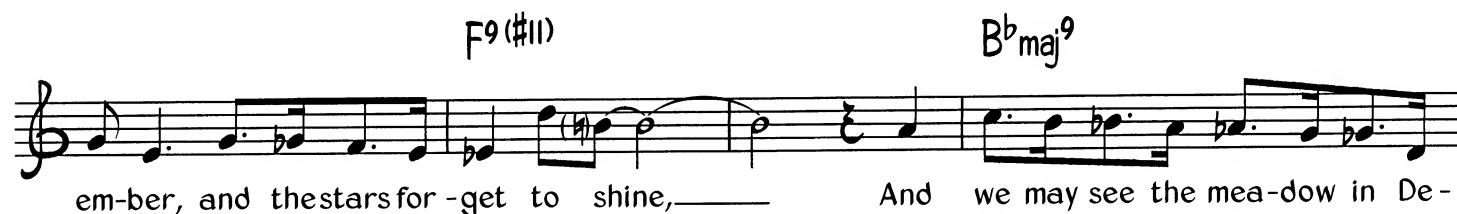
thrill I still don't quite be - lieve, But af-ter you were gone, there was

Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>13</sup> G<sup>7</sup>aug Em<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b9</sup> Dm<sup>11</sup> D<sup>b7</sup>(<sup>#9</sup>) Cmaj<sup>9</sup>



still some star-dust on my sleeve. The flame of it may dwin - dle to an

F<sup>9</sup>(<sup>#11</sup>) B<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>9</sup>




em-ber, and the stars for - get to shine, And we may see the mea-dow in De -

E<sup>b9</sup>(<sup>#11</sup>) A<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>9</sup>



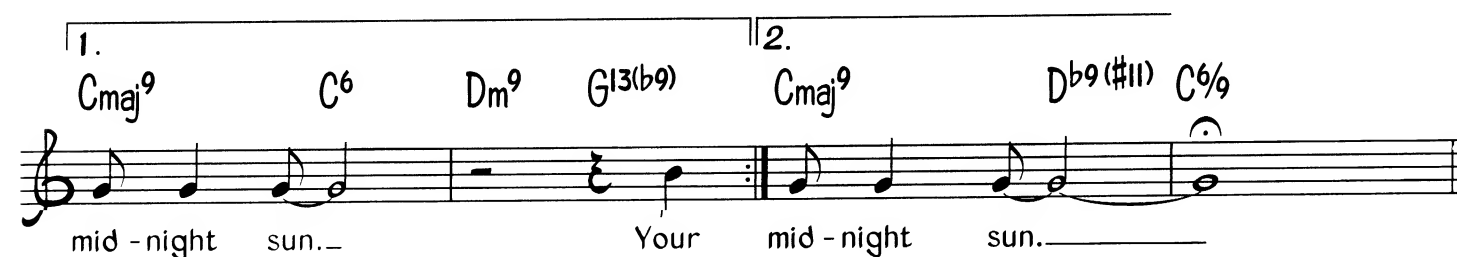
- cem-ber, i - cy white and crys - tal- line. But, oh, my dar-ling al-ways I'll re-

D<sup>b9</sup>(<sup>#11</sup>)



- mem - ber, when your lips were close to mine, And we saw the

1. Cmaj<sup>9</sup> C<sup>6</sup> Dm<sup>9</sup> G<sup>13</sup>(b9) 2. Cmaj<sup>9</sup> D<sup>b9</sup>(<sup>#11</sup>) C<sup>6</sup>/<sub>9</sub>



mid - night sun. Your mid - night sun.



# Mind Your Own Business

Words & Music by Hank Williams

Medium fast

N.C. *mf* E

If the wife and I are fuss-in', bro-ther, that's all right;— 'cos

E<sup>7</sup> Chorus

me and that sweet wo-man got a li-cense to fight.— Why don't you

A<sup>7</sup> E

mind your own busi-ness? Mind—your own— busi-ness! 'Cos if you

B<sup>7</sup> E

mind your busi-ness then you won't be mind-ing mine.—

## Verse 2

Oh, the woman on the party line's a nosey thing;  
She picks up the receiver when she knows it's my ring.

## Chorus

## Verse 3

I got a little gal that wears her hair up high;  
The boys all whistle when she walks by.

## Chorus

## Verse 4

Well, if I want to honky tonk around till two or three,  
Now brother, that's my headache, don't you worry 'bout me.

## Chorus

## Verse 5

Minding other people's business seems to be high-toned;  
I got all that I can do just to mind my own.

## Chorus



# Misty

Medium slow

Music by Erroll Garner ★ Words by Johnny Burke

*mf*  $E^b \text{maj}^7$   $B^b \text{m}^7$   $E^b 7$   $A^b \text{maj}^7$  3 3

Look at me, I'm as help-less as a kit-ten up a tree, And I feel like I'm  
way, And a thou-sand vi-o-lins be-gin to play; Or it might be the

$A^b \text{m}$   $D^b 9$   $E^b \text{maj}^7$  3  $C \text{m}^7$  3  $F \text{m}^7$   $B^b 7(b9)$  3

cling-ing to a cloud; I can't un-der-stand, I get mis-ty just hold-ing your  
sound of your hel-lo, That mu-sic I hear, I get mis-ty the mo-ment you're

1.  $G^7(b5)$   $C^7$   $F^7(b5)$   $B^b 7$  2.  $E^b$   $C \text{m}^7$   $F \text{m}^7$   $B^b 7(b9)$   $E^b 6$   $D \text{dim}$   $E^b 6$  3 3

hand, Walk my near. You can say that you're

$B^b \text{m}^7$   $E^b 7(b9)$  3  $A^b \text{maj}^7$   $A^b 6$

lead-ing me on, But it's just what I want you to do.

$A \text{m}^7$   $A \text{dim}$   $F^7$  3

Don't you no-tice how hope-less-ly I'm lost, that's why I'm fol-low-ing

$B^b 7$   $E \text{dim}$   $F \text{m}^7$   $B^b 7$   $E^b \text{maj}^7$   $B^b \text{m}^7$   $E^b 7$

you. On my own, would I wan-der through this won-der-land a -

$A^b \text{maj}^7$  3  $A^b \text{m}$   $D^b 9$

- lone, Nev-er know-ing my right foot from my left, My

$E^b \text{maj}^7$  3  $C \text{m}^7$  3  $F \text{m}^7$   $B^b 7(b9)$  3  $E^b$

hat from my glove; I'm too mis-ty and too much in love.



# Moonglow

Words & Music by Will Hudson, Eddie de Lange & Irving Mills

Medium slow

*Cadd<sup>9</sup> mp* *F<sup>9</sup>(#11)* *G<sup>6</sup>* *A<sup>13</sup> A<sup>9</sup>aug*

It must have been moon - glow, — way up in the blue; —  
I still hear you say - ing — "Sweet-heart, hold me fast." —

*Am<sup>7</sup>* *D<sup>13</sup>(b9)* *G/B* *B<sup>b</sup>dim* *Am<sup>7</sup>* *B<sup>b</sup>dim* *G/B* *G<sup>7</sup>aug*

1.

It must have been moon - glow — that led me straight to you. —  
And I start a - pray - ing: —

*G/B* *B<sup>b</sup>dim* *Am<sup>7</sup>* *B<sup>b</sup>dim* *G/B* *G<sup>9</sup>* *F#<sup>9</sup>* *F<sup>9</sup>*

2.

"Oh Lord, please let this last." — We — seemed to float right thro' the

*E<sup>9</sup>* *A<sup>9</sup>* *Am<sup>9</sup>* *E<sup>b</sup>9* *D<sup>9</sup>* *G<sup>9</sup>aug*

air; — Hea - ven - ly songs — seemed to come from ev - 'ry - where. —

*Cadd<sup>9</sup>* *F<sup>9</sup>(#11)* *G<sup>6</sup>* *A<sup>13</sup> A<sup>9</sup>aug*

And now, when there's moon - glow — way up in the blue, —

*Am<sup>7</sup>* *D<sup>13</sup>(b9)* *G/B* *B<sup>b</sup>dim* *Am<sup>7</sup>* *A<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup>* *G*

I al - ways re - mem - ber — that moon - glow gave me you. —



# Moonlight Becomes You

Music by Jimmy Van Heusen ★ Words by Johnny Burke

Medium slow

**F** **F<sup>#</sup>dim** **Gm<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>** **Am<sup>7</sup>** **Dm<sup>7</sup>** **Gm<sup>7</sup>** **B<sup>b</sup>dim**

*mp*

Moon - light be - comes you, it goes with your hair;— You  
 Moon - light be - comes you, I'm thrilled at the sight;— And

**Am<sup>7</sup>** **D<sup>9</sup>** **Gm<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>(b9)** **Am<sup>7</sup>(b5)/E<sup>b</sup>** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>9</sup>(b5)/D<sup>b</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>aug**

cer - tain - ly know the right thing to wear.\_\_\_\_\_

I could get so ro -

**1.**

**Gm<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>(b9)** **F<sup>6</sup>** **Gm<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>#</sup>dim** **F/A** **F<sup>7</sup>aug** **B<sup>b</sup>** **B<sup>b7</sup>aug**

- man - tic to - night.\_\_\_\_\_ You're all dressed up to go

**E<sup>b</sup>6** **F<sup>9</sup>** **F<sup>7</sup>(b9)** **B<sup>b</sup>add<sup>9</sup>** **Gm<sup>7</sup>** **Em<sup>7</sup>(b5)** **A<sup>7</sup>(b9)**

dream-ing,— now don't tell me I'm wrong. And what a night to go

**Dm** **Dm<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>(b5)** **C<sup>9</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>aug** **F** **F<sup>#</sup>dim**

dream-ing!— Mind if I tag a - long?— If I say I

**Gm<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>** **Am<sup>7</sup>** **Dm<sup>7</sup>** **Gm<sup>7</sup>** **B<sup>b</sup>dim** **Am<sup>7</sup>** **D<sup>9</sup>**

love you, I want you to know— It's not just be - cause there's

**rit.**

**Gm<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>(b9)** **Am<sup>7</sup>(b5)** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>** **Gm<sup>7</sup>/C** **C<sup>7</sup>(b9)** **F<sup>6</sup>** **A<sup>b</sup>6** **Gm<sup>7</sup>** **F**

moon-light, al - though— Moon-light be - comes you so.\_\_\_\_\_



# More Than You Know

Words & Music by William Rose & Edward Eliscu ★ Music by Vincent Youmans

Medium slow

*C<sup>7</sup> aug* *F<sup>6</sup>* *C<sup>7</sup> aug* *F<sup>6</sup>* *F<sup>7</sup>(b9)*

*mf* 3 3 3

More than you know, more than you know, Man o' my

*B<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>9</sup>* *E<sup>b</sup>9* *Gm<sup>9</sup>* *Gm<sup>7</sup>(b5)* *C<sup>13</sup>* *C<sup>7</sup>(b9)*

heart, I love you so.— Late-ly I find you're on my mind more than you

*F* *F<sup>#</sup>dim* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *C<sup>7</sup> aug* *F* *C<sup>7</sup> aug* *F<sup>6</sup>* *F<sup>7</sup>(b9)*

know.— Wheth - er you're right, wheth - er you're wrong, Man o' my

*B<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>9</sup>* *E<sup>b</sup>9* *E<sup>dim</sup>* *F* *F<sup>#</sup>dim* *G<sup>9</sup>* *C<sup>7</sup>(b9)*

heart, I'll string a - long.— You need me so, more than you'll ev - er know.—



F B $\flat$ 6 F Dm $^6$  E $^7$  Am  
 Lov - ing you the way that I do there's

Dm<sup>6</sup>      G<sup>9</sup>      C      C<sup>aug</sup> C<sup>6</sup>      Fm<sup>6</sup>/A<sup>b</sup>      C<sup>sus4</sup>/G      Am<sup>7</sup>  

 noth - ing I can do a - bout it; Lov - ing may be all you can give, but

D<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup>/G C Cdim C<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>aug

hon - ey I can't live with - out it. Oh, how I'd

F<sup>6</sup> C<sup>7</sup>aug F<sup>6</sup> F<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>) B<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>9</sup>

cry, oh, how I'd cry if you got tired and said good - bye;—

Eb9    Edim    F    F#dim    Gm7    C13(b9)    F    Eb9    F

— More than I'd show, more than you'd ev - er know. —



# My Babe

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium fast

My ba - by don't stand no cheat - in', my babe.

My ba - by don't stand no cheat - in', my babe.

My ba - - by don't stand no cheat-in', she don't stand none of that

mid - night creep-in'. My babe, true lit - tle ba - by, - my babe.

## Verse 2

My babe, I know she love me, my babe. (Twice)  
Oh yeah, I know she love me.  
She don't do nothin' but kiss and hug me.  
My babe, true little baby, my babe.

## Verse 3

My babe, she don't stand no cheatin', my babe. (Twice)  
Oh no, she don't stand no cheatin'.  
Everything she do, she do so pleasin'.  
My babe, true little baby, my babe.

## Verse 4

My baby don't stand no foolin', my babe. (Twice)  
My baby don't stand no foolin'.  
When she's hot there ain't no coolin'  
My babe, true little baby, my babe.



# My Baby Left Me

Words & Music by Arthur Crudup

**Medium fast** **F7**

**mf**

1. Yes, my ba - by left me, nev - er said a  
(Verses 2, 3, 4 see block lyric)

word; Was it some - thing I done, some - thing that she

**Bb9**

heard? My ba - by left me, my ba - by left me.

**C7**

My ba - by ev - en left me, — nev - er said a

**F** **N.C.**

word. —

1. 2. 3. 4.

2. Now, I  
3. Ba - by  
4. Now, I

## Verse 2

Now I stand at my window, wring my hands and cry.  
I hate to lose that woman, hate to say goodbye.  
You know she left me; yes, she left me.  
My baby even left me, never said a word.

## Verse 3

Baby, one of these mornings, Lord, it won't be long,  
You'll look for me, baby, and Daddy he'll be gone.  
You know you left me, you know you left me.  
My baby even left me, never said goodbye.

## Verse 4

Now I stand at my window, wring my hands and moan.  
All I know is that the one I love is gone.  
My baby left me, you know she left me.  
My baby even left me, never said a word.



# My Handy Man Ain't Handy Any More

Music by Eubie Blake ★ Words by Eubie Blake & Andy Razaf

Medium tempo

( $\text{♩} = \text{♩}^3$ )

Intro

*mf*  $E^b$   $B^b7$   $E^b$   $B^b7$   $E^b$   $C^7$   $F^7$   $B^b7$

Once I used to brag a-bout my han-dy man,— But I ain't brag-gin' no

$G^7$   $C^7$   $F^9$   $B^b7$   $E^b$   $B^b7$   $E^b$   $B^b7$   $E^b$   $C^7$

more. Some - thin' strange has hap-pened to my han-dy man,— He's

$B^b/F$   $F^7$   $B^b7$   $Fm$   $C^7$   $Fm$

not the man he was be - fore. Wish some-bo-dy could ex-plain to me A -

$F^7$   $B^b7$   $E^b$   $B^b7$   $E^b$   $B^b7$

- bout this du - al per - son-al - i - ty: He don't per - form his du-ties like he al - ways used to be im - pa-tient

$E^b7$   $A^b$   $G^7$   $Cm$

used to do;— He nev - er hauls the ash - es 'less I tell him to. Be -  
to be - gin;— He nev - er used to wait to be in - vi - ted in. But

$F^7$   $A^b7$   $G^7$   $C^7$

- fore he hard - ly gets to work he says he's through.— My  
now he's full of lame ex - cu - ses, it's a sin! My



1. *F7 Bb7 G7 C7 F9 Bb7* 2. *F7 Bb7*

han - dy man ain't han - dy no more... He han - dy man ain't han - dy no more...

*Bridge*

*Eb Emaj7 F7 F#7 G7 C7*

He's for - got - ten his do - mes - tic sci - ence, —

*F7 Ab C7*

And he's lost — all of his self - re - li - ance. —

*Fm7 Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb7*

He won't make a sin - gle move un - less he's told, — He

*Ab Eb7 Ab G7 Cm F7 Ab7*

says he is - n't la - zy, claims he is - n't old. — But still he sits a - round and lets my

*G7 C7 F7 Bb7 Eb*

stove get cold! — My han - dy man ain't han - dy no — more.

#### Verse 2

Time after time, if I'm not right there at his heels,  
He lets that poor horse in my stable miss his meals.  
There's got to be some changes, 'cos each day reveals  
My handy man ain't handy no more.

He used to turn in early and get up at dawn,  
And, full of new ambitions, he would trim the lawn.  
Now, when he isn't sleeping, all he does is yawn!  
My handy man ain't handy no more.

#### Bridge

Once he used to have so much endurance;  
Now it looks like he needs life insurance.

I used to brag about my handy man's technique;  
Around the house he was a perfect indoor sheik.  
but now the spirit's willing but the flesh is weak!  
My handy man ain't handy no more.



# My Creole Belle

Words & Music by J. Bodewalte Lampe

Medium fast

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, 4/4 time. It consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a C7 chord and a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The melody starts on a half note, followed by a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note, then a half note and a quarter note. The second staff continues with a half note, a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note, then a half note and a quarter note. The third staff begins with a C chord and continues with a half note, a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note, then a half note and a quarter note. The fourth staff begins with a C7 chord and continues with a half note, a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note, then a half note and a quarter note. The fifth staff begins with a C7 chord and continues with a half note, a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note, then a half note and a quarter note. The score includes lyrics and musical notation for the first verse and the chorus.

My Cre - ole belle, — I love her well; —

My dar - lin' ba - - by, —

my Cre - ole belle. — When the — stars shine, —

I'll call her mine; — My dar - lin' ba -

- by, — my Cre - ole belle. —

## Verse 2

My Creole belle, I love her well;  
I love her more 'n anyone can tell.  
My Creole belle, I love her well;  
My darlin' baby, my Creole belle.

## Verse 3

When the stars are shining, I'll call her mine;  
My darlin' baby, my Creole belle.  
My Creole belle, I love her well;  
My darlin' baby, my Creole belle.



# Mystery Train

Words & Music by Sam C. Phillips & Herman Parker Jr

**Medium fast**

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\text{J}} \overset{\frown}{\text{J}} \overset{\frown}{\text{J}}$ )

N.C. *mf* A<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup>

Train I ride, is sixteen-coach-es long

A<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup>

Train I ride is sixteen-coach-es long

B<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup>

Well, that long-black train, take my ba-by and gone

## Verse 2

Mystery train, rolling down the track. (Twice)

Well, it took my baby and it won't be coming back.

## Verse 3

Train, train, rolling 'round the bend. (Twice)

Well, it took my baby, won't be back again.

## Verse 4

Train I ride, is sixteen coaches long. (Twice)

Well, that long black train take my baby and gone.



# New York Town

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie

Medium tempo

*mf* C

I was stand-ing down in New York town one day.

F C

Stand-ing down in New York town one day. I was

G7 F7 C

stand - ing down in New York town one day.

D9 G7 C

Sing - ing, hey, hey, hey, hey.

## Verse 2

I was broke, I didn't have a dime. *(Three times)*  
Every good man gets a little hard luck sometime.

## Verse 4

Down and out and he ain't got a dime. *(Three times)*  
I'm gonna ride that new mornin' railroad train.

## Verse 4

Holdin' my last dollar in my hand. *(Three times)*  
Looking for a woman that's looking for a man.

## Verse 5

If you don't want me, just please leave me be. *(Three times)*  
I can buy more lovers than the Civil War set free.



# Nightmare

**Medium slow**

**By Artie Shaw**

(♩ =  $\overset{\text{3}}{\text{┐}} \text{┘}$ )

# G

mf

3

I        woke\_\_        up    this morn-in',        feel - in'    aw - ful    sad;\_\_\_\_\_ I

thought that you had left me, and my head was ach - in' bad. Oh, it was a

night-mare,— as plain as it could be. Yes, it was a

night - mare, \_\_\_\_\_ but ba - by don't do that to me! \_\_\_\_\_

Lips so sweet and ten - der, you were mine for life; \_\_\_\_\_ Your  
 did - n't want my mon - ey, least that's what you said; \_\_\_\_\_ Now

eyes they held the pro-mise but your hand it held the knife. Oh it was a night-mare,— }  
you're in some-one el-se's arms, I'm wish-in' I was dead. Oh it was a night-mare,— }

as plain as it could be, \_\_\_\_\_ Yes, it was a night - mare, \_\_\_\_\_ but

ba - by don't do that to me!\_\_\_\_\_ You



# No More Blues (Chega De Saudade)

Original Words by Vinicius de Moraes ★ English Words by Jon Hendricks & Jessie Cavanaugh ★ Music by Antonio C. Jobim

## Bossa nova

*mp* *Dm* *Bm<sup>7(b5)</sup>* *E<sup>7(b9)</sup>* *Em<sup>7(b5)</sup>*

No more blues, I'm goin' back home. No, no more

*A<sup>7(b9)</sup>* *Dm* *Em<sup>7(b5)</sup>* *A<sup>7(b9)</sup>* *Dm*

blues, I promise no more to roam. Home is

*Bm<sup>7(b5)</sup>* *E<sup>7</sup>* *Am* *B<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup>*

where the heart is; The fun - ny part is, my heart's been

*Em<sup>7(b5)</sup>* *A<sup>7(b9)</sup>* *Dm* *Bm<sup>7(b5)</sup>*

right there all a - long. No more tears and no more

*E<sup>7(b9)</sup>* *Em<sup>7(b5)</sup>* *A<sup>7(b9)</sup>* *Dm* *D<sup>7(b9)</sup>*

sighs; and no more fears, I'll say no more good-byes. If tra - vel

*Gm* *A<sup>7</sup>* *Dm*

beck - ons me I swear I'm gon - na re - fuse; I'm gon - na

*Bm<sup>7(b5)</sup>* *E<sup>7(b9)</sup>* *A<sup>7(b9)</sup> aug* *Dm* *Em<sup>7</sup>* *A<sup>7</sup> aug*

set - tle down, and there'll be no more blues.

*mf* *Dmaj<sup>7</sup>* *D<sup>#</sup> dim* *Em<sup>7</sup>*

Ev - - 'ry day while I am far a - way, My thoughts turn

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home - ward, \_\_\_\_\_ For ev - er home - - ward. I

trav-elled 'round the world in search of hap - pi - ness, But all the hap-

Bm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> D7(b9) Gmaj<sup>9</sup>

dues, I'm through with all my wan-drin'. Now I'll set-tle down and

live my life, — and build a home — and find a wife. When

E<sup>7</sup>                      E<sup>m</sup><sup>7</sup>                      F<sup>#m</sup><sup>7</sup>                      B<sup>7</sup>

we set - tle down, there'll be no more blues; Noth-in' but hap - pi-ness. When

E<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> A<sup>13</sup> D



we set - tle down, there'll be no more blues. \_\_\_\_\_



# No Matter How She Done It

Words & Music by Hudson Whittaker

Medium tempo

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, 4/4 time, with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The tempo is marked 'Medium tempo'. The score consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of three sharps, and a 4/4 time signature. The first note is an E4, marked with a dynamic of 'mf' and a chord symbol of 'E' above it. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics 'I know a gal' are under the first two measures, followed by a long dash. The next two measures have the lyrics 'by the name of Mae - Lou.', followed by another long dash. The final measure of the first staff has the lyric 'She'. The second staff continues the melody. The lyrics 'shook it so much' are under the first two measures, followed by a long dash. The next two measures have the lyrics 'she had the Ger-man flu.', followed by a long dash. The final measure of the second staff has the lyrics 'No mat-ter how she done it,'. Above the staff, there are chord symbols: 'E7' above the first measure and 'A7' above the third measure. The third staff continues the melody. The lyrics 'No mat-ter how she done it,' are under the first two measures, followed by a long dash. The final measure of the third staff has the lyric 'No'. Above the staff, there is a chord symbol: 'E' above the first measure. The fourth staff continues the melody. The lyrics 'mat-ter how she done it,' are under the first two measures, followed by a long dash. The next two measures have the lyrics 'She done it just the same.'. Above the staff, there are chord symbols: 'B7' above the first measure, 'A7' above the third measure, and 'E' above the fifth measure. The score ends with a double bar line.

I know a gal — by the name of Mae - Lou. — She

shook it so much — she had the Ger-man flu. — No mat-ter how she done it,

No mat-ter how she done it, No

mat-ter how she done it, She done it just the same.

## Verse 2

The women don't like her, they call her Ida Mae,  
But the way the men love her is a cryin' shame.  
*No matter how she done it, etc.*

## Verse 3

She shakes all over when she walks.  
She made a blind man see, and a dumb man talk.  
*No matter how she done it, etc.*

## Verse 4

The copper brought her in, she didn't need no bail.  
She shook it for the judge, and put the cop in jail.  
*No matter how she done it, etc.*



# No More Lovers

Words & Music by Arthur Crudup

Medium tempo

( $\text{♩} = \text{♩} \text{ } \text{♩}$ )  $\text{mf}$   $\text{G}^7$



We won't be no more lov - ers, we gon' be — old friends...

$\text{C}^7$   $\text{G}^7$



We won't be no more lov - ers, we gon-na be old friends...

$\text{D}^7$   $\text{C}^7$   $\text{G}^7$



You can help me find a wo-man, I'll help you out with your man. —

## Verse 2

I was in love with you baby, you was in love with someone else. (Twice)  
You know darn well that I loved you, and wanted you for myself.

## Verse 3

I even tried to love you when I knew you was untrue. (Twice)  
You went away and left me, I'll find someone who is true.



# No Smoking

By Duke Ellington

Slow

*Cmaj<sup>9</sup>* *C<sup>6</sup>* *A<sup>7</sup>* *Dm<sup>7</sup>* *Fm<sup>6</sup>*

*mp*

No smok - ing — let these dy - ing em - bers re - main; 'Cos

*Cmaj<sup>7</sup>/E* *E<sup>b</sup>dim* *Dm<sup>7</sup>* *D<sup>b9</sup>* *Cmaj<sup>7</sup>* *Dm<sup>9</sup>* *G<sup>13</sup>*

where we're con - cerned I may get burned a - gain. —

*Cmaj<sup>9</sup>* *C<sup>6</sup>* *A<sup>9</sup>* *Em* *A<sup>9</sup>* *Em<sup>7</sup>*

No smok - ing — for me; I know the

*Am<sup>7</sup>* *D<sup>7</sup>* *Am<sup>7</sup>* *D<sup>7</sup>* *Dm<sup>7</sup>* *G<sup>9</sup>* *Dm<sup>7</sup>* *G<sup>7</sup>*

glow from this cig - ar - ette — is the torch that I'm car - ry - ing yet. — Re -



$C^7$   $Cdim$   $C$   $Gm^9$   $C^7aug$   $Fmaj^9$   $F^6$   $Fmaj^7$   $F^7$   
 - mem - ber where there's smoke there's al-ways fire.

$Am$   $Am^7$   $Am^6$   $Dm^7$   $Dm^9(b5)$   $G13(b9)$   
 And my love lit the flame, but not your de-si - re.

$Cmaj^9$   $C^6$   $A^7$   $Dm^7$   $Fm^6$   
 No smok - ing, let the ash - es fall where they may; They're

$Cmaj^7/E$   $E^bdim$   $Dm^7$   $Bm^7(b5)$   $E^7$   $A^7$   
 like burned out dreams, like smoke that is blown a - way. No jok - ing;

rall.  
 $Dm^7$   $E^b7aug$   $D^b9$   $C / A^b6$   $F/G$   $C$   
 No smok - ing for me.



# Nobody Knows You When You're Down And Out

Words & Music by Jimmie Cox

Medium slow

**Staff 1:** *F* *mf* *A7* *D7* *Gm* *D7*  
 Once I lived the life of a mil-lion-aire; Spend-ing my mon-ey, I

**Staff 2:** *Gm* *Bb* *E7* *F* *D7*  
 did - n't care. I took all my friends out for a good time, Buy - in'

**Staff 3:** *G9* *Gm9* *C7* *F* *A7* *D7*  
 high price liqu-or, cham-pagne and wine... When I be-gan to fall so low, I

**Staff 4:** *Gm* *D7* *Gm* *Bb* *E7*  
 did - n't have a friend and no place to go... If I ev-er get hold of a

**Staff 5:** *F* *D7* *G9* *Gm7* *C7*  
 dol-lar a - gain, Gon-na hold on to it till the ea - gle grins.



F A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Gm D<sup>7</sup> Gm

No - - bo - dy knows you - when you're down - and out. -

B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>7</sup> F D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>9</sup>

In your pock - et not one pen - ny; And your friends, - you

Gm<sup>9</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

have - n't a - ny. But if you ev - er get - - on your feet a - gain, -

Gm D<sup>7</sup> Gm B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>7</sup>

Then you'll find - your long lost friends. - It's migh - ty strange -

F D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>9</sup>

with - out a doubt; - No - bo - dy knows you when you're

C<sup>7</sup> F D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F

down and out, - I mean - when you're down - and - out.



# Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen

Traditional

Slow

F B $\flat$  F B $\flat$  C $^7$

No-bo - dy knows the trou-ble I've seen, No-bo - dy knows but Je - sus;

F B $\flat$  A $^7$  D $^7$  B $\flat$  C $^7$  F B $\flat$  F N.C.

No - bo - dy knows the trou-bles I've seen, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Some -

F B $\flat$  G $^7$ /B C

- times I'm up, some - times I'm down; Oh, — yes, — Lord! Some -

F Am Dm G $^9$  C $^7$  F

- times I'm al - most to the ground, — Oh, yes, Lord!

B $\flat$  F B $\flat$  C $^7$

No-bo - dy knows the trou-ble I've seen, No-bo - dy knows but Je - sus;

F B $\flat$  A $^7$  D $^7$  B $\flat$  C $^7$  F B $\flat$  F

No-bo - dy knows the trou-bles I've seen, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!



# One For My Baby (And One More For The Road)

Words by Johnny Mercer ★ Music by Harold Arlen

Medium slow

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

*mp*  $E^b \text{maj}^9$   $Fm^7/E^b$   $E^b \text{maj}^9$   $Fm^7/E^b$   $E^b \text{maj}^9$   $Fm^7/E^b$

It's quar-ter to three,— there's no-one in the place ex-cept you and me.——

$E^b \text{maj}^9$   $Fm^7/E^b$   $E^b \text{maj}^9$   $Fm^7/E^b$   $E^b \text{maj}^9$   $Fm^7/E^b$   $E^b \text{maj}^9$   $D^b/E^b$

— So set'em up, Joe;— I've got a lit-tle sto-ry you ought-a know.——

$B^b m^7$   $E^b 9$   $A^b \text{maj}^9$   $B^b m^7$   $A^b 6/C$   $D^b 9$   $E^b 6$   $Cm^7$

— We're drink-ing, my friend,— to the end of a brief ep-i-sode.——

$Fm^7$   $F^\# \text{dim}$   $G^7 \text{aug}$   $Cm^6$   $Fm^7$   $E^b/G$   $A^b \text{add}^9$   $Fm^7/B^b$   $E^b$

— So make it one— for my ba-by, and one more for— the road.——

$Am^7(b5)$   $D^7$   $Gm^7$   $Am^7/G$   $Gm^7$   $Am^7/G$

— I got the rou-tine,— so drop an-oth-ernick-el



Gmaj<sup>9</sup> Am<sup>7</sup>/G Gmaj<sup>9</sup> Am<sup>7</sup>/G Gmaj<sup>9</sup> Am<sup>7</sup>/G

in the mach - ine.\_\_\_\_\_ I'm feel - ing so bad,\_\_\_\_\_ I

Gmaj<sup>9</sup> Am<sup>7</sup>/G Gmaj<sup>9</sup> F/G Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>9</sup> Cmaj<sup>9</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup>

wish you'd make the mus - ic dream - y and sad.\_\_\_\_\_ Could tell you a lot,\_\_\_\_\_

C<sup>6</sup>/E F<sup>9</sup> G<sup>6</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> A<sup>#</sup>dim

but you've got\_\_\_\_\_ to be true to your code.\_\_\_\_\_ So make it

B<sup>7</sup>aug Em<sup>6</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> G/B Cadd<sup>9</sup> Am<sup>7</sup>/D G Am<sup>7</sup> A<sup>#</sup>dim G/B

one\_\_\_\_\_ for my ba-by, and one more for\_\_\_\_\_ the road.\_\_\_\_\_ You'd

Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>9</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>9</sup> B<sup>7</sup>aug E<sup>9</sup> A<sup>9</sup> Am<sup>7</sup>/D

nev - er know it, but bud - dy I'm a kind of po-et and I've got - ta lot - ta things to say.

G Am<sup>7</sup> A<sup>#</sup>dim G/C Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>9</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>9</sup>

— And when I'm gloom - y, you sim - ply got - ta lis - ten to me un -



$E\flat 9 (\#11)$   $D7(\flat 9)_{aug}$   $D7_{aug}$   $G_{maj}^9$   $A_{m7}/G$

- til it's all talked a - way. Well, that's how it goes;— and,

$G_{maj}^9$   $A_{m7}/G$   $G_{maj}^9$   $A_{m7}/G$   $G_{maj}^9$   $A_{m7}/G$

Joe, I know you're get - ting an - xious to close. So

$G_{maj}^9$   $A_{m7}/G$   $G_{maj}^9$   $A_{m7}/G$   $G_{maj}^9$   $F/G$   $D_{m7} G^9$

thanks for the cheer;- I hope you did-n't mind my bend - ing your ear. This

$C_{maj}^9$   $D_{m7}$   $C^6/E$   $F^9$   $G^6$   $E_{m7}$

torch that I've found— must be drowned— or it soon might ex - plode.

$A_{m7}$   $A^{\#}dim$   $B^7_{aug}$   $E_{m6}$   $A_{m7} G/B Cadd^9 D^9/C$   $B^7_{aug}$   $B^7(\flat 9)$

— So make it one— for my ba - by, and one more for the road;

$B_{m7}(\flat 5)$   $E^9$   $A_{m9}$   $D^{13}(\flat 9)$   $G$   $G/F$   $C/E$   $C_{m6}/E\flat$   $G/D$   $C/E$   $G/D$   $D^7 G$

— That long, long road.



# Ol' Man River

Music by Jerome Kern ★ Words by Oscar Hammerstein II

Slow

*mp*  $E^b$   $Cm^7$   $E^b$   $A^b$   $E^b$   $A^b$

Ol' man riv-er, dat ol' man riv-er, he must know sump-in', but

$E^b$   $E^{dim}$   $Fm^7$   $B^b9$   $Fm^7$   $B^b9$

don't say noth-in'; He jus' keeps roll-in', he keeps on roll-in' a -

$E^b$   $A^b6$   $E^b$  /  $Fm^7$   $B^b7$   $E^b$   $Cm^7$   $E^b$   $A^b$

- long.\_\_\_\_\_ He don't plant 'ta-ters, he don't plant cot-ton, an'

$E^b$   $A^b7$   $E^b/G$   $G^b^{dim7}$   $Fm^7$   $B^b7$

dem dat plants 'em is soon for - got-ten; But ol' man riv-er, he

$Fm^7$   $B^b9$   $E^b$   $A^b6$   $E^b$   $Am^7(b5)$   $D^7$   $Gm$   $D^7(b9)$

*mf* jus' keeps roll-in' a - long.\_\_\_\_\_ You an' me, we



Gm D7(b9) Gm D7(b9) Gm D7(b9)

sweat an' strain, bo - dy all ach - in' an' racked wid pain.

Gm Cm<sup>6</sup> Gm Cm<sup>6</sup> Gm D7(b9)

"Tote dat barge! Lift dat bale!" Git a lit - tle drunk an' you

Gm C7(b9) Fm<sup>7</sup> Bb7(b9) E<sup>b</sup> Cm<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> Bb<sup>9</sup>

*mp* *mf*

land in jail. Ah gits wea-ry an' sick of try-in', Ah'm tired of liv-in' an'

Cm<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b</sup>/B<sup>b</sup> Gaug/B Cm<sup>7</sup> F<sup>9</sup> Fm<sup>7</sup> Bb<sup>7</sup>

*f*

skeered of dy - in'. But ol' man riv - er, he jus' keeps roll - in' a -

1. 2.

E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup>m E<sup>b</sup> / Fm<sup>7</sup> Bb<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b</sup> / Fm<sup>7</sup> A<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup> E<sup>b</sup>

- long. - long.



# One More River

Traditional

Medium tempo

*mf*  $E^b$   $B^b7$   $E^b$  1.

Old No - ah once he built the Ark, } There's one more riv - er to cross; And  
 patched it up with hick - 'ry bark, }

2.  $E^b$   $A^b$   $E^b$   $B^b7$   $E^b$  Chorus

cross. One more riv - er, — and that's the riv - er of Jor - dan;

$A^b$   $E^b$   $A^b6$   $B^b7$   $E^b$

One more riv - er, — There's one more riv - er to cross.

The animals went in one by one. . .  
 The elephant chewing a caraway bun. . .

The animals went in two by two. . .  
 The rhinoceros and the kangaroo. . .

The animals went in three by three. . .  
 The bear, the flea and the bumble bee. . .

The animals went in four by four. . .  
 Old Noah got mad and hollered for more. . .

The animals went in five by five. . .  
 Leapin' and dancin' and doin' the jive. . .

The animals went in six by six. . .  
 The hyena laughed at the monkey's tricks. . .

The animals went in seven by seven. . .  
 Said the ant to the elephant, "Who are you shovin'?"

The animals went in eight by eight. . .  
 They came with a rush 'cos it was late. . .

The animals went in nine by nine. . .  
 Old Noah shouted, "Cut that line!"

The animals went in ten by ten. . .  
 The Ark she blew her whistle then. . .

And then the voyage did begin. . .  
 Old Noah pulled the gang-plank in. . .

They never knew where they were at. . .  
 Till the old Ark bumped on Ararat. . .



# Please Warm My Wiener

Words & Music by Bo Chatmon

Medium tempo

*mf* **G**

I got some-thin' to tell you, ba - by, don't get mad this time;

**G**

If you want my wie - ner, you gim - me, he's all up in **3** my mind. Ba-by,

**C7** **G**

please warm my wien-er; ba-by, please warm my wien-er. Won't you

**D7** **C7** **G** **C7** **G**

just warm my wien-er, 'cos he real-ly don't feel right cold.

## Verse 2

Now listen here, sweet baby, I ain't no lyin' man;  
If you warm my wiener one time you'll want to warm him again.  
Baby, please warm my wiener; oh, warm my wiener.  
Won't you just warm my wiener, 'cos he really don't feel right cold.

## Verse 3

Says some say to take hot water, baby can't you see;  
But your heat, baby, is plenty warm enough for me.  
Baby, please warm my wiener; please warm my wiener.  
Won't you just warm my wiener, 'cos he really don't feel right cold.

## Verse 4

Now listen here, sweet baby, you know that time is growing old;  
I don't want you to warm half of my wiener, I want you to warm him all.  
Baby, please warm my wiener; baby, please warm my wiener.  
Won't you warm my wiener, 'cos he really don't feel right cold.



# Pickpocket Blues

Words & Music by Bessie Smith

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\text{3}}$  ♩)

C *mf* A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G C

My best man, my best friend,— told me to stop ped-dl-in' gin.—

A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

They ev-en told me to keep my hands— out peo-ple's pock-et where their

E<sup>b</sup>7 D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C

mon-ey was in.—— But I would-n't lis-ten or

A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

have a-ny shame,— 'long as some-one else would take the blame.—

E<sup>b</sup>7 G<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> sus<sup>4</sup>

Now—— I can see it all come home to me. I'm



G<sup>7</sup> C F

sit - tin' in the jail - house now. — I mean, I'm in the jail - house

C G<sup>7</sup> Gdim G<sup>7</sup>

now. I — done stop — run - nin' a - round — with

D<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>6</sup> N.C.

this one and these — good - look - in' browns. — A - ny - time you see me I was

C<sup>7</sup> N.C. F N.C. F<sup>7</sup> N.C. C C<sup>7</sup>

good - time bound, — with this one, that one, most all in town. —

F F<sup>#dim</sup> C/G A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C

I'm in the jail - house now, I'm sit - tin' in — the jail - house now. —



# Prelude To A Kiss

Words & Music by Duke Ellington, Irving Gordon & Irving Mills

Medium swing

$D^{13}$   $D^9 \text{aug}$   $G^9$   $G^7(b9)$   $C^9$   $F \text{maj}^7$   $B^{13}$   $B^9 \text{aug}$   $E^9$   $E^7(b9)$   
 $mp$   
 If you hear a song in blue,— Like a flow - er cry - ing

$A^7(b9)$   $Dm$   $F \text{add}^9$   $G^7 \text{aug}$   $C$   $D^{13}$   
 for the dew,— That was my heart se - re - nad - ing you;—

$Dm^7$   $G^7(b9) \text{aug}$   $C^6$   $B^b \text{maj}^7$   $A^7 \text{aug}$   $D^{13}$   $D^9 \text{aug}$   $G^9$   $G^7(b9)$   
 My pre - lude to— a kiss.— If you hear a

$C^9$   $F \text{maj}^7$   $B^{13}$   $B^9 \text{aug}$   $E^9$   $E^7(b9)$   $A^7(b9)$   $Dm$   
 song that grows— From my ten - der sen - ti - men - tal woes,—

$F \text{add}^9$   $G^7 \text{aug}$   $C$   $D^{13}$   $Dm^7$   $G^7(b9)$   $G^9 \text{aug}$   $C$   
 That was my heart try - ing to com - pose— My pre - lude to— a kiss.—



E C#m7 F#m7 F#m7(b5) B7(b9) B9 Eadd9 C#m7

Tho' it's just a sim - ple me - lo - dy, With no - thing fan - cy,

F#m7 B7(b9) B7 E C#m7 F#m7 F#m7(b5) B7(b9) B9

no - thing much, You could turn it to a sym - pho - ny; A

E A7(b9) D9 3 F6/9 F#6/9 G6/9 E9(b5) A7(b9)aug D13 D9aug G9 G7(b9)

Schu - bert tune — with a Gersh - win touch. Oh! How my love song

C9 Fmaj7 B13 B9aug E9 E7(b9) A7(b9) Dm

gen - tly cries — For the ten - der - ness with - in your eyes! — My

Fadd9 G7aug C D13 Dm7 G7(b9) G9aug C

love is a pre - lude that nev - er dies: — A pre - lude to — a kiss. —



# Police Dog Blues

Words & Music by Arthur Phelps

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\text{♩}} \overset{\frown}{\text{♩}} \overset{\frown}{\text{♩}}$ )

D *mf* G<sup>7</sup> D D<sup>7</sup>

All my life I've been a trav - lin' man.

G<sup>9</sup> D

All my life I've been a trav - lin' man.

A<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> D

Stay-in' a - lone and do - in' the best I can.

## Verse 2

I shipped my trunk down to Tennessee. (*Twice*)  
Hard to tell about a man like me.

## Verse 3

I met a gal, I couldn't get her off my mind. (*Twice*)  
she passed me up, said she didn't like my kind.

## Verse 4

I'm scared to bother around her house at night. (*Twice*)  
She got a police dog cravin' for a fight.

## Verse 5

His name is Rambler, when he gets a chance, (*Twice*)  
He leaves his mark on everybody's pants.

## Verse 6

Guess I'll travel, I guess I'll let her be. (*Twice*)  
Before she sticks her police dog on me.



# Ramblin' On My Mind

Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

N.C. *mf*

I got ram-blin', I got ram - blin' on my mind.

I got ram-blin' I got ram - blin' on my mind. Hate to

leave my ba - by, but she treats me so un - kind.

## Verse 2

I got mean things, I got mean things all on my mind. (*Twice*)  
Hate to leave you here, babe, but you treat me so unkind.

## Verse 3

Runnin' down to the station, catch the first mail train I see. (*Twice*)  
I got the blues about Miss So-and-so, and the child's got the blues about me.

## Verse 4

I'm leaving this morning with my arms fold up and cryin'. (*Twice*)  
I hate to leave my baby, but she treats me so unkind.



# Quiet Nights Of Quiet Stars (Corcovado)

English Words by Gene Lees ★ Music & Original Words by Antonio Carlos Jobim

Bossa nova

$D^9$  *mp*  $A^b \dim^7$



Qui - et nights of qui - et stars, qui - et chords from my \_\_\_ gui - tar

$Gm^7$   $G^b7$   $F \dim$   $F \frac{6}{9}$




Float - ing on the si - lence that\_ sur - rounds\_ us.\_\_\_\_\_

$Fm^7$   $Em^7$   $A^7 \text{aug}$



Qui - et thoughts and qui - et dreams,\_ qui - et walks by qui - et streams,

$D^9$   $Dm^7$   $A^b \dim$



And a win - dow look - ing on\_ the moun - tains and the sea.\_\_\_\_ How love - ly!



**D<sup>9</sup>** **A<sup>b</sup>dim**

This is where I want to be; here, with you so close to me, Un - til

**Gm<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>b</sup>7** **Fdim** **F<sup>6</sup>/<sub>9</sub>**

the fi - nal flick - er of life's em - - ber.

**Fm<sup>7</sup>** **B<sup>b</sup>7(b5)** **Em<sup>7</sup>** **Am<sup>7</sup>**

I, who was lost and lone - ly, be - liev - ing life was on - ly

**Dm<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>(b9)** **Em<sup>7</sup>(b5)** **A<sup>7</sup>aug**

A bit - ter tra - gic joke, have found with you

**Dm<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>11</sup>** **C<sup>6</sup>**

The mean - ing of ex - ist - ence, oh my love.



# Recado Bossa Nova (The Gift)

Words & Music by Djalma Ferreira & Luiz Antonio

Bossa nova

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a mezzo-piano (mp) dynamic and a Dm chord. The second staff features D7 and Gm7 chords. The third staff includes Em7(b5), Eb13, and Dm chords, ending with a 'To Coda' symbol. The fourth staff is the first ending, marked '1.', with E7 and A7(b9) chords. The fifth staff is the second ending, marked '2.', with Cm7, A7, and Dm chords.

mp

Dm

A7

D7

Gm7

Em7(b5)

Eb13

Dm

To Coda

1.

E7

A7(b9)

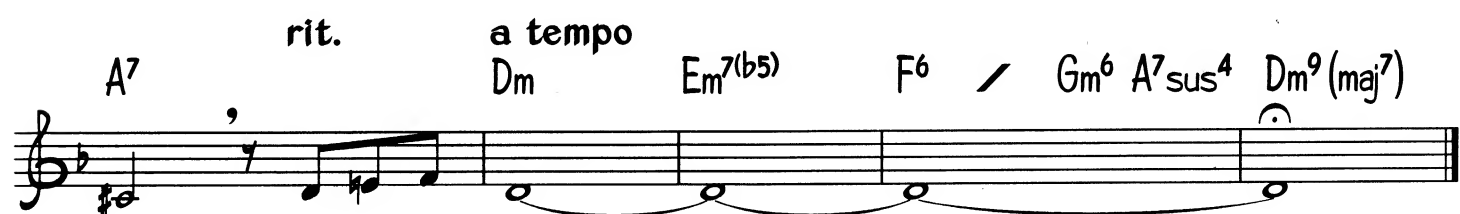
2.

Cm7

A7

Dm







# Richlands Woman Blues

Words & Music by Mississippi John Hurt

Medium tempo

N.C. F C

*mf*



Gim - me red lip - stick and a bright pur-ple rouge.

G C



a shin-gle - bob hair - cut\_ and a shot of good booze.

F C



Hur - ry down, \_ sweet dad - dy, \_ come blow-in' your horn.

G C



If you come too late, sweet ma-ma will be gone.\_

## Verse 2

Come along young man, everything settin' right;  
My husbands goin' away till next Saturday night.  
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn;  
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.



*Verse 3*

Now I'm raring to go, got red shoes on my feet,  
My mind is sittin' right for a Tin Lizzie seat.  
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn;  
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

*Verse 4*

The red rooster said, "Cockle-doodle-do-do."  
The Richlands' woman said, "Any dude will do."  
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn;  
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

*Verse 5*

With rosy red garters, pink hose on my feet,  
Turkey red bloomer, with a rumble seat.  
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn;  
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

*Verse 6*

Every Sunday mornin', church people watch me go,  
My wings sprouted out, and the preacher told me so.  
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn;  
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

*Verse 7*

Dress skirt cut high, then they cut low;  
Don't think I'm a sport, keep on watchin' me go.  
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn;  
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.



# Roberta

Words & Music by Huddie Ledbetter  
Arranged & Adapted by John A. Lomax & Alan Lomax

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

Run here, Ro - ber - ta, sit down on my knee. —

Run here, Ro - ber-ta, sit down on my knee. —

Got some-thing to tell you, and that's been wor-ryin' me. —

## Verse 2

I went down to the river, I sat down on the ground. (*Twice*)  
I'm gonna stay right here, Lord, till Roberta comes down.

## Verse 3

Oh, Roberta, tell me how long, how long? (*Twice*)  
I'm gonna wait for you baby, I've gotta see you since you been gone.

## Verse 4

Well, way up the river, just as far as I could see. (*Twice*)  
Lord, I thought I'd find my old time used to be.

## Verse 5

She was a brownskin woman, she had black wavy hair. (*Twice*)  
And I can't subscribe her, anymore, anywhere.

## Verse 6

I'm going to the station and talk to the chief of police. (*Twice*)  
Roberta done quit me, I can't see no peace.



# Rockin' Chair

Words & Music by Hoagy Carmichael

Medium slow

$E^b$   $E^b \text{maj}^7$   $Bm^7$   $E^b9$   $A^b \text{maj}^7$   $D^b9$   
 Old rock-in' chair's got me,— cane by my side;

$Gm^7$   $C^7 \text{aug}$   $C^7$   $F^7$   $F^7(b5)/B$   $B^b7 \text{sus}^4$   $B^b7$   
 Fetch me that gin, son, 'fore I tan your hide.

$E^b6$   $Cm^7$   $Am^7(b5)$   $D^7$   $Gm$   
 Can't get from this ca - bin,— goin' no - where;

$Cm^7(b5)$   $F^7$   $E^b/B^b$   $G^b \text{dim}$   $B^b7/F$   $E^b$   $E^b7$   
 Just sit me here grab-bin' at the flies 'round this rock - in' chair.

$A^b9$   $E^b \text{maj}^7$   
 My dear old Aunt Har - ri - et, in hea - ven she be;

$Am^7(b5)$   $D^7$   $Gm^7$   $Cm^7$   $F^9 \text{sus}^4$   $F^9$   $Fm^7$   $B^b7$   
 send me sweet cha - ri - ot— for the end of these trou - ble I see.

$E^b$   $E^b \text{maj}^7$   $B^b m^7$   $E^b9$   $A^b \text{maj}^7$   $D^b9$   
 Old rock-in' chair gits it,— judg - ment day is here.

1.  $Gm^7$   $C^7$   $Fm^7$   $E \text{maj}^7$   $E^b$   $Fm^7$   $B^b7$   
 chained to my rock - in' chair.

2.  $E^b$   $A^b9$   $E^b$   
 chair.



# San Francisco Bay Blues

Words & Music by Jesse Fuller

Medium fast

N.C. C F

*mf*

I got the blues for my ba - by, left me by the San Fran - cis - co

C C<sup>7</sup> F C

bay; \_\_\_\_\_ O - cean lin - er took her so far a - way. \_\_\_\_\_

C<sup>7</sup> F F<sup>#dim</sup>

— Did - n't mean to treat her so bad, — she was the

C/G A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

best gal I ev - er had; \_\_\_\_\_ Said good - bye, \_\_\_\_\_ made me cry, \_\_\_\_\_

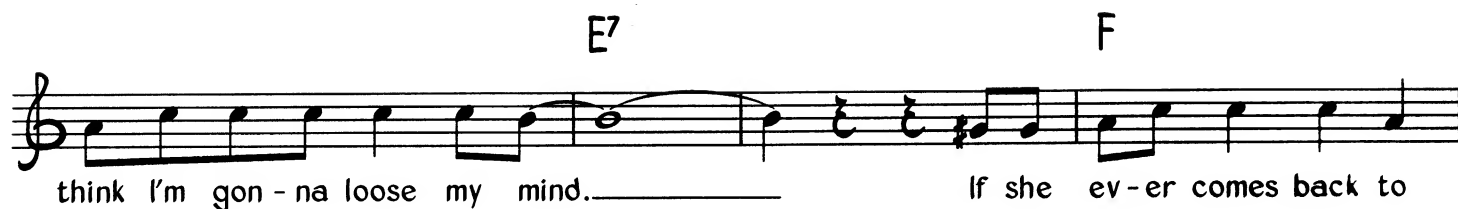
G<sup>7</sup> C

I wan - na lay down and die. \_\_\_\_\_ I ain't got a nick - el and I

F C C<sup>7</sup> F

ain't got a lous - y dime; \_\_\_\_\_ If she ev - er comes back, I





### Verse 2

Sitting down by my back door, wondering which way to go;  
 Woman I'm so crazy about, she don't love me no more.  
 Think I'll take me a freight train, 'cos I'm feeling blue;  
 Ride all the way till the end of the line, thinking only of you.

### Verse 3

Meanwhile, in another city, just about to go insane,  
 Sound like I heard my baby, the way she used to call my name.  
 If she ever come back to stay, it'll be another brand new day,  
 Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay.



# Salty Dog

Traditional

Medium fast

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\text{♩}} \overset{\frown}{\text{♩}} \overset{\frown}{\text{♩}}$ )  
Chorus

(F) D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

*mf* Why don't you let me be— your sal - ty dog?— Don't want to be your

C<sup>7</sup> F B<sup>b</sup>7 F

man at all... Sal - ty dog, ma - ma's lit - tle sal - ty dog... Just like

D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

hun - tin' for a nee - dle in a bale of sand,— Tryin' to find a wo - man has - n't

C<sup>7</sup> F

got no man.— Sal - ty dog,— you sal - ty dog.— Why don't you

D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

let me be your sal - ty dog?— Don't want to be your man at all.—

C<sup>7</sup> F B<sup>b</sup>7 F

Sal - ty dog,— ma - ma's lit - tle sal - ty dog.—

## Verse 2

Little fish, big fish, swimming in the water.  
Come on back here, man, and give me my quarter.  
Salty dog, you salty dog.

## Chorus

## Verse 3

God made the women and he made her mighty funny.  
Kiss 'em on the mouth, just as sweet as any honey.  
Salty dog, you salty dog.

## Chorus



# See See Rider

Words & Music by Gertrude 'Ma' Rainey

Medium slow

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

*C mp* *Cdim C* *Cdim C* *Cdim*

I'm so un-hap-py, I feel so blue; I al - ways— feel so

*C G<sup>7</sup>aug C* *Cdim C* *Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>*

sad. I made a mis-take right from the start, Tho' it seems so hard to

*G<sup>7</sup> C* *Cdim C* *D<sup>7</sup>*

part.— A-bout this let-ter that I will write, I hope he will re-mem-ber

*rit.*  
*G Am A<sup>#</sup>dim G/B G<sup>7</sup> C*  
*mf*

when he re - ceives it. See see ri - der, see what— you have done,—

*C<sup>7</sup> F Fm C F/A C/G F<sup>6</sup>*

— Lawd, Lawd, Lawd. Made me love you, now your own girl come.—

*C/E Dm<sup>7</sup> C Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>9</sup> G<sup>7</sup>*

— You made— me love you, now your real girl come.—

1. *C C/B<sup>b</sup> Adim Fm/A<sup>b</sup> C/G F<sup>#</sup>dim G<sup>7</sup>* 2. *C C/B<sup>b</sup> Adim Fm/A<sup>b</sup> C/G G<sup>11</sup> C N.C.*



# Serenade In Blue

Words by Mack Gordon ★ Music by Harry Warren

Medium slow

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\text{3}} \text{ } \overset{\frown}{\text{3}} \text{ } \overset{\frown}{\text{3}}$ )

$E^b$   $mf$   $C7(b9/b5)$   $F^9$   $B^9$   $B^b7_{aug}$

When I hear that se-re-nade in blue, \_\_\_\_\_ I'm some-where in an-oth-er world\_ a -

$E^b_{maj7}/G$   $G^b m^6$   $F m^7$   $D^b9$   $G^7/D$   $C7(b9)$

- lone with you, Shar - ing all the joys we used to know\_ Ma - ny moons\_

$F^7$   $A^b m^6/C^b$   $B^b13$   $E^b6$   $F m^7$   $B^b9$   $E^b$

— a - go. Once a - gain your face comes back to me,

$C7(b9/b5)$   $F^9$   $B^9$   $B^b7_{aug}$   $E^b_{maj7}/G$   $G^b m^6$

Just like the theme of some for - got - ten me - lo - dy

$F m^7$   $D^b9$   $G^7/D$   $C7(b9)$   $F^7$   $A^b m^6/C^b$   $B^b13$   $E^b6$   $E^b7$

In the al - bum of my me - mo - ry;\_ Se - re - nade\_ in blue. It



$A^b6$   $A^b$

seems like on - ly yes - ter - day, - A small ca - fe, a crowd - ed floor, - And

$A^b6$   $G^b$

as we danced the night a - way - I heard you say "For - ev - er more". - And

$F^7$   $Gm^7$   $G^\sharp \dim$   $F^7/A$

then the song be - came a sigh, - For - ev - er more be came good - bye, But

$B^b7$   $Fm^7$   $B^b7_{sus^4}$   $B^b13(b9)$   $E^b$

you re - mained in my heart. - So tell me, dar - ling, is there still a spark; -

$C^7(b9/b5)$   $F^9$   $B^9$   $B^b7_{aug}$   $E^b \text{maj}^7/G$   $G^bm^6$

Or on - ly lone - ly ash - es of the flame we knew?

$Fm^7$   $Fm/E^b$   $G^7/D$   $D^b9(b5)$   $C^7$   $F^9$   $E^7(\sharp9)$   $E^b6$

Should I go on whist - ling, in the dark, - Se - re - nade in blue?



# Seven Eleven

**By Carpenter & Williams**

## Medium swing

(♩ =  $\overbrace{\text{♪ ♪}}^3$ )

F6

$$mf$$

F9

Bb9

F6

Gm<sup>9</sup>

C13

F6

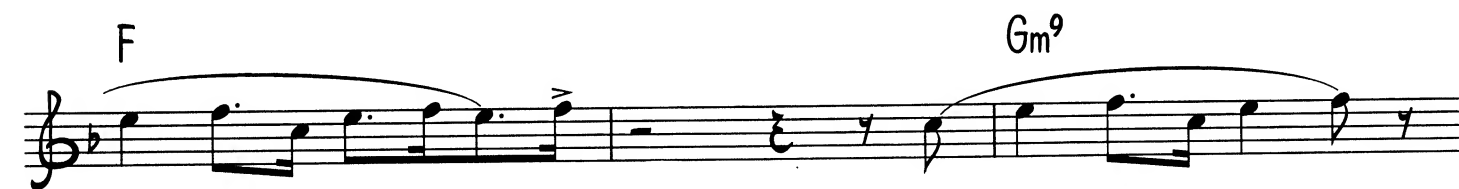
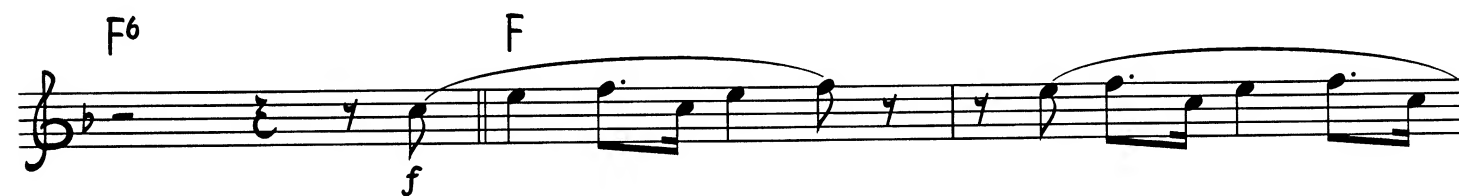
**C7**

F6

F9(b5)

Bb9









Willie Dixon



# Seventh Son (Original Version)

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium tempo

N.C. D<sup>7</sup> N.C.

*mf*

Now ev - 'ry-bo-dy's cryin' a-bout the sev-enth son. In the

D<sup>7</sup> N.C. D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

whole round world there is on-ly one. I'm the one,

D<sup>7</sup>

Yeah, I'm the one. I'm the

A<sup>11</sup> G<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

one, I'm the one, the one they call the sev-enth son.

## Verse 2

Now I can tell your future, before it comes to pass.  
I can do things for you, make your heart feel glad.  
I can look in the skies, and predict the rain.  
I can tell when a woman's got another man.  
*I'm the one, etc.*

## Verse 3

I can hold you close and squeeze you tight.  
I can make you grab for me, both day and night.  
I can heal the sick, I can raise the dead.  
I can make you, little girl, talk out of your head.  
*I'm the one, etc.*

## Verse 4

I can talk these words, and sound so sweet,  
And make your lovin' heart even skip a beat.  
I can take you, baby, hold you in my arms,  
And make the flesh quiver lovely forms.  
*I'm the one, etc.*



# Seventh Son

## (Version 2)

Medium tempo

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

*C*<sup>7</sup> *mf*

1. Ev - 'ry - bo - dy's talk - in' bout the sev - enth son. In the

*F*<sup>7</sup>

whole wide world there's on - ly one. I'm the one; Yes, I'm the

*C*<sup>7</sup> *G*<sup>7</sup> *F*<sup>7</sup>

one. I'm the one, I'm the one;— the one they call the sev-enth

*C*<sup>7</sup> *B*<sup>b7</sup> *B*<sup>7</sup> *C*<sup>7</sup>

son. 2. I can tell your fu-ture, it will come to pass; I can

do things for you, make your heart tell glad;— Look in the sky, pre-dict— the rain; I can

*N.C.* *F*<sup>7</sup> *C*<sup>7</sup>

tell when a wo-man's got a-noth-er man. I'm the one; Yes, I'm the one. I'm the

*G*<sup>7</sup> *F*<sup>7</sup> *C*<sup>7</sup> *B*<sup>b7</sup> *B*<sup>7</sup>

one, I'm the one;— the one they call the sev-enth son. 3. I can

### Verse 3

I can talk these words that will sound so sweet  
 They will even make your little heart skip a beat;  
 I can heal the sick and raise the dead;  
 I can make little girls talk out their head.  
*I'm the one, etc.*



# Shake That Thing

Traditional

Medium fast

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\text{3}}$ )

*mf*  $C^7$

Now, the old folks like it, and the young folks too.— The

old folks tell the young— folks how to do.— You gon - na

shake that thing,— aw, shake that thing.— I'm get-tin'

sick and tired— of tell-in' you to shake— that thing.—

## Verse 2

Now, it ain't no Johnson, ain't no chicken wings.  
All you do is to shake that thing.  
Why don't you shake that thing, shake that thing?  
I'm getting sick and tired of telling you to shake that thing.

## Verse 3

I was walking downtown and stumbled and fell.  
My mouth jumped open like a front wheel well.  
Why don't you shake that thing, shake that thing?  
I'm getting sick and tired of telling you to shake that thing.



# Shake Your Money Maker

Words & Music by Elmore James

**Fast**  
*B<sup>11</sup>* *E<sup>7</sup>*  
*mf*

Well, I got a gal, she lives up on the hill.\_\_\_\_

*A<sup>7</sup>* *E<sup>7</sup>*

Well, I got a gal, she lives up on the hill.\_\_\_\_

*B<sup>7</sup>* *A<sup>7</sup>* *E<sup>7</sup>*

Some - times she won't,\_\_\_\_ some-times I think she will.\_\_\_\_

**Chorus**

You've got to shake your mon - ey - ma - ker,\_\_\_\_ shake your mon - ey - ma -

*A<sup>7</sup>* *E<sup>7</sup>*

- ker,\_\_\_\_ Shake your mon - ey - ma - ker,\_\_\_\_ shake your mon - ey - ma -

*B<sup>7</sup>* *A<sup>7</sup>* *E<sup>7</sup>* **2**

- ker, Shake your mon - ey - ma - ker.\_\_\_\_

## Verse 2

Love you, baby, tell you the reason why. (Twice)  
 Every time you leave me, I want to lay down and die.

## Chorus

## Verse 3

I got a baby, she lives up on the hill. (Twice)  
 Says she gonna love me, but I don't think she will.

## Chorus

## Verse 4

I got a gal and she just won't be true. (Twice)  
 She got to the place, won't do a thing I tell her to.

## Chorus



# She Ain't Nothing But Trouble

Words & Music by Arthur Crudup

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic and a G7 chord. The second staff features C7 and G7 chords. The third staff includes D7, C7, and G chords. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words underlined. There are triplets indicated by a '3' over a group of notes in several places.

*mf* *G*<sup>7</sup>

I don't\_ want my\_ ba-by, Lord, fool-in' a-round\_ on me.\_\_\_\_

*C*<sup>7</sup> *G*<sup>7</sup>

I don't\_ want my\_ ba-by Lord, fool-in' a-round\_ on me.\_\_\_\_

*D*<sup>7</sup> *C*<sup>7</sup> *G*

She ain't noth-in' but trou-ble, wher-ev-er she\_ may be.\_\_\_\_

## Verse 2

Darlin', you ain't nothin' in the world but trouble; I love you just the same. (*Twice*)  
I don't want my baby talkin' to another man.

## Verse 3

Take me, darlin', hold me in your arms.  
Love me, baby, love me all night long.  
You ain't nothin' in the world but trouble, wherever she may be.

## Verse 4

Now when the sun starts risin', Lord, I'm wringin' my hands and cryin'. (*Twice*)  
I love you, baby, I just can't get you off my mind.



# Singing The Blues

Words & Music by Melvin Endsley

Medium tempo

F B<sup>b</sup>

Well I nev - er felt more like sing - ing the blues\_ 'cos  
nev - er felt more like cry - in' all night\_ 'cos

F C<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>

I nev - er thought\_ that I'd ev - er lose\_ your love, dear,  
ev - 'ry - thing's wrong\_ and no - thing ain't right\_ with - out you.

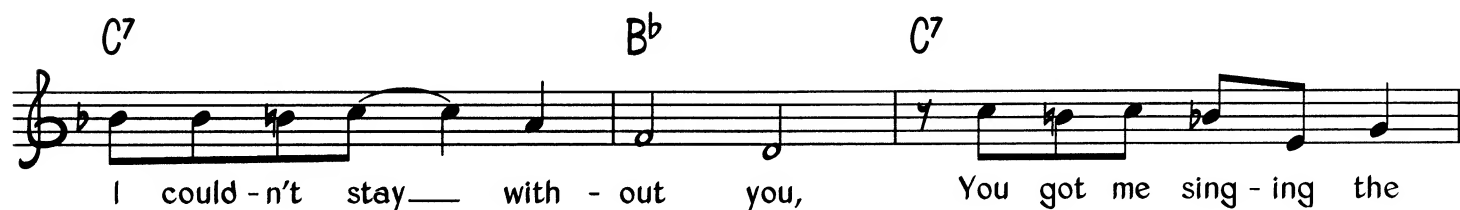
C<sup>7</sup> 1. F B<sup>b</sup> F C<sup>7</sup>

why do you do me this way?\_ Well, I  
You got me sing - ing the

2. F F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F

blues\_ The moon and stars no long - er shine, The







# Silver City Bound

Words & Music by Huddie Ledbetter  
Arranged & Adapted by Alan Lomax

Medium tempo

(♩ = ♩<sup>3</sup>)

Chorus

N.C.

mf

D



D<sup>7</sup>

G<sup>7</sup>

D



A<sup>7</sup>

D



Verse

B<sup>7</sup>

E<sup>7</sup>

A<sup>7</sup>



D

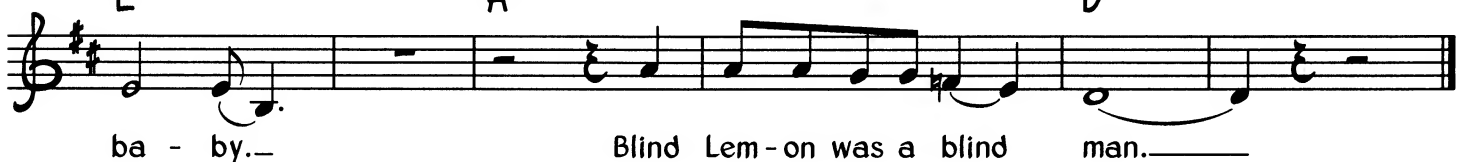
B<sup>7</sup>



E<sup>7</sup>

A<sup>7</sup>

D



Verse 2

Catch me by the hand, aw, baby,  
Blind Lemon was a blind man. He'd holler: (Twice)  
Chorus

Verse 3

Catch me by the hand, aw, baby,  
And lead me all throughout the land. (Twice)  
Chorus



# Smoke Gets In Your Eyes

Music by Jerome Kern ★ Words by Otto Harbach

Slow

*mp*  $E^b$   $Cm^7$   $Fm^7$   $B^b7$   $E^b$   $E^b\text{aug}$   $A^b$   $E^b\text{dim}$

They asked me how I knew my true love was true.\_\_\_\_\_ I, of course, re -

$E^b\text{maj}^7$   $Cm^7$   $Fm^7$   $B^b7$   $E^b$   $E\text{dim}$   $Fm^7$   $B^b7(b9)$

- plied, "Some-thing here in - side can - not be de - nied."\_\_\_\_\_

$E^b$   $Cm^7$   $Fm^7$   $B^b7$   $E^b$   $E^b\text{aug}$   $A^b$   $E^b\text{dim}$

They said some-day you'll find all who love are blind.\_\_\_\_\_ When your heart's on

$E^b\text{maj}^7$   $Cm^7$   $Fm^7$   $B^b7$   $E^b$   $A^b9$   $E^b$   $E^b/D^b$

fire, you must re - al - ize smoke gets in your eyes.\_\_\_\_\_

$B$   $F\#7$   $F\#\text{dim}$   $F\#7$

So I chaffed\_\_\_\_\_them and I gai-ly laughed to think they could doubt my love.

$B$   $A^b\text{m}^7$   $B^b7$   $E^b$   $E\text{dim}$   $Fm^7$   $B^b7(b9)$

Yet to-day\_\_\_\_\_ my love has flown a - way.\_\_\_\_\_ I am with - out my love.

$E^b$   $Cm^7$   $Fm^7$   $B^b7$   $E^b$   $E^b\text{aug}$   $A^b$   $E^b\text{dim}$

Now laugh - ing friends de - ride tears I can - not hide.\_\_\_\_\_ So I smile and

$E^b\text{maj}^7$   $Cm^7$   $Fm^7$   $B^b7$   $E^b$   $D^b9$   $E^b$

say, "When a love - ly flame dies, smoke gets in your eyes."\_\_\_\_\_



# So Blue

Music by Helen Crawford & Ray Henderson ★ Words by Lew Brown & Buddy De Sylva

## Medium jazz waltz

*mp* C E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

I knew I'd miss your smile, And miss your kiss - es for a  
 knew that sum - mer nights would nev - er hold the same de -

Dm Fm<sup>6</sup> C A<sup>b7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C 1. G<sup>7</sup> aug

while, But nev - er knew that I'd be oh, so blue. I  
 - lights, But nev - er knew that I'd be oh, so blue

2. C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>6</sup> Fm<sup>6</sup> Cmaj<sup>7</sup>

Both sleep - ing And wak - ing, My poor heart is

D<sup>7</sup> C<sup>6</sup> Em<sup>7(b5)</sup> A<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7(b5)</sup>

ach - ing; You know dear, It's break - ing for you.

G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> aug C E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

I'll be in hea - ven when I hold you in my arms a -

Dm Fm<sup>6</sup> C A<sup>b7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C / Fm C

- gain, But, un - til then, I'll just be oh, so blue.



# Solitude

Medium slow Words by Eddie de Lange & Irving Mills ★ Music by Duke Ellington

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

N.C. *mp*  $E^b \text{maj}^7$   $C\text{m}^7$   $F\text{m}^7$   $F\text{m}^9$

In my so - li - tude you haunt me with  
so - li - tude you taunt me with

$A^b/B^b$   $G\text{m}/B^b$   $F\text{m}^7/B^b$   $B^b7(b9)$  1.  $E^b \text{maj}^7$   $F\text{m}^9$   $B^b7 \text{aug}$

re - ver - ies of days gone by. In my  
me - mo - ries that nev - er die.

2.  $E^b \text{maj}^7$   $E^b9$   $A^b6$   $F\text{m}^7$   $F^\# \text{dim}$

I sit in my chair, — I'm filled with de - spair; — there's

$E^b/G$   $B^b9$   $E^b9$   $A^b6$   $F\text{m}^7$

no - one could be so sad. With gloom ev - 'ry - where, — I

$F^\# \text{dim}$   $E^b/G$   $E^b6$   $E^b \text{dim}$   $B^b9$   $B^b7 \text{aug}$

sit and I stare; — I know that I'll soon go mad. In my

$E^b \text{maj}^7$   $C\text{m}^7$   $F\text{m}^7$   $F\text{m}^9$

so - li - tude I'm pray - - ing; dear

$A^b/B^b$   $G\text{m}/B^b$   $F\text{m}^7/B^b$   $B^b7(b9)$   $E^b \text{maj}^7$

Lord a - bove, send back my love.



# Someday

Words & Music by Arthur Crudup

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

*mf*  $G^7$

Some - day, ba - by, — some, — some old lone - some

$C^9$

day, Some - day, ba - by, — some, — some old lone - some

$G$   $D^7$

day, — You know I won't be wor - ried and

$C^9$   $G$

treat - ed this - a way. —

## Verse 2

When I go in my room, I fall down on my knees and pray, (*Twice*)  
That I have someone to love me, and I wish that you were there.

## Verse 3

I have found somebody, some woman that really cares for me. (*Twice*)  
I mean I found a woman who wants to be my honey bee.



# Someone To Watch Over Me

Music & Lyrics by George Gershwin & Ira Gershwin

Slow

C mp C<sup>7</sup> F Fdim C/E E<sup>b</sup>dim  
 G<sup>7</sup>/D C<sup>#</sup>dim Dm A<sup>7</sup>/E Dm/F F<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7</sup>(b5) F/G G<sup>7</sup> C E<sup>7</sup>aug Fmaj<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> 1.  
 C C<sup>7</sup> F G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup> F 3  
 Fm C/E B<sup>7</sup>/D<sup>#</sup> E/D  
 A<sup>7</sup>/C<sup>#</sup> A<sup>9</sup> D<sup>9</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup> F Fdim  
 C/E E<sup>b</sup>dim G<sup>7</sup>/D C<sup>#</sup>dim Dm A<sup>7</sup>/E Dm/F F<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7</sup>(b5) F/G G<sup>7</sup>  
 1. C C<sup>7</sup> F G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup> 2. C C<sup>7</sup> F Fm<sup>6</sup> C

The musical score is written for piano in 4/4 time. It begins with a 'Slow' tempo marking. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score consists of several staves of music. The first staff starts with a C major chord, followed by a melodic line. The second staff continues the melody with various chords including C7, F, Fdim, C/E, and Ebdim. The third staff introduces a first ending bracket over a series of chords: G7/D, C#dim, Dm, A7/E, Dm/F, F#m7(b5), F/G, G7, C, E7aug, Fmaj7, and G7. The fourth staff starts a second ending bracket with chords C, C7, F, G7, C, C7, and F, followed by a triplet of eighth notes. The fifth staff continues with Fm, C/E, B7/D#, and E/D. The sixth staff features A7/C#, A9, D9, G7, C, C7, F, and Fdim. The seventh staff includes C/E, Ebdim, G7/D, C#dim, Dm, A7/E, Dm/F, F#m7(b5), F/G, and G7. The final staff shows two endings: the first ending has C, C7, F, G7, C, C7, and the second ending has C, C7, F, Fm6, and C.



# Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child

Traditional

Slowly  
Em  
mp

Am

Some-times I feel like a moth-er-less child. Some-times I feel like a

Em

moth-er-less child. Some-times I feel like a moth-er-less child, A

C<sup>9</sup> Em Am<sup>6</sup> Em C<sup>9</sup> B<sup>7</sup> sus<sup>4</sup> B<sup>7</sup> Em

long way— from home;— A long way— from home.

Am<sup>6</sup> Em C<sup>9</sup> Em

True be-liev-er, I'm a moth-er-less child A long way— from

Am<sup>6</sup> Em rit. C<sup>9</sup> B<sup>7</sup> sus<sup>4</sup> B<sup>7</sup> Em

home;— A long way— from home.



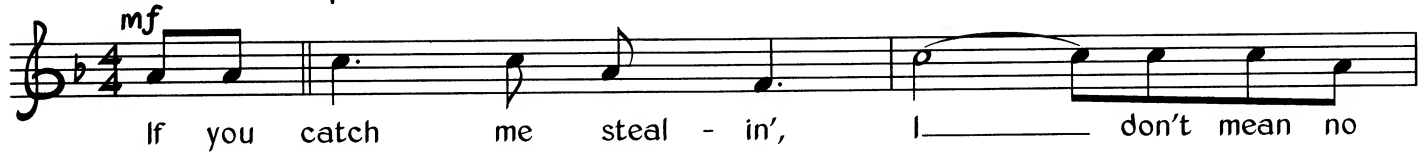
# Sorrowful Blues

Words & Music by Bessie Smith

Medium tempo

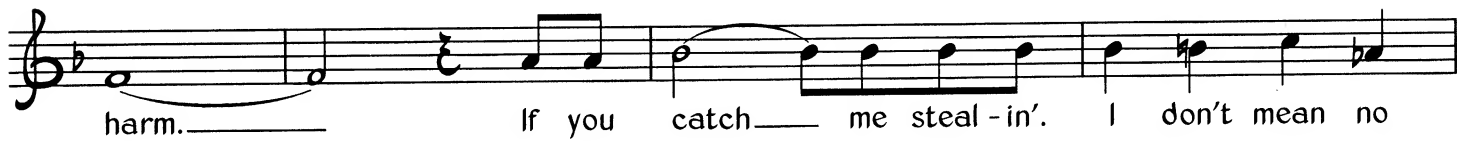
(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{J}} \text{ J}$ )

F



F<sup>7</sup>

B<sup>b</sup>7



F

C<sup>7</sup>



F



## Verse 2

I got nineteen men and I won't want no mo'. (Twice)

If I had one more, I'd let that nineteen go.

## Verse 3

It's hard to love another woman's man. (Twice)

Can't catch him when you want him, you got to catch him when you can.

## Verse 4

Have you ever seen a preacher throw a sweet potato pie? (Twice)

Just step in my backyard and taste a piece of mine.



**Words & Music by Willie Dixon**

(♩ =  $\overset{\text{3}}{\text{J}} \text{ J}$ )

E<sup>7</sup> vamp

*Verse 2*

Men lies about that spoonful,  
Some of them dies about that spoonful,  
Some of them cries about that spoonful.  
But everybody fight about that spoonful;  
That spoon, that spoon, that spoonful.

It could be a spoonful of water, saved from the desert sand;  
But one spoon of luck from my little forty five save me from another man.



# Sporting Life Blues

Traditional

Medium slow

N.C. mp G G<sup>9</sup>

I'm get - tin' tired \_\_\_\_\_ of hang - ing 'round, \_\_\_\_\_ Get a

C<sup>7</sup> Cm G E<sup>7</sup>

job and \_\_\_\_\_ set - tle down. \_\_\_\_\_ This old \_\_\_\_\_ night life, \_\_\_\_\_ this old

A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G C<sup>7</sup> G

sport - in' life, \_\_\_\_\_ is kill - ing me. \_\_\_\_\_

## Verse 2

I got a letter from my home;  
Most of my friends are dead and gone.  
This old night life, this old sportin' life,  
Is killing me.

## Verse 2

There ain't but one thing that I've done wrong;  
Lived this sportin' life too long.  
This old night life, this sportin' life,  
Is killing me.

## Verse 3

I've been a liar, and a cheater too;  
Spent all of my money and my booze on you.  
This old night life, this old sportin' life,  
Is killing me.

## Verse 4

I'm getting tired of running around;  
I think I'll marry and settle down.  
This old night life, this old sportin' life,  
Is killing me.



# Squeeze Me

Words & Music by Clarence Williams & Thomas 'Fats' Waller

Medium slow

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ ) *mf* G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>6</sup>

Ba - by you've been dog - gone sweet to me, — Ba - by

G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>6</sup> F<sup>dim</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>7</sup> Bm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>dim</sup> A<sup>7</sup>/C<sup>#</sup>

you're the on - ly one I see. — You know I need but you, — 'cos

Dm B<sup>dim</sup> C G<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

you're my gal; — You love me like — no one can. Some-thing

Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C Gm/B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>7</sup> / Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

'bout you I can't re - sist, — When you kiss me, mom-ma, I stay kissed. —

C C<sup>dim</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F E<sup>b</sup>7 D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>6</sup> E<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

— Oh, ba-by, squeeze me and squeeze me a - gain; — Oh, hon - ey,



G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>6</sup> E<sup>7</sup> F<sup>6</sup> E<sup>b7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>9</sup> C<sup>13</sup>

don't stop, till I tell you when. Now, ba - by, squeeze me and kiss me some

F<sup>m</sup> D<sup>m7(b5)</sup> C/G G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>m7/C</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F E<sup>b7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

more, Just like you did be - fore. Your ba - by

G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>6</sup> E<sup>b7</sup> maj<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

cu - pid is stand - ing close by, Oh, mom - ma don't let your sweet ba - by

F<sup>9</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>dim</sup> B<sup>b</sup>dim A<sup>dim</sup> A<sup>b</sup>dim G<sup>dim</sup> F<sup>#</sup>dim F<sup>dim</sup> E<sup>dim</sup> E<sup>b</sup>dim D<sup>dim</sup>

cry. Just pick me up on your knee, I

1. G<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>m7(b5)</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> G<sup>b7(#9)</sup> F<sup>6</sup> 2. E<sup>b7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> G<sup>b7(#9)</sup> F<sup>6</sup>

feel so good - y good - y when\_ you kiss me. Oh, mom - ma, you kiss me.



# St. James Infirmary

Words & Music by Joe Primrose

Slow   
 *mp*   
 3   
 Dm A<sup>7</sup> Dm B<sup>b</sup>

I went down\_ to St. James'\_ In - firm - 'ry, - To see my ba - by there.

A<sup>7</sup> sus<sup>4</sup> A<sup>7</sup> Dm 3 A<sup>7</sup> 3 Dm

— She was ly - in' on a long wood - en ta - ble; So

B<sup>b</sup>9 A<sup>7</sup> Dm A<sup>7</sup> Dm A<sup>7</sup> 3 Dm

cold, so still, so bare. Good luck, God speed\_ and\_ bless her, Where

Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F A<sup>7</sup> Dm A<sup>7</sup> 3

ev - er she may be. She could search this whole wide world

Dm B<sup>b</sup>9 A<sup>7</sup> aug A<sup>7</sup> Dm 3 3

ov - er, She'd ne - ver find a bet - ter man than me.



# St. Louis Blues

Words & Music by W. C. Handy

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

*G*<sup>7</sup> *C*<sup>7</sup> *G* *G*<sup>7</sup>

*mf*

I hate to see\_\_ the ev'-nin' sun go down,\_\_\_\_

*C* *C*<sup>7</sup> *G*

Hate to see\_\_ the ev'-nin' sun go down;\_\_\_\_

*D*<sup>7</sup> *G* *D*<sup>7</sup>

'Cos my ba-by\_\_ he done left this town.\_\_\_\_

*G*<sup>7</sup> *C*<sup>7</sup> *G* *G*<sup>7</sup>

Feel-in' to-mor-row like\_\_ I feel to-day;\_\_\_\_

*C* *C*<sup>7</sup> *G*

Feel to-mor-row like\_\_ I feel to-day.\_\_\_\_

*D*<sup>7</sup> *G*

I'll pack my trunk,\_\_ make my get-a-way.\_\_\_\_ St. Lou-is



Gm C#dim D7  
 wo - man, — with her dia - mond rings, — Pulls that

Gm D7  
 man 'round — by her a - pron strings. — 'Twant for

Gm C#dim D7  
 pow - der, — and for store - bought hair, — The

Gm A7 D7  
 man I love — would not gone no - where, no - where. Got the

G G6 G G6 G G6 G G6 G G7  
 St. Lou-is blues, just as blue as — I — can be. — That —

C C7 G  
 man got a heart like a rock cast — in the — sea, — Or —

Am7 D7 G C7 G  
 else he — would - n't have gone — so — far — from — me. —

(See over for block lyrics)



*Verse 2*

Been to the Gypsy to get my fortune told;  
To the Gypsy, to get my fortune told.  
'Cos I'm most wild about my jelly roll.

Gypsy done told me: "Don't you wear no black."  
Yes she done told me: "Don't you wear no black;  
Go to St. Louis, you can win him back."

Help me to Cairo, make St. Louis by myself;  
Gone to Cairo, find my old friend Jeff.  
Goin' to pin myself close to his side;  
If I flag his train, I sure can ride.

I love that man like a schoolboy loves his pie;  
Like a Kentucky colonel loves his mint and rye.  
I'll love my baby till the day I die.

*Verse 3*

You ought to see that stovepipe brown of mine;  
Like he owns the diamond Joseph line.  
He'd make a cross-eyed old man go stone blind.

Blacker than midnight, teeth like flags of truce;  
Blackest man in the whole St. Louis.  
Blacker the berry, sweeter is the juice.

About a crap game, he knows a powerful lot;  
But when work time comes, he's on the dot.  
Goin' to ask him for a cold ten spot;  
What it takes to get it, he's certainly got.

A black-headed gal make a freight train jump the track;  
Said a black-headed gal make a freight train jump the track.  
But a red-headed woman makes a preacher ball the jack.



# Stars Fell On Alabama

Medium slow

Words by Mitchell Parish ★ Music by Frank Perkins

(♩ =  $\frac{3}{4}$  ♩)

**C** **A<sup>7</sup>** **D<sup>9</sup>** **G<sup>9</sup>** **C**

*mp*

We lived our lit - tle dra - ma, we kissed in a field of  
I can't for - get the glam - our, your eyes held a ten - der

**Em** **E<sup>b</sup>dim** **Dm<sup>7</sup>** **1. D<sup>9</sup>** **G<sup>13</sup>** **Em** **E<sup>b</sup>7** **Dm<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>**

white, } And stars fell on Al - a - ba - ma last night. \_\_\_\_\_  
light, }

**2. D<sup>9</sup>** **G<sup>13</sup>** **C** **F<sup>7</sup>** **C** **Dm<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>**

- ba - ma last night. \_\_\_\_\_ I nev - er planned in my im - a - gi -

**Em<sup>7</sup>** **E<sup>b</sup>dim** **Dm<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>** **C** **C<sup>#</sup>dim**

- na - tion \_\_\_\_\_ a sit - u - a - tion \_\_\_\_\_ so heav - en - ly, \_\_\_\_\_ A fair - y -

**Dm<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>** **Am** **Am<sup>7</sup>** **F<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7</sup>** **B<sup>7</sup>**

- land where no one else could en - ter, \_\_\_\_\_ and in the cen - tre \_\_\_\_\_ just you and

**E** **Dm<sup>7</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>** **C** **A<sup>7</sup>** **D<sup>9</sup>** **G<sup>9</sup>** **C**

me, dear. My heart beat like a ham - mer, my arms wound a - round you

**Em** **E<sup>b</sup>dim** **Dm<sup>7</sup>** **D<sup>9</sup>** **G<sup>13</sup>** **C** **F<sup>7</sup>** **C**

tight, And stars fell on Al - a - ba - ma last night. \_\_\_\_\_



# Stella By Starlight

Music by Victor Young ★ Words by Ned Washington

Medium slow

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is 'Medium slow'. The score consists of eight staves of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. Chord symbols are placed above the staff at various points. The lyrics are: 'The song a robin sings. Through years of end - less Springs; The mur - mur of a brook at ev - en - tide. That rip - ples by a nook where two lov - ers hide; A great sym - pho - nic theme: That's Stel - la by star - light, and not a dream. My heart and I a - gree, she's ev - 'ry - thing on earth to me.'

mp  $C^\sharp \dim$   $D^7$   
 The song a robin sings.  
 $D^7 \text{aug}$   $Dm^9$   $G^7(b9)$   $C$   
 Through years of end - less Springs;  
 $F^9$   $G$   $Em^6$   $Bm$   
 The mur - mur of a brook at ev - en - tide.  
 $Gm^6/B^b$   $D/A$   $C^\sharp \dim$   $F^\sharp m^7(b5)$   
 That rip - ples by a nook where two lov - ers hide;  
 $B^7$   $E^7 \text{aug}$   $Am$   
 A great sym - pho - nic theme:  
 $Cm(maj^7)$   $Bm^7$   
 That's Stel - la by star - light, and not a dream.  
 $B^b \dim$   $F^6$   
 My heart and I a - gree,  
 $E^7$   $Am^7(b5)$   $D^7(b9)$   $G$   
 she's ev - 'ry - thing on earth to me.



# Sugar Blues

Medium tempo

Music by Clarence Williams ★ Words by Lucy Fletcher

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\overset{3}{\text{♩}}}$ )



Have you heard— these blues

that I'm goin' to sing to



you?

When you hear them

they will thrill you thro' and



thro'.

They're the sweet-est blues you— ev - er heard; Now



lis - ten and don't say a word.

Su - gar blues,—



Ev - 'ry - bo - dy's sing -ing the su-gar blues;— The whole town is ring-ing, { My



Dm<sup>7</sup>                      G<sup>7</sup>                      C<sup>7</sup>    N.C.

lov - in' man's\_ sweet as he can be, But the dog - gone fool turned\_  
love my cof - - fee, I love my tea, But the dog - gone cream turned\_

C

so - ur on me. } I'm so un - hap - py, I feel so bad, I could  
so - ur on me. }

Gm<sup>7</sup>                      C<sup>7</sup>                      F    A<sup>7</sup>    Dm                      F<sup>6</sup>                      F<sup>#</sup>dim

lay me down and die. You can say what you choose, But I'm

C    E<sup>7</sup>    A<sup>7</sup>                      D<sup>7</sup>                      G<sup>7</sup>                      C    E<sup>7</sup>    A<sup>7</sup>

all con - fused; I've got the sweet, sweet su - gar blues, more su - gar; I've

D<sup>7</sup>                      G<sup>7</sup>                      1. C                      G<sup>7</sup>                      2. C    F    C

got the sweet, sweet su - gar blues. I've got the blues.



# Summertime Blues

Words & Music by Eddie Cochran & Jerry Capehart

Medium rock

*marcato*  
*mf*

E A B E A B E

I'm a -

E A

- gon-na raise a fuss,— I'm a - gon-na raise a hol - ler,  
(Verses 2, 3 see block lyric)

B E

A - bout a - work-in' all sum-mer just to try to earn a dol - lar.

A B E A

Ev'ry time I call my ba-by to try to get a date,— My

E N.C. A

boss says "No dice, son, you got-ta work— late". Some-times I won-der what

E N.C.

I'm a-gon-na do,— But there ain't no cure— for the Sum-mer-time— blues.



1.  
E A B E A B E

A - well my

2.  
E A B E A B E N.C.

N.C.

### Verse 2

A-well my 'n' Poppa told me "Son, you gotta make some money,  
If you wanna use the car to go a-ridin' next Sunday."  
Well, I didn't go to work, told the boss I was sick.  
"Now you can't use the car 'cos you didn't work a lick."  
*Sometimes I wonder, etc.*

### Verse 3

I'm gonna take two weeks, gonna have a fine vacation.  
Gonna take my problem to the United Nations.  
Well, I called my Congressman, and he said "Nope,  
I'd like to help you, son, but you're too young to vote."  
*Sometimes I wonder, etc.*



# Sunny

Words & Music by Bobby Hebb

Medium tempo

Dm B<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup> E<sub>m</sub><sup>7(b5)</sup> A<sup>7</sup>(#9) N.C.

*mf*  
(Instrumental)

Dm mp F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7 A<sup>7</sup> sus<sup>4</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

1. Sun - ny, \_\_\_\_\_ yes - ter - day my life was filled with rain;—  
2. Sun - ny, \_\_\_\_\_ thank you for the sun - shine bou - quet;—

Dm F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7 A<sup>7</sup> sus<sup>4</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

Sun - ny, \_\_\_\_\_ you smiled at me and real - ly eased the pain.— Oh, the  
Sun - ny, \_\_\_\_\_ thank you for the love you've brought my way.—

Dm F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup>


dark days are done, — the bright days are here; — My sun - ny one — shines  
You gave to me — your all — and all; — Now I — feel —

E<sup>b</sup>9 (b5) E<sub>m</sub><sup>7(b5)</sup> A<sup>7</sup>(b5) Dm

so sin - cere. — Sun - ny one — so true, — I love you. —  
ten feet tall. — Sun - ny one — so true, — I love you. —



$B^b \text{maj}^7$   $E_m^{7(b5)}$   $A^7(\#9)$  N.C.  $D_m$



(Instrumental)


3. Sun - ny, \_\_\_\_\_  
4. Sun - ny, \_\_\_\_\_

$F^7$   $B^b \text{maj}^7$   $A^7 \text{sus}^4 A^7$   $D_m$




— thank you for the truth you've let me see; — Sun - ny, \_\_\_\_\_  
— thank you for that smile up - on your face; — Sun - ny, \_\_\_\_\_

$F^7$   $B^b \text{maj}^7$   $A^7 \text{sus}^4 A^7$




— thank you for the facts from A — to Z. — My —  
— thank you for that gleam that flows — with grace. —

$D_m$   $F^7$   $B^b \text{maj}^7$




life — was torn — like wind — blown sand, — Then a rock — was formed — when —  
You're — my spark — of na - ture's fire; — You're — my sweet — com -

$E^b9(b5)$   $E_m^{7(b5)}$   $A^7(b5)$   $D_m$



we held hands. — Sun - ny one — so true, I love you. —  
- plete de - sire. — Sun - ny one — so true, I love you. —

$B^b \text{maj}^7$   $E_m^{7(b5)}$   $A^7(\#9)$  N.C.  $A^7(\#9)$   $D_m^9(\text{maj}^7)$



(Instrumental)

1.  $A^7(\#9)$  N.C. 2. rall.  $A^7(\#9)$



# Swingin' Shepherd Blues

Words by Rhoda Roberts & Kenny Jacobson ★ Music by Moe Koffman

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

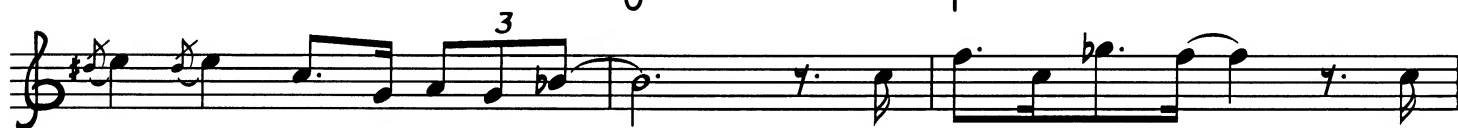
N.C.

C



C<sup>7</sup>

F



C



G<sup>7</sup>

1.

C

C<sup>7</sup>/E

F

A<sup>b</sup>/F#



G<sup>7</sup> /A/B C N.C.

2.

C

C<sup>7</sup>/E

F

A<sup>b</sup>/F#

G<sup>7</sup> /A/B

C

N.C.

A<sup>b</sup>9 (#11)





# Take These Chains From My Heart

Words & Music by Fred Rose & Hy Heath

Medium tempo

**mp** **F** **C<sup>7</sup>**

Take these chains from my heart and set me free; You've grown  
heart just a word of sym - pa - thy; Be as

**F**

cold and no long - er care for me. All my faith in you is  
fair to my heart as you can be. Then, if you no lon - ger

**F<sup>7</sup>** **B<sup>b</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>**

gone, But the heart - aches lin - ger on. Take these chains from my heart and set me  
care for the love that's beat - ing there, Take these chains from my heart and set me

**F** **B<sup>b</sup>** **F** **C<sup>7</sup>** **F** **C<sup>7</sup>**

free. Take these tears from my eyes and let me see. Just a  
free. Take these chains from my heart and set me free; You've grown

**F**

spark of the love that used to be. If you love some - bo - dy  
cold and no lon - ger care for me. All my faith in you is

**F<sup>7</sup>** **B<sup>b</sup>** **G<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>**

new, Let me find a new love too. Take these chains from my  
gone, But the heart - aches lin - ger on. Take these chains from my

1. **F** **Dm<sup>7</sup>** **Gm<sup>7</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>** 2. **F** **B<sup>b</sup>** **F**

heart and set me free. Give my  
heart and set me free.



# Tenor Madness

By Sonny Rollins

Medium swing

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{J}} \text{J}$ )

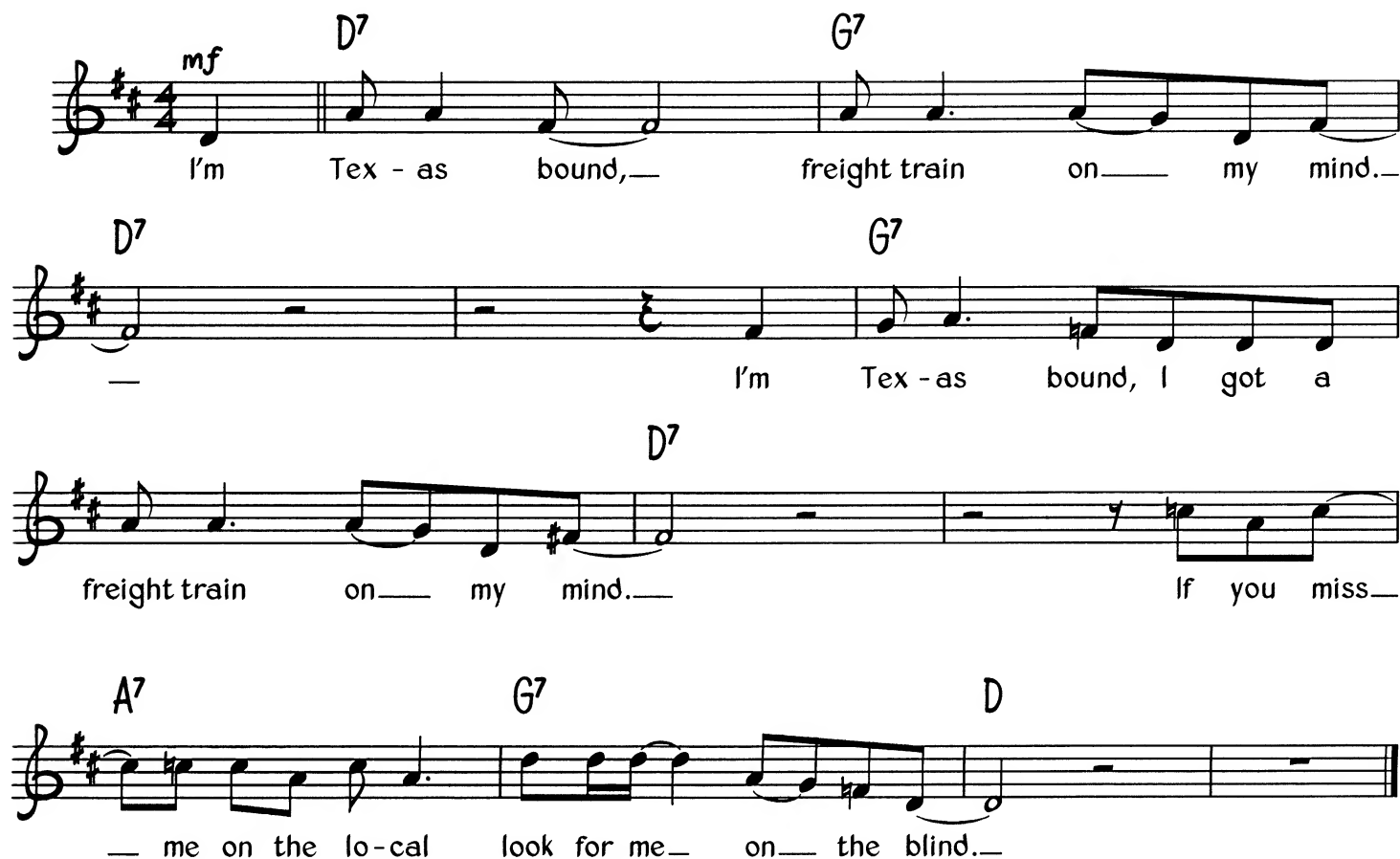
$B^b7$   $E^b7$   $B^b7$   
 $E^b7$   $E^{\dim}$   
 $E^b7$   $G7(\sharp 9)$   $C^m$   
 $F^7$   $B^b7$   $G7(\sharp 9)$   $C^7$   $F7(\sharp 9)$   
 $B^b7$   $E^b7$   $B^b7$   
 $E^b7$   $E^{\dim}$   
 $B^b7$   $G7(\sharp 9)$   $C^m$   
 $F^7$   $B^b7$   $G7(\sharp 9)$   $C^7$   $F^{\parallel}$   $B^b7$



# Texas Blues

Words & Music by Lowell Fulson

Medium tempo



*mf*  $D^7$   $G^7$

I'm Tex - as bound, freight train on my mind.

$D^7$   $G^7$

I'm Tex - as bound, I got a

$D^7$

freight train on my mind. If you miss

$A^7$   $G^7$   $D$

me on the lo-cal look for me on the blind.

## Verse 2

My suitcase is packed, my trunk's already on. (*Twice*)  
You know by that, this sweet papa's going to be gone.

## Verse 3

Just look around the corner, see that passenger train. (*Twice*)  
Be a long, long time before you see my face again.

## Verse 4

It takes a good ol' fireman, a cool kind of engineer, (*Twice*)  
That'll pull that train, take me away from here.

## Verse 5

I'm Texas bound, got no time to lose. (*Twice*)  
'Cos my sweet mama quit me, left me with the Texas blues.



# That Ole Devil Called Love

Words & Music by Doris Fisher & Allan Roberts

Medium slow

*Fm<sup>7</sup> mf* *E<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup>* *Fm<sup>7</sup>* *E<sup>b</sup> 6* 3

Some-one's whis-p'r'in' in my ear, I say no, no, go a-way but he don't hear..

*Dm<sup>7</sup>* *G<sup>7</sup>(b5)* 3 *A<sup>b</sup>* 3 *G<sup>7</sup>* *Cm<sup>7</sup>* *Cm<sup>6</sup>* 3

He fol - lows me a - round, — builds me up, — tears me down. — I

*Cm<sup>9</sup>* *F13* *Fm<sup>7</sup>* *B<sup>b</sup>7(b5)* *Fm<sup>7</sup>* *C<sup>7</sup>(b5)*

try my best to shake him but he just hangs a-round. It's that ole dev-il called

*Fm<sup>7</sup>* / *B<sup>b</sup>7* *B<sup>b</sup>7 aug* *E<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup>* *D<sup>7</sup> aug* *A<sup>b</sup>9(#11)* *Gm<sup>7</sup>* *C<sup>9</sup>*

love a-gain; Get's be - hind me and keeps giv-ing me that shove a-gain. Put-ting

*Cm<sup>7</sup>* *F<sup>9</sup>* *B<sup>7</sup>(b5)* *B<sup>b</sup>13* *A<sup>b</sup> dim* *E<sup>b</sup> 6/G* *F<sup>#</sup> dim* *Fm<sup>7</sup>* / *B<sup>b</sup>7(b5)* *B<sup>b</sup>7* 3

rain — in my eyes, Tears — in my dreams, and rocks in my heart. It's that

*Fm<sup>7</sup>* *C<sup>7</sup>(b5)* *Fm<sup>7</sup>* / *B<sup>b</sup>7* *B<sup>b</sup>7 aug* *E<sup>b</sup> maj<sup>7</sup>* *D<sup>7</sup> aug* *A<sup>b</sup>9(#11)*

sly son - of - a - gun a - gain, He keeps tell-ing me that I'm the luck - y

*Gm<sup>7</sup>* *C<sup>9</sup>* *Cm<sup>7</sup>* 3 *F<sup>9</sup>* *B<sup>7</sup>(b5)* 3 *B<sup>b</sup>13*

one a - gain. But I still — have the rain, Still — have those tears and those



$E^b$   $A^b$   $Gm^7$  /  $F\#m^7$   $B^9$   $Fm^7$   $Bb^9$

rocks in my heart.— Sup-pose I did-n't stay,—

$Gm^7$   $C^7(b9)_{aug}$   $Fm^7$   $E^7(\#9)$   $E^b6$

ran a-way,— would-n't play,— that dev-il what a po-tion he would brew.

$Dm^7$   $G^7(b5)$   $A^b$   $G^7$   $Cm^7$   $Cm^6$

He'd fol-low me a-round,— build me up,— tear me down,— Til

$Cm^9$   $F^{13}$   $Fm^7$   $Bb^7(b5)$   $Fm^7$   $C^7(b5)$

I'd be so be-wil-dered, I would-n't know what to do. Might as well give up the

$Fm^7$  /  $Bb^7$   $Bb^7_{aug}$   $E^b_{maj^7}$   $D^7_{aug}$   $A^b9(\#11)$   $Gm^7$   $C^9$

fight a-gain. I know darn well he'll con-vince me that he's right a-gain, When he

$Cm^7$   $F^9$   $B^7(b5)$   $Bb^{13}$

sings that si-ren song,— I just got-ta tag a-long with that

$Fm^7$   $E^7(\#9)$   $E^b$   $A^b7$   $G^7(b9)$   $C^7(b9)$  1.  $E^b$   $A^b7$   $E^b$  2.

ole dev-il called love. It's that love.—



# That's Why I'm Lonesome

Words & Music by Arthur Crudup

Medium fast

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, key of G major (one sharp), and 2/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a G major chord (G) above the first measure. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff features a C7 chord above the first measure and a D7 chord above the eighth measure. The fourth staff includes G, C7, and G chords, with a '2' (second ending) bracketed over the final two measures. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words underlined to indicate phrasing or breath marks.

Well, I've got no one to love me, guess I'm all a - lone,  
That's why I'm wor - ried, dar - ling, and I'm all a - lone. You know I'm  
wor - ried, yes, I'm lone - some. You know I'm lone - some  
ba - by, in this world for you.

## Verse 2

Sometimes I'm on the wonder, wonder to myself;  
You know I love you, baby, and you love somebody else.  
But I am wondering, yes, I'm wondering;  
You know I'm wondering, baby, in this world for you.

## Verse 3

I ain't got nobody, I'm here all alone;  
The one I love, she really don't stay at home.  
That's why I'm lonesome, yes, I'm lonesome;  
You know I'm lonesome, baby, in this world for you.



# The Birth Of The Blues

Words & Music by Ray Henderson, Lew Brown & Buddy DeSylva

Medium slow

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

G Adim G<sup>7</sup>/B C A<sup>7</sup>/C<sup>#</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>aug/D<sup>#</sup> C/E C<sup>aug</sup>

*mf* They heard the breeze in the trees— sing-ing weird me-lo-dies,—

F D<sup>7</sup>/F<sup>#</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>#</sup>dim

— And they made that— the start— of the blues.—

Dm<sup>7</sup> G Adim G<sup>7</sup>/B C A<sup>7</sup>/C<sup>#</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>aug/D<sup>#</sup> C/E C<sup>aug</sup> F D<sup>7</sup>/F<sup>#</sup>

And from a jail came the wail— of a down heart-ed frail,— And they

G<sup>7</sup> C F<sup>9</sup> C

played that— as part— of the blues.— From a whip-poor-

E<sup>7</sup> Bm<sup>7</sup>(b5) E<sup>7</sup> Bm<sup>7</sup>(b5) E<sup>7</sup>

- will out on a hill,— they took a new note;— Pushed it thro' a

A<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>(b5) D<sup>9</sup> G<sup>9</sup> G Adim G<sup>7</sup>/B

horn till it was worn— in-to a blue note.— And then they

C A<sup>7</sup>/C<sup>#</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>aug/D<sup>#</sup> C/E C<sup>aug</sup> F D<sup>7</sup>/F<sup>#</sup>

nursed it, re-hearsed— it, and gave out the news— That the

G<sup>7</sup> C F<sup>9</sup> C

South-land— gave birth— to the blues.—



# The Breeze (That's Bringing My Honey Back To Me)

Medium slow

Words & Music by Tony Sacco, Dick Smith & Al Lewis

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\text{♩}} \overset{\frown}{\text{♩}} \overset{\frown}{\text{♩}}$ )

E<sup>7</sup>

*mf*

Day af - ter day, I'm wait - in' pa - tient - ly; — And,  
I al - ways keep my win - dow op - en wide; — I

A<sup>9</sup>

when the sal - ty wind is blow - in' from the sea, —  
like to let the friend - ly breeze come right in - side, —

D<sup>7</sup>

I pre - tend that it's the breeze that's fill - in' the sail that's mov - in' the ship that's  
And pre - tend that it's the breeze that's fill - in' the sail that's mov - in' the ship that's

1. 2.

G F<sup>9</sup> E<sup>b9</sup> D<sup>7(b9)</sup> G / F<sup>#7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> G

bring - in' my hon - ey back to me. me. Mis - ter  
bring - in' my hon - ey back to



G<sup>9</sup> C Gaug

wind keep blow - in' strong - er. 'Cause I must have that gal of mine.

C A<sup>9</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

— Ev - 'ry day seems so much long - er, Don't for - get it's day - light -

E<sup>7</sup>

- sav - ing time.— I get so lone - some wait - in' days and weeks,— But

A<sup>9</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

ev - 'ry breath of air that ling - ers on my cheeks— Seems to whis - per it's the breeze that's

G F<sup>9</sup> E<sup>b9</sup> D<sup>7(b9)</sup> G

fill - in' the sail that's mov - in' the ship that's bring - in' my hon - ey back to me.



# The Blues Never Die

Words & Music by Otis Spann

Medium slow

Ev-ry-bo-dy won-drin' where the blues come from.

Ev - 'ry-bo-dy won - drin' where did the blues come from.

Way back in the low lands,

right off of my coun-try farm.

## Verse 2

When you in trouble, blues is a man's best friend. (Twice)

Blues ain't gonna ask you where you goin', and the blues ain't gonna ask you where you been.

## Verse 3

We can't let the blues die, blues don't mean no harm. (Twice)

I'm gonna move back in the lowlands, that's where the blues come from.



# The First Time I Met The Blues

Words & Music by Eurreal Montgomery

Medium slow

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in 12/8 time. It consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a 12/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Medium slow'. The first staff has a  $C^7$  chord above the first measure and an  $mf$  dynamic marking. The second staff has a  $C^7$  chord above the first measure and an  $F$  chord above the fourth measure. The third staff has a  $C^7$  chord above the fourth measure. The fourth staff has a  $G^7$  chord above the second measure. The fifth staff has an  $F$  chord above the first measure, a  $C$  chord above the fourth measure, an  $F^7$  chord above the fifth measure, and a  $C$  chord above the sixth measure. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words underlined. The lyrics are: 'The first time I met the blues, I was walk - in' down thro' the woods. Yeah, the first time I met the blues, don't you know I was walk - in' down thro' the woods. Yeah, I stop my house to play the blues; blues, you know you done me all the harm that you could.'

The first time I met the blues, I was walk - in' down thro' the woods. Yeah, the first time I met the blues, don't you know I was walk - in' down thro' the woods. Yeah, I stop my house to play the blues; blues, you know you done me all the harm that you could.

## Verse 2

The blues got after me, they ride me from tree to tree. (Twice)

Yeah, you should have heard me beggin' "Blues, blues, don't bother me."

## Verse 3

Yeah, good morning blues; blues, I wonder what you're doin' here so soon. (Twice)

You know you'll be with me every morning, every night, and every noon.



# The Lady Sings The Blues

Words by Billie Holiday ★ Music by Herbie Nichols

Slow

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

Am<sup>6</sup> (maj<sup>7</sup>) F<sup>7</sup>/A Am<sup>6</sup> Am<sup>9</sup>

La - dy sings the blues, she's got them bad, she feels so sad;

Amaj<sup>7</sup> Dmaj<sup>7</sup> A G<sup>9</sup>(#11) F#<sup>7</sup> Bm<sup>9</sup> E<sup>7</sup>(#9)

Wants the world to know just what the blues is all a-bout.

Am<sup>6</sup> (maj<sup>7</sup>) F<sup>7</sup>/A Am<sup>6</sup> Am<sup>9</sup>

La - - dy sings the blues, she tells her side, no-thing to hide;

Amaj<sup>7</sup> Dmaj<sup>7</sup> A G<sup>9</sup>(#11) F#<sup>7</sup> Bm<sup>9</sup> E<sup>7</sup>(#9)

Now the world will know just what the blues is all a-bout. The

A Gmaj<sup>7</sup> F#<sup>7</sup>(b9) A<sup>9</sup>

blues ain't no - thin' but a pain in your heart, When you

A<sup>7</sup>


get a bad start, when you and your man have to part.



$E^9$ 
 $E^7(b9)$ 
 $E^7$ 
 $A m^6 (maj^7)$

know I won't die— be-cause I love him.—
 La - - dy sings the

F<sup>7</sup>/A                      Am<sup>6</sup>                      Am<sup>9</sup>                      Amaj<sup>7</sup>



blues, she's got 'em bad, she feels so sad; But now the world will

To  $\oplus$  Coda D.  $\otimes$  al Coda

Dmaj<sup>7</sup>      A      G      E<sup>7</sup>(#9)      Am(maj<sup>7</sup>)      Am<sup>6</sup>      E<sup>7</sup>(#9)

know      she's nev - er gon - na sing them no more...      The

**CODA**

A G E7(#9) Am add<sup>9</sup> N.C. E7 aug N.C. Am(maj<sup>7</sup>)

nev - er gon - na sing them no more, — no — more. —————



# The Nearness Of You

Music by Hoagy Carmichael ★ Words by Ned Washington

Slow

N.C.  
mp

F Fmaj<sup>7</sup> Cm<sup>7</sup>/F F<sup>7</sup>aug

It's not the pale moon that ex - cites me, That

B<sup>b</sup>add<sup>9</sup> B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>dim B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup> F/A A<sup>b</sup><sup>9</sup> Gm<sup>9</sup> C7(b<sup>9</sup>)

thrills and de - lights me; Oh no, it's just the near-ness of

Am<sup>7</sup> F<sup>#</sup>dim Gm<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup>/C F Fmaj<sup>7</sup> Cm<sup>7</sup>/F F<sup>7</sup>aug

you. It is - n't your sweet con-ver - sa - tion That

B<sup>b</sup>add<sup>9</sup> B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>dim B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup> F/A A<sup>b</sup><sup>9</sup> Gm<sup>9</sup> C7(b<sup>9</sup>)

brings this sen - sa - tion; Oh no, it's just the near-ness of

F<sup>6</sup> B<sup>b</sup><sup>6</sup>/F F N.C. Edim C7(b<sup>9</sup>)

you. When you're in my arms, and I feel you so



Fmaj<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>aug B<sup>b</sup>maj<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>(b5)  
 close to me, \_\_\_\_\_ All my wild - - est dreams \_\_\_\_\_ come

Gm E<sup>b</sup><sub>9</sub> C<sup>7</sup> N.C. F Fmaj<sup>7</sup>  
 true. \_\_\_\_\_ I need no soft lights to en -

Cm<sup>7</sup>/F F<sup>7</sup>aug B<sup>b</sup>add<sup>9</sup> B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>dim B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup> F/A A<sup>b</sup><sub>9</sub>  
 - chant me, If you'll \_\_\_\_\_ on - ly grant me \_\_\_\_\_ the right

Gm<sup>9</sup> C<sup>7</sup>(b9) Am<sup>7</sup>(b5) D<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>(b9)  
 to hold you ev - er so tight, And to feel in the

Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup>/C C<sup>7</sup>(b9) F<sup>6</sup> B<sup>b</sup><sup>6</sup>/F F  
 night the near - ness of you. \_\_\_\_\_



# The Lonesome Road

Words by Gene Austin ★ Music by Nathaniel Shilkret

Medium swing

*mf*  $E^b6$   $E^b7$   $A^bm^6$

Look down, look down that lone - some  
up, look up and seek yo'

$E^b$   $B^b7$  1.  $E^b$   $Cm$

road mak - er Be - fore you trav - el on,  
'fore Gab - riel blows his

2.  $Fm^7$   $B^b13$   $E^b$   $Am^7(b5)$

Look horn. wea - ry

$D^7(b9)$   $Gm$   $Am^7(b5)$

tot - in' such a load, Tredg - ing

$D^7(b9)$   $Gm^7$   $G^b7$   $Fm^7$   $B^b13$   $E^b6$

down that lone - some road. Look down, look

$E^b7$   $A^bm^6$

down that lone - some road Be -

$E^b$   $B^b7$   $E^b$   $D^b9$   $E^b$

- fore you trav - el on.



# The Night We Called It A Day

Words by Tom Adair ★ Music by Matt Dennis

Medium slow

**Chorus:**

There was a moon song out in space, But a cloud drift - ed ov - er it's  
 Like a min - or la - ment in my

**Verse:**

face; You kissed me and went on your way, The night we called it a  
 ears; I had - n't the heart left to pray, The night we called it a

**Bridge:**

1. day. I heard the day. 2. Soft thro' the dark, The

hoot of an owl in the sky; Sad tho' his song, No

blu - er was he than I. The moon went down, stars were

gone, But the sun did - n't rise with the dawn; There

was - n't a thing left to say, The night we called it a day.

**Chords:** D<sup>7</sup>, Am<sup>7</sup>(b5), D<sup>7</sup>(b9), Gmaj<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>6</sup>, D<sup>13</sup>, D<sup>13</sup>(b9), G<sup>6</sup>, Em<sup>7</sup>, A<sup>7</sup>(b9), Bm<sup>7</sup>, B<sup>b7</sup>, Am<sup>7</sup>, Ab<sup>9</sup>(#11), Gmaj<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>6</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, Dm<sup>7</sup>(b5), G<sup>7</sup>, Cmaj<sup>7</sup>, Dm, B/C, Cmaj<sup>7</sup>, Cm<sup>6</sup>/B, B<sup>7</sup>(#9), Em(maj<sup>7</sup>), Em<sup>6</sup>, F#m<sup>7</sup>(b5), B<sup>7</sup>aug, B<sup>7</sup>, Em, Em(maj<sup>7</sup>)Em<sup>7</sup>, Em<sup>7</sup>(b5), A<sup>7</sup>(b9), B<sup>b9</sup>, D<sup>7</sup>, Am<sup>7</sup>(b5), D<sup>7</sup>(b9), Gmaj<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>6</sup>, D<sup>13</sup>, D<sup>13</sup>(b9), G<sup>6</sup>, Em(maj<sup>7</sup>), Em<sup>7</sup>, A<sup>9</sup>, A<sup>7</sup>(b5), Bm<sup>7</sup>, B<sup>b7</sup>, Am<sup>7</sup>, Ab<sup>9</sup>, G.



# The Old Piano Roll Blues

Words & Music by Cy Coben

Medium bounce

( $\text{♪} = \text{♪}^3$ )

N.C. *mf* C<sup>7</sup> Cdim C<sup>7</sup>

I wan - na hear it a - gain, — I wan - na hear it a - gain, —

F C<sup>7</sup>

The old pi - an - o roll blues. — We're sit - tin' at an up - right, my

F G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>9</sup> C<sup>7</sup> Cdim

sweet-ie and me; — Push - in' on the ped - als, mak - in' sweet har - mo - ny. When we hear

C<sup>7</sup> Cdim C<sup>7</sup> F Am<sup>7</sup>(b5)

rink - i - ty tink, — and we hear plink - i - ty plink, — We cud - dle clos - er it seems. —

D<sup>7</sup> Gm B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup>

— And while we kiss, kiss, kiss a - way all our cares, — The

F Cdim C<sup>7</sup> Cdim

pla - yer pia - no's play - in' razz - a - ma - tazz. I wan - na hear it a - gain, — I wan - na

C<sup>7</sup> F Dm<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F

hear it a - gain, — The old pi - an - o roll blues. —



# The Very Thought Of You

Medium slow

Words & Music by Ray Noble

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

N.C.  $A^b$

The ve - ry thought of you, and I for -  
- dea of you, the long - ing

$A^b6$   $A^b$   $A^b6$

- get to do The lit - tle or - di - na - ry things that ev - 'ry-one  
here for you; You'll nev - er know how slow the mo - ments go 'till I'm

$B^b9$   $D^b\text{maj}^7$   $E^b7$   $A^b\text{maj}^9$

ought to do. I'm liv - ing in a kind of day - dream, I'm  
near to you. I see your face in ev - 'ry flow - er, your

1.  $Fm^7$   $G^7\text{aug}^5$   $G^7$   $Cm$   $A^bm$   $B^b13$

hap - py as a king; And, fool - ish tho' it may seem, to  
eyes in stars a -

2.  $B^bm^7$   $E^b7$   $Ddim$

me that's ev' - ry - thing. The mere i - - bove; It's just the

$E^b7$   $A\text{dim}$   $B^bm^7$   $E^b7$   $A^b$

thought of you, the ve - ry thought of you, my love.



# The Woman I Love

Medium tempo

Words & Music by B. B. King & Joe Josea

*(mf)* *(3)* *C*<sup>7</sup> *F*<sup>7</sup>

Well, the wo - man I love — ain't much —

*C*<sup>7</sup> *F*<sup>7</sup>

— more — than skin and bone. — Yes, the wo - man I love —

*C*<sup>7</sup>

— ain't much — more — than skin and bone. — She's

*G*<sup>7</sup> *F*<sup>7</sup> *C*<sup>7</sup>

on her way to the grave, but she won't leave — mus-cat a -

*F*<sup>7</sup>

- lone. — Yes, her legs are so lit - tle, they look just like a

*C*<sup>7</sup> *F*<sup>7</sup>

cig - a - rette. Yes, her legs are so lit - tle, they look just like a

*C*<sup>7</sup> *G*<sup>7</sup>

cig - a - rette. Yes, she's on her way to the grave,

*F*<sup>7</sup> *C*<sup>7</sup>

but moon - shine — is still the best. —



# Three Hours Past Midnight

Words & Music by Johnny 'Guitar' Watson & Sam Ling

Medium slow  $A\flat 7$   $D\flat 9$

Here it is three hours past mid-night, and my ba-by's no-

$A\flat 7$   $D\flat 9$

- where a-round. Well, here it is three hours past mid-night,

$A\flat$

and my ba-by's no-where 'round.

$E\flat 7$

Well, I lis-ten so hard to hear her foot-steps,

$D\flat 9$   $A\flat$   $D\flat 9$   $A\flat$

and I ain't ev-en heard a sound

## Verse 2

Yes, I toss and tumble on my pillow, but I just can't close my eyes. (Twice)  
If my baby don't come back pretty quick, yes I just can't be satisfied.

## Verse 3

Well, I want my baby; I want her by my side. (Twice)  
Well, if she don't come home pretty soon, yes I just can't be satisfied.



# These Foolish Things

Medium slow

Words by Eric Maschwitz ★ Music by Jack Strachey

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

E<sup>b</sup> Cm<sup>7</sup> Fm<sup>9</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b</sup> Cm<sup>7</sup>

mp

A cig-ar-ette that bears a lip-stick's tra-ces, An air-line tick-et to ro-

Fm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b7</sup>aug A<sup>b</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

- man-tic pla-ces, And still my heart has wings;— These fool-ish

F<sup>7</sup> Fm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b</sup> Cm<sup>7</sup>

things re-mind me of you. A tink-ling pia-no in the

Fm<sup>9</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b</sup> Cm<sup>7</sup> Fm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup>


next a-part-ment, Those stumb-ling words that told you what my heart meant,

E<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b7</sup>aug A<sup>b</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>9</sup> B<sup>b7</sup>

A fair-grounds paint-ed swings;— These fool-ish things re-mind me of



$E^b$   $D7(b9)$   $Gm7$   $Cm$   $D7$   $Gm7$   $C^9$



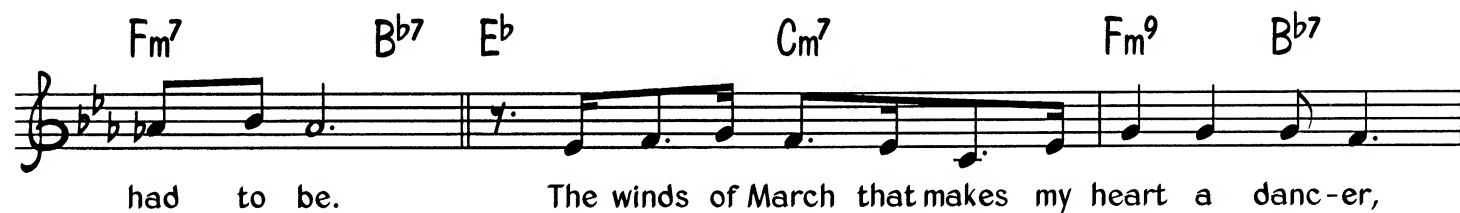
you. You came, you saw, you con-quer'd me;

$B^b$   $Gm7$   $Cm7$   $F7$   $B^b7$   $Edim$



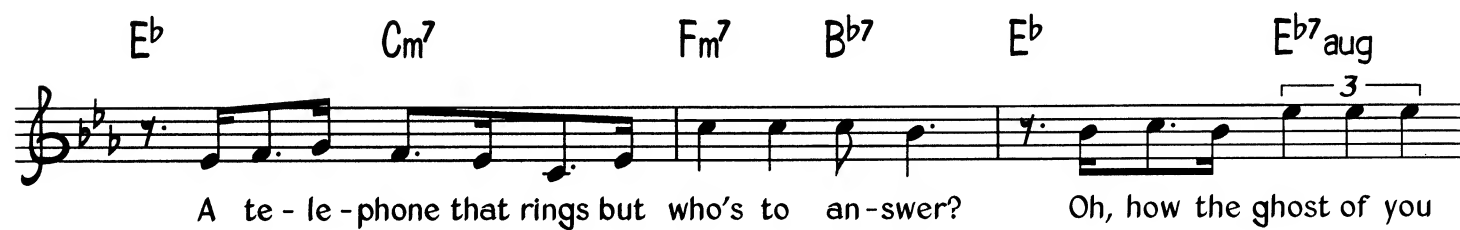
When you did that to me, I knew some-how this

$Fm7$   $B^b7$   $E^b$   $Cm7$   $Fm^9$   $B^b7$



had to be. The winds of March that makes my heart a danc-er,

$E^b$   $Cm7$   $Fm7$   $B^b7$   $E^b$   $E^b7 aug$



A te-le-phone that rings but who's to an-swer? Oh, how the ghost of you

$A^b maj7$   $C7$   $F7$   $B^b7$  1.  $E^b$   $B^b7$  2.  $E^b$



clings! These fool-ish things re-mind me of you. you.



# Time On My Hands

Words by Harold Adamson & Mack Gordon ★ Music by Vincent Youmans

Medium slow

**Dmaj<sup>7</sup>** **C#<sup>7</sup>**

Time on my hands, ——— you in my arms, ———

**Em<sup>7</sup>** **A<sup>13</sup>**

Noth - ing but love ——— in view. ———

**Dmaj<sup>7</sup>** **C#<sup>7</sup>**

Then, if you fall ——— once and for all, ———

**Em<sup>7</sup>** **F#<sup>7</sup>**

I'll see my dreams ——— come true. ———

**B<sup>7</sup>aug** **B<sup>7</sup>** **E<sup>7</sup>** **Em<sup>7</sup>** **A<sup>13</sup>**

Mo - ments to spare ——— for some - one you care ——— for,

**Dmaj<sup>9</sup>** **E<sup>7</sup>** **Em<sup>7</sup>** **A<sup>9</sup>**

One love af - fair ——— for two; ——— With

**Dmaj<sup>7</sup>** **B<sup>7</sup>aug** **B<sup>7</sup>**

time on my hands ——— and you in my arms, ——— And

**E<sup>9</sup>** **Em<sup>9</sup>** **A<sup>13</sup>** **D**

love in my heart ——— for you. ———



# Trane's Blues

By John Coltrane

Medium swing

The musical score for "Trane's Blues" is written for a single melodic line in 4/4 time, medium swing. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The score consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a *mf* dynamic marking. The chords and their durations are as follows:

- Staff 1: Bb7 (4 bars), Eb7 (4 bars), Bb7 (4 bars).
- Staff 2: Eb7 (4 bars), Bb7 (4 bars).
- Staff 3: FII (4 bars), Eb7 (4 bars), Bb7 (4 bars).
- Staff 4: F7 (4 bars), FII (4 bars), Bb7 (4 bars), Eb7 (4 bars), Bb7 (4 bars).
- Staff 5: Eb7 (4 bars), Bb7 (4 bars).
- Staff 6: FII (4 bars), Eb7 (4 bars), Bb7 (4 bars), FII (4 bars), Bb7 (4 bars).



# Travelling Riverside Blues

Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

N.C. C

*mf*

If your man gets per - son - al want to have your fun.

G<sup>7</sup> C

If your man gets per - son - al.

G<sup>7</sup>

want to have your fun.

Just come on

D<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

back to Friar's Point, ma - ma, and bar - rel - house all night long.

## Verse 2

I got women in Vicksburg, clean on into Tennessee. (Twice)  
But my Friar's Point rider, now, hops all over me.

## Verse 3

I ain't gonna state no color, but her teeth crowned with gold. (Twice)  
She got a mortgage on my body, now, and a lien on my soul.

## Verse 4

Lord, I'm goin' to Rosedale, gon' take my rider by my side. (Twice)  
We can still barrelhouse, baby, 'cos it's on the river side.

## Verse 5

You can squeeze my lemon till the juice run down my leg. (Twice)  
But I'm goin' back to Friar's Point, an' I'll be rockin' to my head.



# Trouble In Mind

Words & Music by Richard M. Jones (Chippie Hill)

Medium slow

(♩ = <sup>3</sup>♩)

*mp*

G D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

Trou - ble in mind, I'm blue, — but I won't be blue — al - ways; —

C C<sup>#dim</sup> G/D E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup>/D

— 'Cos the sun — gon-na shine — on my back door — some - day. —

D<sup>7</sup> G D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

— I'm gon-na lay my head — on a lone - some rail - road line, —

C C<sup>#dim</sup> G/D Em A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G C<sup>7</sup> G

— And let the Two Nine-teen — pa-ci-fy — my mind. —

## Verse 2

I'm all alone at midnight, and my lamp is burning low;  
 Never had so much trouble in my life before.  
 I'm gonna lay my head on that lonesome railroad track;  
 But when I hear that whistle, Lord, I'm gonna pull it back.

## Verse 3

I'm going down to the river, take along my rocking chair;  
 If the blues don't leave me, I'll rock away from here.  
 Trouble in mind, I'm blue, but I won't be blue always;  
 'Cos the sun gonna shine on my back door some day.



# Tuxedo Junction

Words by Buddy Feyne ★ Music by Erskine Hawkins, William Johnson & Julian Dash

Medium slow swing

(♩ =  $\overset{3}{\text{♩}}$ )

*mp*

Way down south in Bir - ming - ham, — I mean south in Al -

— a - bam's — An old place where peo - ple go — to dance — the night — a - way —

— They all drive or walk — for miles — To get jive that south -

— ern style; — S-low jive that makes — you want — to dance 'til break — of day —

*mf*

— It's a junc-tion where the town folks meet. At each

func-tion in their tux they — greet you. Come on down, for-get —

— your care. — Come on down, you'll find — me there. — So long town! I'm head -

— in' for — Tu - xe - do Junc - tion now. — Way down —

1. *B<sup>b</sup>* *F<sup>7</sup>* 2. *B<sup>b</sup>*



# Unforgettable

Words & Music by Irving Gordon

Medium slow

Un - for - get - ta - ble, that's what you are;  
 Un - for - get - ta - ble, tho' near or far. Like a song of  
 love that clings to me, How the thought of you does things to me! Nev - er be - fore  
 has some-one been more Un - for - get - ta - ble, in ev - 'ry  
 way; And for - ev - er more that's how you'll stay.  
 That's why, darl - ing, it's in - cre - di - ble that some - one so  
 un - for - get - ta - ble thinks that I am un - for - get - ta - ble too.



# Walk Right In

Words & Music by Gus Cannon & H. Woods

Medium tempo

*mf* C A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

Walk right in, — sit right down; — and, ba - by, let your mind roll

C A<sup>7</sup>

on. — Hey, walk right in, — stay a - while; — but,

D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C

dad - dy, you — been stayin' too long. — Now ev - 'ry - bo - dy's talk - in' 'bout a

C<sup>7</sup> F

new way of walk - in'; do you want to lose your mind? — Hey, —

C A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C

walk right in, — sit right down; — dad - dy let your mind roll on.



# Walkin' Shoes

By Gerry Mulligan

Medium slow

(♩ = ½ ♩)

Chord progression for "Walkin' Shoes":

Chords: G, C<sup>9</sup>, G, Dm<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>7</sup>, C<sup>6</sup>, C<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7</sup>, F<sup>#</sup>7, G, B<sup>b</sup>7, Am<sup>7</sup>, A<sup>b</sup>9 (b5), B<sup>7</sup>, F<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7</sup>, B<sup>7</sup>, Em, F<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7</sup>, B<sup>7</sup>, Am<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>6</sup>, F<sup>7</sup>, E<sup>b</sup>7(b5), Am<sup>7</sup>/D, D<sup>7</sup>, G, C<sup>9</sup>, G, Bm<sup>7</sup>(b5), E<sup>7</sup>, Am<sup>7</sup>(b5), D<sup>7</sup>, Am<sup>7</sup>, A<sup>b</sup>9(b5), G.



# Walkin' Blues

Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium tempo

(♩ =  $\overset{\text{3}}{\text{♩}}$ )  
N.C.  $G^7$

*mf*

I woke up this morn - in', \_\_\_\_\_ feel - in' round for my shoes.

$C^7$

Know by that\_ I got these old walk - in' blues, well. Woke this mor - nin'\_

$G^7$

feel 'round for my shoes.\_ But you know\_

$D^7$   $C^7$   $G$   $C^7$   $G$

\_ by that\_ I got these old walk - in' blues.

## Verse 2

Well, leave this mornin' if I have to, ride the blind.  
I feel mistreated, and I don't mind dyin'.  
Leave this mornin', if I have to, ride the blind.  
Babe, I been mistreated, and I don't mind dyin'.

## Verse 3

Well, some people tell me that the worried blues ain't bad.  
Worst old feelin' I most ever had.  
People tell me that these old worried blues ain't bad.  
It's the worst old feelin' I most ever had.

## Verse 4

She got an easy movement from her head down to her toes.  
Break in on a dollar most anywhere she goes.  
Ooh, to her head down to her toes.  
Lord, she break in on a dollar most anywhere she goes.




# Walking My Troubles Away


Traditional

Medium tempo

*E*  
*mf*




Pa-per boy— hol-lerin', "Ex-tra, have you read the news?"




Shot the brown I love, I got them walk-ing blues. I keep on

*A7* *E*



walk-ing, trying to walk my trou-bles a-way.

*B7* *A7* *E*



I'm so glad, trou-ble don't last al-ways.

## Verse 2

You used to be my sweet hip, you soured on me;  
We won't be together like we used to be.  
I keep on walking, trying to walk my trouble away.  
I'm so glad, trouble don't last always.

## Verse 3

I got the bad, luck blues, my bad luck time done come.  
They said bad luck follow everybody; seem like I'm the only one.  
I keep on walking, trying to walk my trouble away.  
I'm so glad, trouble don't last always.



# Way Down In The Mine

Traditional

Medium fast

*mf* C F G

Come— all you young fel-lers, so brave and so fine,—— And

C F C G<sup>7</sup>

seek not your for - tune 'way down in the mine;—— It - 'll

C F G

form as a hab - it and seep in your soul,—— Till the

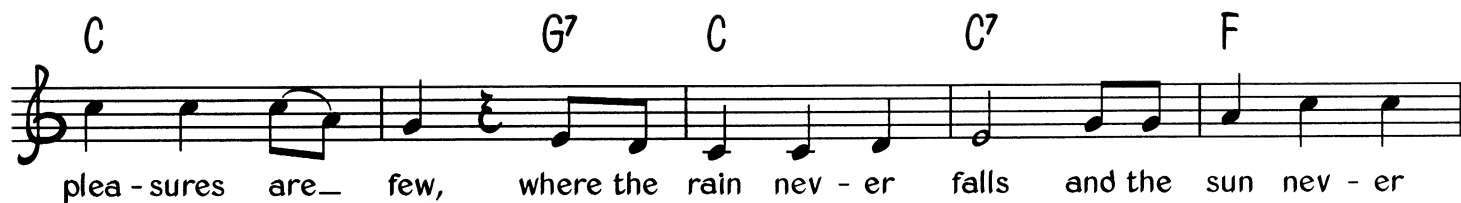
C F C G<sup>7</sup>

streams of your blood run as dark as the coal. It's dark as a

C G<sup>7</sup>

dun - geon and damp as the dew, where the dan - gers are dou - ble and the





### Verse 2

There's many a young feller I knew in my day  
 Who lived just to labour his whole life away;  
 Like a fiend with his dope, or a drunkard his wine,  
 A man may have lust for the lure of the mine.  
*It's dark as a dungeon, etc.*

### Verse 3

I pray, when I die and the ages shall roll,  
 My body will blacken and turn into coal.  
 As I stand at the door of my heavenly home,  
 I'll pray for the feller a slave to my bones.  
*It's dark as a dungeon, etc.*



# Weary Blues

Traditional

Medium tempo

**1.**    
 1. Wish I could lose \_\_\_\_\_ these wea - ry blues. \_\_\_\_\_   
 big, \_\_\_\_\_ your love was small. \_\_\_\_\_

   
 My tir - ed heart \_\_\_\_\_ can't love no more.   
 And now I've got \_\_\_\_\_ no love at all.

   
 Can't love the way \_\_\_\_\_ it did be - fore.   
 Wish I could lose \_\_\_\_\_ these wea - ry

**2.**    
 2. My love was blues. \_\_\_\_\_ Want you in the morn - in' and I

   
 want you in the eve-nin'. Yes, I want you, yes, I want you but it don't do no good. —

   
 Miss you when it's rain - in' and I miss you when it's shin - in', and I



F C<sup>7</sup> F

wish that I could kiss you and I would if I could... But my

G<sup>7</sup> Gdim G<sup>7</sup> Gdim G<sup>7</sup>

heart can't for - get the run - a-round it used to get. Oh, can't you

C<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

see? I'm tir - ed of This old un -

F C<sup>7</sup>

- fair one - sid - ed love. Come back to

G<sup>7</sup> C

me, please don't re - fuse, And help me

G<sup>7</sup> C F<sup>7</sup> C

lose these wea - ry blues.



# Weeping Willow Blues

Traditional

Medium tempo



Lord, that weep - in' wil - low, and that mourn - in' dove!

That weep - in' wil - low, and that mourn - in' dove!

I got a gal up the coun - try you know\_ I sure\_ do love.

## Verse 2

Now if you see my woman, tell her I says hurry home. (Twice)  
I ain't had no loving since my gal been gone.

## Verse 3

Where it ain't no love, ain't no getting along. (Twice)  
My gal treat me so mean and dirty, sometime I don't know right from wrong.

## Verse 4

Lord, I laid down last night, tried to take my rest. (Twice)  
My mind started wandering like the wild geese in the west.

## Verse 5

Gonna buy me a bulldog, watch you while I sleep. (Twice)  
Just to keep these men from making the 'fore day creep.

## Verse 6

You gonna want my love, baby, some lonesome day. (Twice)  
Then it will be too late, I'll be gone too far away.



# When The Lights Go Out

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium tempo

**F** *mf* **F/A** **B<sup>b</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>** **F** **F/A**

1. I love to look at my — ba - by's face. — I love to feel — that  
 2. I love to see her walk - in' down the street. She al - ways dress - es so

**B<sup>b</sup>7** **C<sup>7</sup>** **F** **F/A** **B<sup>b</sup>** **Bdim**

silk and lace. — And when she kiss it near - ly makes me shout, — "Great —  
 nice and neat. — You nev - er know what it's all a - bout. — Great —

**F/C N.C.** 1. **C<sup>7</sup>** 2. **F<sup>7</sup>**

— God Al - migh - ty, when the lights go out! — lights go out! — You can  
 — God Al - migh - ty, when the

**B<sup>b</sup>7** **Bdim** **F** **B<sup>b</sup>7** **Bdim**

use your i - ma - gi - na - tion. — You'd still be far be - hind. There is

**B<sup>b</sup>7** **Bdim** **F** **G<sup>7</sup>**

no - thing in cre - a - tion like that girl, — that

**C<sup>7</sup>** **F** **F/A** **B<sup>b</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>**

gal of mine. — I love to hold her when she talks that talk, —

**F** **F/A** **B<sup>b</sup>** **C<sup>7</sup>** **F** **F/A**

I love to watch her when she walks that walk — And if I pet her when she's

**B<sup>b</sup>7** **Bdim** **F/C N.C.** **B<sup>b</sup>7** **F**

try'n' to pout, — Great — God Al - migh - ty, when the lights go out! —



# When Sunny Gets Blue

**Words by Jack Segal ★ Music by Marvin Fisher**

## Slow

(♩ =  $\overbrace{\text{♪ ♪}}^3$ )

When Sun-ny gets blue, her eyes get grey and cloud-y, Then the rain be-gins to fall;—

Am<sup>7</sup> / D<sup>9</sup>(b5) D<sup>7</sup>(b9) G<sup>9</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m F A<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup>

pit-ter pat-ter, pit-terpat-ter; Love is gone, so what can mat-ter?

Gm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>13 D13 D<sup>7</sup>aug G<sup>9</sup> G<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>  
 No sweet lov - er man — comes to call. When Sun - ny gets blue, she

B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b</sup>9 F Gm<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> / D<sup>9</sup>(b5) D<sup>7</sup>(b9)

breathes a sigh of sad-ness, Like the wind that stirs the trees;—

G<sup>9</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m F A<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup>

Wind that sets the leaves to sway - in', Like some vi - o - lins are play - in'



Gm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>13 Em<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> Dmaj<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup>

Weird and haunt - ing me - lo - dies. Peo - ple used to love to

F<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7</sup> B<sup>7</sup> B<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>) Em<sup>7</sup> A<sup>13</sup> A<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>) Dmaj<sup>7</sup> D<sup>6</sup>

hear her laugh, — see her smile; — That's how she got her name.

Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>9</sup>aug Cmaj<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup>

Since that sad af - fair, she's lost her smile, — changed her style; —

Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>13</sup> G<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>) C<sup>9</sup> C<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m<sup>7</sup> Eb<sup>9</sup>

Some-how she's not the same. — But mem - ries will fade, and pret - ty dreams will rise up

F Gm<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> / D<sup>9</sup>(b<sup>5</sup>) D<sup>7</sup>(b<sup>9</sup>) G<sup>9</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m

Where her oth - er dreams fell through. — Hur - ry, new love, hur - ry here To

F A<sup>b</sup>m<sup>6</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>(<sup>#</sup>9)aug G<sup>b</sup>9 F<sup>6</sup>/

rall.

kiss a - way each lone - ly tear, And hold her near when Sun - ny gets blue.



# When You Got A Good Friend

Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium slow

(♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\text{3}}$ )

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, key of E major (indicated by four sharps: F#, C#, G#, D#), and 4/4 time. The tempo is 'Medium slow'. The score consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic and a triplet of eighth notes. The lyrics 'When you got a good friend, —' are aligned with the first measure, and 'that will stay right by your side; —' with the second. The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics 'When you got — a good friend, —'. The third staff has the lyrics 'that will stay right your side, —' and 'Give her'. The fourth staff concludes the phrase with 'all of your spare — time, love and treat her right. —'. Chord symbols E7 and A7 are placed above the staff at various points. A triplet of eighth notes appears in the first and third staves.

mf

When you got a good — friend, — that will stay right by your side; —

When you got — a good friend, —

that will stay right your side, — Give her

all of your spare — time, love and treat her right. —

## Verse 2

I mistreat my baby, and I can't see no reason why. (Twice)  
Every time I think about it, I just wring my hands and cry.

## Verse 3

Wonder, could I bear apologise, or would she sympathise with me. (Twice)  
She's a brownskin woman, just as sweet as a girlfriend can be.

## Verse 4

Mmm, babe, I may be right or wrong.  
Baby, it your opinion, I may be right or wrong.  
Watch your close friend, baby, you enemies can't do you no harm.

## Verse 5

When you got a good friend that will stay right by your side, (Twice)  
Give her all of your spare time, love and treat her right.



# When Your Lover Has Gone

Words & Music by E. A. Swan

Slow

$G^{maj9}$   $G^6$   $C^9(\sharp 11)$   $C^{11}$   $C^9$   
 When you're a - lone, — who cares for star-lit skies? —

$A^9sus^4$   $A^7$   $Cm$   $Cm(maj^7)$   $Cm^7$   $Cm^6$   
 When you're a - lone, — the mag - ic moon-light dies. —

$G/B$   $B^7(\sharp 9)$   $Em$   $E^b aug$   $G/D$   $C^{\sharp m7}(b5)$   $A^{13}$   $A^9$   
 At break of dawn — there is no sun - - rise, —

$Gadd^9$   $G$   $Gdim$   $D^7$   $D^7 aug$   $Gadd^9$   $Em^7$   $Am^9$   $D^9 aug$   
 When your lov - er has — gone. —

$G^{maj9}$   $G^6$   $C^9(\sharp 11)$   $C^{11}$   $C^9$   
 What lone - ly hours — the eve - ning sha-dows bring! —

$A^9sus^4$   $A^7$   $Cm$   $Cm(maj^7)$   $Cm^7$   $Cm^6$   
 What lone - ly hours, — with mem - 'ries lin - ger - ing —

$G/B$   $B^7(\sharp 9)$   $Em$   $Cm^6/E^b$   $G/D$   $G/B$   $B^7(b5)$   $E^7 aug$   $E^7$   
 like fad - ed flowers! — Life can't mean a - ny - thing —

rit.  
 $A^9$   $C^9$   $E^b9$   $D^7(b9) aug$   $Gadd^9$   $E^b9$   $Am^7/D$   $G$   
 when your lov - er has gone. —



# Wild About That Thing

Words & Music by Spencer Williams

Medium tempo

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Medium tempo'. The score is divided into four systems, each with a key signature change indicated by a sharp sign (F#) above the staff. The first system starts with a C major chord and a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The lyrics are: 'Hon-ey ba - by won't you cud - dle near, — Let sweet ma - ma whis - per'. The second system continues with the lyrics: 'in your ear. — I'm wild a - bout that thing, —'. The third system has the lyrics: 'It makes me laugh and sing. — Give — it to me, pa - pa;'. The fourth system concludes with the lyrics: 'I'm wild a - bout that thing. —'. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, quarter notes, half notes, and rests, along with chord symbols (C, G7, C, G7, C, C7, F7, Bb7, A7, D7, G7, C, F, C) and a dynamic marking (mf).

C *mf* G<sup>7</sup> C G<sup>7</sup> C

Hon-ey ba - by won't you cud - dle near, — Let sweet ma - ma whis - per

C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>

in your ear. — I'm wild a - bout that thing, —

C B<sup>b7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

It makes me laugh and sing. — Give — it to me, pa - pa;

G<sup>7</sup> C F C

I'm wild a - bout that thing. —

## Verse 2

Do it easy, honey, don't get rough; from you, papa, I can't get enough.  
I'm wild about that thing, I'm wild about that thing;  
Everybody knows it, I'm wild about that thing.

## Verse 3

Please don't hold it, baby, when I cry; Give me every bit of it or else I'll die.  
I'm wild about that thing, I'm wild about that thing;  
All the time I'm cryin', I'm wild about that thing.



*Verse 4*

What's the matter, papa, please don't stall; don't you know I love it and I want it all?  
I'm wild about that thing, just give my bell a ring;  
You touched my button, I'm wild about that thing.

*Verse 5*

If you want to satisfy my soul, come on and rock me with a steady roll.  
I'm wild about that thing; gee, I like your ting-a-ling.  
Kiss me like you mean it, I'm wild about that thing.

*Verse 6*

Come on turn the lights down low; say you're ready, just say let's go.  
I'm wild about that thing, I'm wild about that thing;  
Come on and make me feel it, I'm wild about that thing.

*Verse 7*

I'm wild about it when you hold me tight; let me linger in your arms all night.  
I'm wild about that thing, my passions got the fling;  
Come on, hear me cryin', I'm wild about that thing.

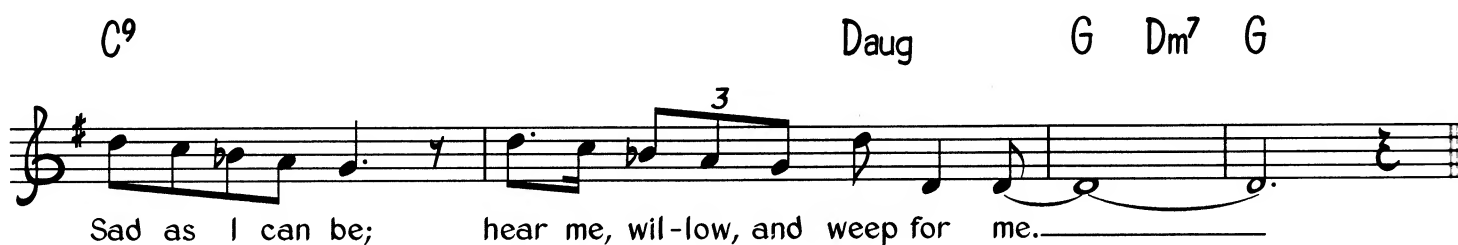
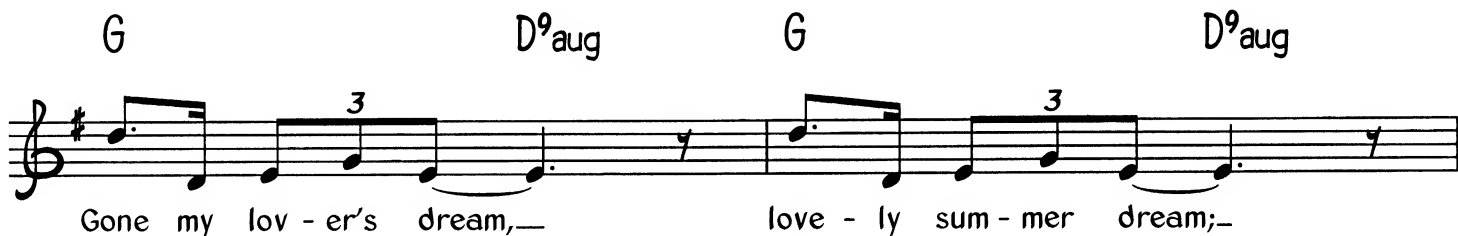
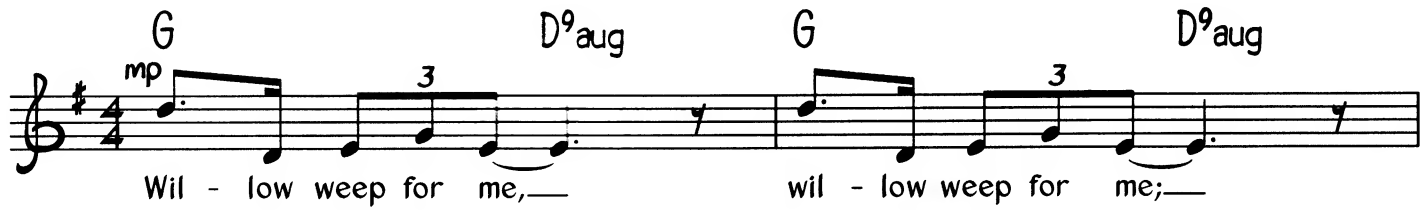


# Willow Weep For Me

Slow

Words & Music by Ann Ronell

( $\text{♩} = \text{♩} \text{ } \text{♩} \text{ } \text{♩}$ )





F<sup>9</sup> G<sup>b9</sup> F<sup>9</sup> E<sup>b9</sup> A<sup>b</sup>m/G

Whis - per to the wind, — and say that love has sinned — To

F<sup>9</sup> E<sup>9</sup> E<sup>b9</sup> D<sup>9</sup> D<sup>b9</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>9</sup> G<sup>b9</sup> F<sup>9</sup>

leave my heart a-break-ing and mak - ing a moan. — Mur - mur to the night — to

E<sup>b9</sup> A<sup>b</sup>m/G F<sup>9</sup> E<sup>9</sup> E<sup>b9</sup> D<sup>9</sup>

hide her star - ry light, — So none will find me sigh - ing and

A<sup>b</sup>7 A<sup>m</sup>7(b5) D<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>aug G D<sup>9</sup>aug G D<sup>9</sup>aug

cry-ing all a-lone. — Oh, weep-ing wil-low tree, — weep in sym-pa-thy; —

G E<sup>m</sup> B<sup>m</sup> E<sup>m</sup>

Bend your branch-es down — a-long the ground — and cov-er me. —

C<sup>9</sup> D<sup>aug</sup> G / D<sup>m</sup>7 A<sup>b</sup>9(#11) G

When the shad-ows fall, bend, oh wil - low, and weep for me. —



# Worried Man Blues

Traditional

Medium tempo

G

It takes a wor-ried man to sing a wor-ried

C

song, it takes a wor-ried man to sing a wor-ried

G

song. It takes a wor-ried man to sing a wor-ried

D<sup>7</sup> G C G

song: I'm wor-ried now, but I won't be wor-ried long.

## Verse 1

I went across the river, and I lay down to sleep. (3 times)  
When I woke up, I had shackles on my feet.

## Verse 2

Twenty one links of chain around my leg. (3 times)  
And, on each link, an initial of my name.

## Verse 3

When everything goes wrong, I sing a worried song. (3 times)  
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.



### Traditional

(♩ =  $\overbrace{\text{♪} \text{♪}}^3$ )

**A7**

mf

Let you taste my jel-ly

I told you, pretty mama, I had the best jelly in town. (Twice)  
Since you got a little taste, you just keep on hanging around.

I swim deep, pretty mama, just like a catfish loaded down. (Twice)  
And every time you see me, you wants to fall down on the ground.

When me and my baby starts to lovin', we wants to fight like cats and dogs. (Twice)  
But before it's over with, we hollerin' "Lord, oh, Lordy Lord."



# You Can't Judge A Book By Its Cover

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Fast

G<sup>7</sup>

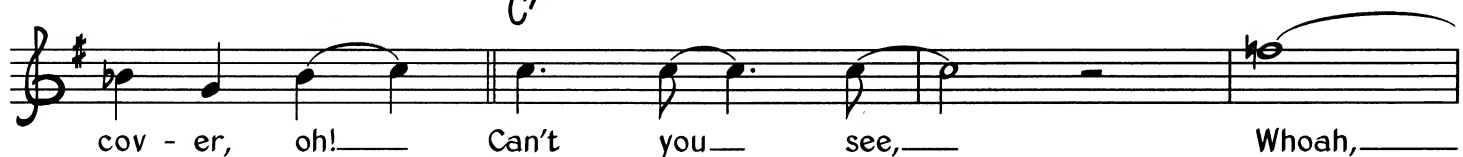


N.C.

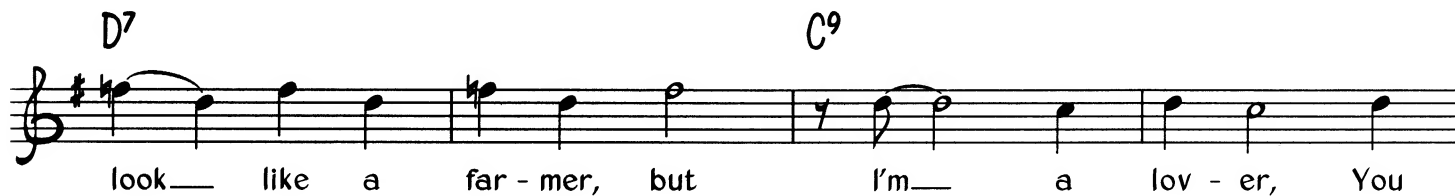


Chorus

C<sup>7</sup>







### Verse 2

You can't judge sugar by looking at the cane.  
 You can't judge a woman by looking at her man.  
 You can't judge a sister by looking at her brother.  
 You can't judge a book by looking at the cover.

### Chorus

### Verse 3

You can't judge a fish by looking in the pond.  
 You can't judge right from looking at the wrong.  
 You can't judge one by looking at the other.  
 You can't judge a book by looking at the cover.

### Chorus



# Your Cheatin' Heart

Words & Music by Hank Williams

Medium tempo

N.C. C C<sup>7</sup> F

Your cheat - in' — heart — will make you weep; — You'll cry and —  
heart — will pine some - day, — And crave the —

G<sup>7</sup> C G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup>

cry — and try to sleep. But sleep won't come — the whole night  
love — you threw a - way. The time will — come — when you'll be

F G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup>

through; — Your cheat-in' — heart — will tell on you. } When tears come  
blue; — Your cheat-in' — heart — will tell on you. }

F C D<sup>7</sup>

down — like fall - in' rain, — You'll toss a - round — and call my

G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>7</sup> F

name. You'll walk the — floor — the way I do; — Your cheat - in' —

G<sup>7</sup> C G<sup>7</sup> C F C

1. heart — will tell on you. Your cheat-in' — 2. you. —



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An experienced arranger, both in broadcasting and recording, his credits range from small studio groups to 150-piece orchestra and chorus.